

November : Ten Cents

# Chateleine



The meanest director in Hollywood  
STARS "RED FURY"

In an enthralling story of the movies

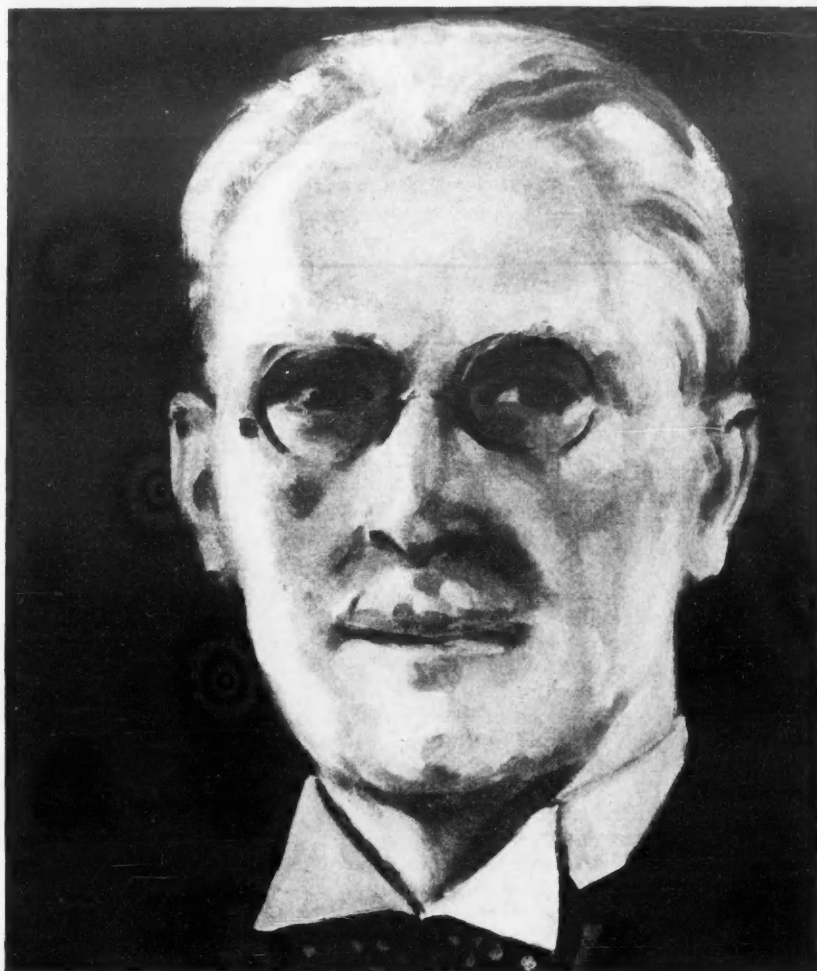
The Paris Letter

Christmas Gift Ideas

Dr. Ernest MacMillan on Musical Education

"One  
Thing

I haven't changed my mind about in 20 years"



Every province in the Dominion purchases more McLaughlin-Buicks than any other automobile in McLaughlin-Buick's price range. This nation-wide endorsement is proof of the fact that the Canadian-built McLaughlin-Buick gives Canadians more and better miles of pleasant, care-free, dependable motoring.



Nearly nine out of ten — 89 per cent. — of Canada's thousands of McLaughlin-Buick owners buy McLaughlin-Buicks again and again. Such owner loyalty can be explained only by the fact that people have found that McLaughlin-Buick offers qualities not duplicated in any other car near its price. It is a sound, safe investment.

LEADING business and professional men, who give a great deal of thought to their investments, have awarded McLaughlin-Buick 2-to-1 preference over all cars priced above \$1,500 for twenty-five years. Isn't this mighty good evidence that McLaughlin-Buick gives more and better miles—and doesn't it suggest that you should investigate McLaughlin-Buick thoroughly before buying any fine car? The new McLaughlin-Buicks are bound to give better miles. They have a combination of all the qualities that make for finer motoring. They are large, comfortable and easy-riding—due to long wheelbases and well-distributed weight. They perform with greater smoothness and dependability. And they offer that real contribution to motoring pleasure—and health—Fisher No-Draft Ventilation. McLaughlin-Buick gives more miles, too. Many of these cars have served for 200,000 miles and more, with that carefree reliability that is the very heart of economy. Why not take a trial drive today? You and your family will find McLaughlin-Buick an ideal motor car; and you can buy one very reasonably on convenient GMAC terms.

## McLAUGHLIN-BUICK EIGHTS



In 1929, new McLaughlin-Buicks sold in Canada represented 17.6 per cent. of the McLaughlin-Buick price class; in 1931 this figure stepped up to 24.8 per cent.; and this year, according to latest available statistics, 36.3 per cent. of all new cars sold in this price range have been McLaughlin-Buick Straight Eights.



Produced in Canada



# Now after ten years *they say* “oh, and you have a new sink, too..”

“Ten years ago we moved into the house in which we are now living,” a Bon Ami user recently wrote us. “We had quite a few alterations made, among them a beautiful, white enameled sink. Now, after ten years, we have been making some more improvements. Every time I show my kitchen to my friends they say, ‘Oh, and you have a new sink, too!’ I tell them, ‘No, that sink is ten years old—but it has never been cleaned with anything but Bon Ami.’”

Countless other housewives, who use *only* Bon Ami for their cleaning, could tell you of similar experiences. For millions of packages of Bon Ami have been used on many square miles of porcelain, enamel and glass surfaces, and it “hasn’t scratched yet!”

Women love to use Bon Ami. It looks so snowy white . . . feels so fine and soft . . . smells so *clean*! It never reddens your hands or makes your fingernails brittle. It doesn’t collect in and clog drain pipes—or leave gritty sediment behind. It’s the perfect cleanser!

Bon Ami comes in a long-lasting *Cake*, or in a handy can of *Powder*. Some housewives prefer the *Cake*, others the *Powder*—many use both.



Copyright 1933, Bon Ami Ltd.

The Bon Ami Co.  
Dear Sirs:

Ten years ago we moved into the house in which we are now living. We had quite a few alterations made, among them a beautiful white enameled sink.

A friend of mine, upon seeing it, told me never to use anything but Bon Ami for cleaning. I took her advice and used absolutely nothing else.

Now, after ten years, we have been making some more improvements, one thing the kitchen done over. Every time I show my kitchen to my friends, they say, “Oh, and you have a new sink, too!”

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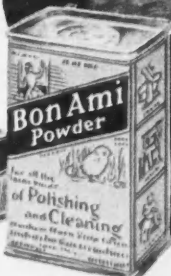
... I have had a number of sinks in my time, but this one was new and shows what a good cleanser can do

(Name and address  
of writer on request)

This is but one of many  
thousands of letters  
that women everywhere  
have written us, entirely  
unsolicited.

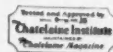


Made in Canada



## Bon Ami

### HASN'T SCRATCHED YET !



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# Any Person Who Has Reached "Middle Age" Should Know This

Authorities now tell us that one of the frequent penalties of middle-age is acid stomach. A rebellion, of the stomach, after years of faulty diet.

Check up on any of your acquaintances who have reached middle-life. Note how so many of them will complain of a "weak stomach," frequent headaches, nausea, *sleeplessness*, and afternoon fag—depletion.

Few will know *what* the cause. *But many will have acid stomach.*

Thanks to modern scientific knowledge this condition need not be chronic. It is quickly and easily correctable, if you know the way. And it is a simple way, for all you do is this:

## How To Get Rid Of It Quickly, Easily

If you have Acid Stomach, you can easily trace it. Headaches, stomach pains after eating, "gas," "upsets," nausea are the usual indications.

Now—to get rid of it, all you need do is this:

TAKE—2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful thirty minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed. Or—you can take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets; substituting one tablet for each teaspoonful of the liquid and get the same result.

## Try It—You Will Be Amazed

Try this and, chances are, it will make a great difference in your life. For this small dosage of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia acts to neutralize the stomach acids that cause your distress.

After-meal pains and discomfort go. You feel freedom from dull headaches. That "afternoon fag"—you think is depletion or "nerves" disappears. You feel like another person. Everywhere people are doing this. Everywhere doctors are advocating it.

## Get REAL Phillips'

When you buy, be sure to get the REAL article—Genuine PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia. Always ask for it by the name PHILLIPS'—for all "milk of magnesia" is not alike. So take care to see that you get Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—the kind doctors endorse—*judged the safest and most effective laxative anti-acid known.*

MADE IN CANADA



## THE SIGNS OF ACID STOMACH

Nervousness	Feeling of Weakness
Indigestion	Sleeplessness
Auto-Intoxication	Mouth Acidity
Nausea	Sour Stomach
Loss of Appetite	

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# PHILLIPS'

## MILK OF MAGNESIA



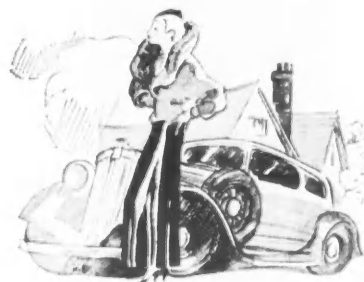


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"Mistress of her Castle"

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TORONTO, ONTARIO



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## A MOTHER REMEMBERS

by Irma Clow Raver

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With straining eyes which sought in vain to see  
A dear hand that I knew was waving still.  
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Lighted by glowing dreams of future years;  
Eyes that had smiled "Good-bye," so tenderly,  
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A line of light which distance soon must hide,  
Yet in that distance burning strong and clear,  
As when it changed the shadows of the night,  
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Come nearer, nearer, bringing home to me  
The one I loved; to clasp again his hand;  
The smile in those young eyes again to see.  
Through all the years of life which shall be mine,  
I may not walk beside him, know him near;  
Among the voices that around me sound,  
His glad, remembered voice, I may not hear.

And yet, to me, his mother, who once stood,  
Silent and thoughtful on a lonely hill,  
With eyes that could not follow through the dark,  
A line of light I knew was burning still,  
His life, a light, burns on, unseen, afar,  
His life, a light, burns on as radiant there,  
In some eternity where souls are free;  
As when its shining pathway I could see.

This, then, shall be my comfort when I grieve,  
Missing him always, as a mother will, —  
His life, a light, burns in that distant land,  
Where earthly eyes with heavenly visions fill;  
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### THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED

481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO 2, CANADA

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, President.

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Publishers of: Chatelaine, Maclean's Magazine, Canadian Homes and Gardens, Mayfair, The Financial Post, Hardware and Metal, Canadian Paint and Varnish Magazine, Sanitary Engineer, Canadian Grocer, Drug Merchandising, Dry Goods and Stylewear Review, Men's Wear Merchandising, Bookseller and Stationer, The General Merchant of Canada, Canadian Hotel Review and Restaurant, Canadian Machinery and Manufacturing News, Modern Power and Engineering, Canadian Trade Abroad, Industrial Opportunities in Canada, Canadian Printer and Publisher, Canadian Advertising Data, Canadian Automotive Trade, Bus and Truck Transport in Canada.—BRANCH OFFICES: 1070 Bleury St., Montreal; 420 Lexington Ave., New York; 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago; 481 Monmouth Bldg., San Francisco; England, The MacLean Company of Great Britain, Limited, Sun of Canada Bldg., 2 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1. Telephone, Whitehall 6642. Telegraph, Atabek, Lesquare, London.—SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: in Canada, Great Britain and British Possessions, \$1.00 per year; United States, Mexico, Central and South America, France and Spain, \$1.50; other countries, \$2.00 per year. Single copies 10c. Copyright, 1933, by The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited. Registered in Canadian Patent and Copyright Office. Registered in United States Patent Office.

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"Now I see WHY Premium is  
So delicious"



A keen student of all branches of food preparation, Chef Albertella paid a special visit to the Toronto Swift Canadian plant to see how Premium Hams are Ovenized

says  
Chef ALBERTELLA of the  
ROYAL YORK HOTEL  
Toronto

*Follow Chef Albertella's directions  
for baking Premium Ham:*

1. Place a whole or half Premium Ham in a roaster. Add 2 cups of water, and cover the roaster.
2. Bake in a slow oven (325°) allowing 21 minutes a lb. for a large whole ham; 25 minutes a lb. for smaller (up to 12-lb.) hams or half hams.
3. When ham is done, remove from oven. Lift off rind. Score surface and dot with cloves; rub with mixture of  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar and 1 tablespoon flour. Brown, uncovered, for 20 minutes in moderate oven (400°)

*For a delicious dressing, serve fried (partially ripe) bananas, topped with red currant jelly.*



Bake a thick slice of Premium Ham in milk. Serve with border of savory rice and broiled mushrooms in green pepper rings

"It's **OVENIZED** ..."

It's AN exciting job—catering to conventions, tours, grand banquets, and critical visitors at Toronto's great metropolitan resort . . . the Royal York Hotel.

But tremendously *interesting*, too. Interesting to study each new development in food science. And that is why Chef Albertella grew so enthusiastic on his personal inspection of the new, exclusive Swift method of smoking Premium Hams, called "Ovenizing".

"*Veramente!* So you smoke them right in those great brick ovens!" he exclaimed. "And this is what regulates the temperature and this the density of smoke? Marvellous! Now I see how

Premium obtains its wonderful flavour . . . its delicate tenderness."

*Premium needs no parboiling!*

"Ovenizing" makes ham delightfully easy to prepare, too. Premium is so tender and mild-flavoured that it *never requires par-boiling*. Simply bake your Premium Ham in the roaster according to Chef Albertella's directions.

Just one caution: For results like those achieved by Chef Albertella, be equally insistent on getting genuine "Premium." Only Swift's Premium Ham is "Ovenized." So when ordering be careful to say "Swift's Premium, please!" Swift Canadian Co. Limited.

**SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM**

*All Swift's Premium  
Bacon is Ovenized too*

*Ovenized*

SMOKED AN IMPROVED WAY . . . IN OVENS



Be sure you get the genuine Swift's Premium . . . with the name SWIFT repeated down the length of the ham . . . Remember, only Swift's Premium Ham is Ovenized





They chase frantically by in fantastic embraces with girls I'd not like my daughters to know.

—Photographic Arts

## Is Your Daughter a Wallflower?

A frank plea for advice from an old-fashioned mother who is facing a modern problem of the times

**M**Y DAUGHTERS are wallflowers! And I am afraid that it is my fault.

Lorraine and Elizabeth are both attractive girls. They are pretty, well dressed, full of good spirits and ready for fun. And yet they are only wallflowers.

I think it is because their father and I have trained them to be too well behaved; to have "ideals." We have brought them up in the old-fashioned credo of "hands off." We've taught them that men are the hunters, and women to be wooed and won; that they must have self-respect if they are to be respected; that it doesn't pay to be cheap.

But it seems we were wrong. Our girls are not being hunted. They are not respected. They are getting none of the pretty attentions that are generally considered the right of girlhood. On the contrary, they are sitting very much neglected in the sidelines, watching the "good times" go to girls who do all that they have been taught not to do. They are wallflowers not because they are stupid or plain, but because they are "good."

I never realized why my daughters were becoming indifferent to dances until another mother mentioned the matter to me in regard to her own daughter.

"I can't think," she said, "why Mary doesn't have a better time at dances."

I answered carelessly that I didn't know—my girls always enjoyed themselves.

"Are you quite sure?" she insisted. "Have you been with them to a dance lately?"

I confessed that I hadn't, and she suggested attending the next one.

Then I realized that in our house there was no flurry of excitement before a dance.

It had seemed a casual thing that the girls should go together, unattended, meeting the boys at the dance. That was the way young people did things nowadays, we thought. Girls were so much more independent; comradeship so free and easy.

Now, however, I asked Lorraine about it.

"Don't boys call for girls to go to dances, any more?"

"Oh yes," she said, "for petters they do."

So I went to the dance with them, and saw them and many of the nicest girls we know sitting with heart-breaking, affected indifference, waiting for partners who never came their way.

And where were the boys?

Some of them were gathered round the punch bowl or herding together in the halls, smoking cigarettes. Some of them were dancing time after time with unscrupulous little minxes who cuddled up to them with what was to me a bewildering effrontery.

Among these "dancing partners" were girls who didn't belong to our crowd at all. It seemed they were "gate-crashers" who came unasked, but apparently were very much wanted by the boys and young men whom I had thought ranked as my daughters' friends.

When I was young it was customary for a man to ask a woman for a dance as a favor, saying, "May I have this dance?" or something like that.

I heard a boy saunter up to one of my daughters and say, "D'you wanna dance this?" And afterward she thanked him!

What is happening? What is the matter? Where have I gone astray?

[Continued on page 62]

# Chatelaine



## Starring "Red Fury"

by MARIA MONTI

**T**HE MEANEST director in Hollywood"—that was what they called Leni Hartmann; and there were many who called him a lot worse in private.

He was one of the few who deserved to be called "director," not merely the man-in-white-who-slouched-in-a-chair. Hartmann was not the slouching type. When he did occupy the chair, he sat tense and alert, ready to spring into action. However, most of the time he was on his feet, and kept those about him on their feet.

Regardless of the risk, he would not permit actors to use doubles in his pictures, claiming: "If you can't handle all of it, don't do any of it—the public hates to be disillusioned." Every newcomer in pictures he eyed with contempt, a what-right-have-you-to-be-here attitude. A "find" was just

another "false alarm" to him until he put the "find" through his own favorite tests. Foreign stars with big continental reputations he regarded suspiciously. He did not believe anyone could act until he saw them in action before the camera. His code was "guilty until proven innocent," nothing could make him change his mind once it was made up.

In spite of all this "cussedness," the studios tolerated Hartmann; not only tolerated him, but bitterly fought among themselves to secure his services exclusively.

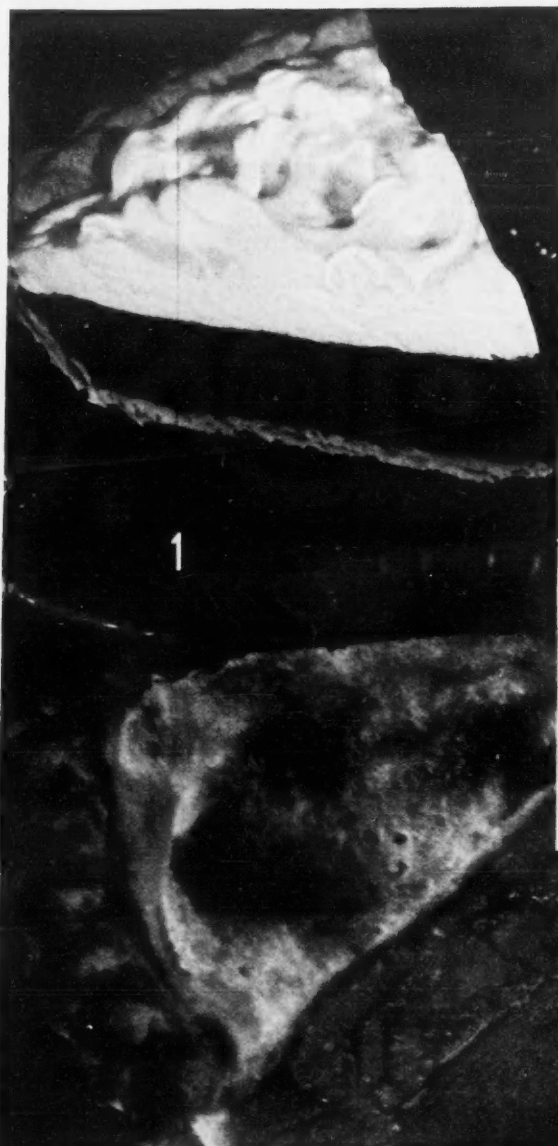
But Hartmann gave his exclusive services to no one. He was the "ace" director of Hollywood, and he knew it. What if he did slam doors in the faces of his producers, bully the "small fry," humiliate the glamorous stars—when every picture he turned out was not only a box-office sensation, but a pictorial masterpiece heaping new laurels on the heads of the very actors he abused.

She heard a woman's excited voice, "I'm not ashamed of coming here like this!"



# These CRISCO PIES are digestible

or my name isn't  
Winifred Carter



Don't worry about indigestion when you make these luscious pies. The shortening in the tender flaky crust is Crisco. And as everybody's learning—Crisco is *the* digestible vegetable shortening!

Almost every mail tells me why women are changing to Crisco. Someone in the family has a delicate digestion. Often the doctor has advised Crisco, because it's *quick-digesting*!

Don't take chances. You can't buy a new stomach, you know! Crisco digests quickly because it's creamy and light-textured. And besides, you know the health-value of a *vegetable* fat.

Remember, too, that Crisco isn't quick-spoiling. It's made by Crisco's secret process to keep fresh-tasting, creamy and *digestible* for months!

WINIFRED S. CARTER

## DIGESTIBLE CRISCO PASTRY (Master Recipe)

(use this recipe to make all your favorite pies digestible!)

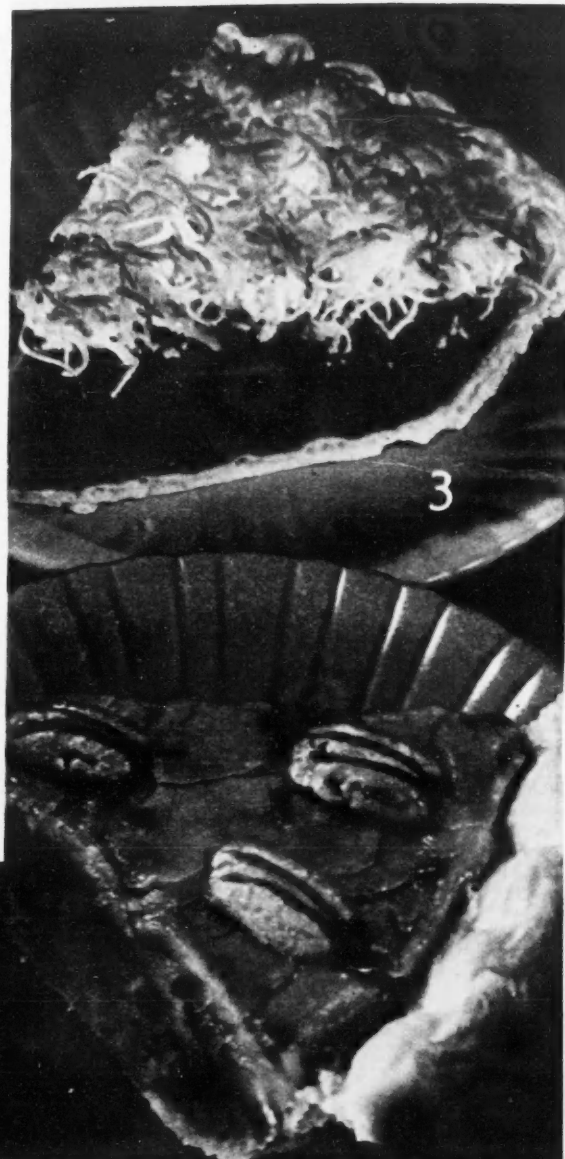
**DOUBLE-CRUST:** 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt,  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup Crisco, 6 to 8 tablespoons water.

**SINGLE-CRUST:** 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup Crisco, 4 to 6 tablespoons water.

**Crumbly Crisco Crust**—Sift flour and salt. Do not chill Crisco, the *digestible vegetable shortening*. Cut in Crisco finely. Add just enough cold water to hold mixture together.

**Flaky Crisco Crust**—Sift flour and salt. Chill Crisco, the *sweet digestible shortening*. Cut in Crisco coarsely. Add ice-cold water, just enough to hold mixture together.

From here on, the method is the same:—Roll pastry  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thick on lightly floured board. For *baked shell*, cover inverted pie-plate. Prick bottom and sides. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 15 minutes. For *two-crust* pie, bake 10 minutes in hot oven (450° F.) then reduce to moderate (350° F.). Bake until filling is done.



### 1. CHOCOLATE DANDY PIE *a fancy Crisco pastry that's digestible!*

2 tablespoons flour      2 cups hot milk  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt      2 squares chocolate  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar      2 eggs, beaten  
2 tablespoons      1 teaspoon  
cornstarch      vanilla

Sift flour, salt, sugar and cornstarch. Combine with hot milk and cook until thick. Add chocolate broken into small pieces. Continue cooking until smooth. Stir in eggs. Cook a minute longer. Cool, add vanilla and pour into baked shell of—

**Sweet Crisco Pastry:** Sift 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour, 2 tablespoons powdered sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt. Work in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup Crisco finely (the *digestible shortening*). Mix 1 egg yolk and 2 tablespoons cold water. Add to above. If necessary, add 1 to 2 additional tablespoons cold water. Roll out lightly. Fit into medium pie-plate. Prick well. Bake in quick oven (425° F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Cool. Pour in filling. Cool. Decorate with  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup thick cream beaten stiff with 2 tablespoons powdered sugar.

### 2. BLUSH-APPLE PIE *rosy-tinted, thanks to cinnamon drops!*

5 large apples       $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar  
3 slices pineapple, cubed      2 tablespoons flour  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup red cinnamon       $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon  
drops      salt  
1 teaspoon grated lemon      2 tablespoons  
rind      Crisco

Peel and slice apples. Add pineapple, cinnamon drops and all dry ingredients. Mix well and let stand while preparing double-crust proportions of Digestible Crisco Pastry (see Master Recipe). Divide dough into two parts. Roll out lower crust. Line deep pie-plate. Brush bottom with melted Crisco to prevent soaking. Fill with apple mixture. Dot over with Crisco (the *sweet digestible fat* that brings out *true* flavor). Roll out upper crust. Make criss-cross or whole crust, whichever you prefer, but slash whole crust to let steam escape. Dampen edge of lower crust before crimping edge. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (350° F.). Bake 25 minutes longer.

### 3. COCONUT PUMPKIN PIE *a snowfall of coconut on this digestible pie!*

2 cups pumpkin pulp       $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon cloves  
2 eggs, beaten       $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar      1  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk  
2 tablespoons      2 tablespoons Crisco  
flour      starch  
1 teaspoon cinnamon       $\frac{1}{2}$  cup shredded  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon ginger      coconut  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup corn syrup

Mix drained pumpkin pulp with beaten eggs. Add dry ingredients. Heat milk with Crisco (the *delicate-tasting wholesome fat*). Add to pumpkin mixture. Pour into deep dish (10-inch) lined with flaky and digestible Crisco pastry. (See one-crust proportions in above Master Recipe.) Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 15 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate (350° F.). Bake until custard is set, about 30 minutes. Sprinkle top with coconut. Dribble with corn syrup. Return to oven for 5 minutes.

**All Measurements Level.** Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trademark of a shortening manufactured by Procter & Gamble Co.

### 4. DATE-SCOTCH PIE *a new party pie in digestible pastry*

$\frac{3}{4}$  cup brown sugar      2 eggs (separated)  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt      2 tablespoons Crisco  
3 tablespoons flour      1 teaspoon vanilla  
3 tablespoons corn-      1 cup coarsely-cut  
starch      dates  
2 cups hot milk       $\frac{1}{2}$  cup pecan halves

Mix brown sugar, salt, flour and cornstarch. Stir slowly into hot milk. Cook until thick, stirring frequently. Add beaten egg yolks. Cook one minute longer. Remove from heat. Add Crisco (the *sweet and digestible fat*), also dates and vanilla. Cool partially. Then fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into baked Crisco shell (see one-crust proportions in Master Recipe for Digestible Crisco Pastry). Arrange pecans on top. Then cover, if you wish, with this **Caramel Glaze:** Melt  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup granulated sugar very slowly in heavy skillet, stirring constantly. When sugar caramelizes, add  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup hot water. Stir and bring to boil. Cool slightly—pour over top of filling.

# CRISCO digests quickly... in fried foods, too

MADE IN CANADA





One thought shook her out of her emotional paralysis in time to reach the unsuspecting director and fling herself bodily against him.

startling about her personality. Had Hartmann himself passed judgment on their photographs?

"Of course he did," asserted a vivacious red-head with snapping eyes. "He always attends to everything himself." "Don't be silly," drawled a statuesque Titian who had the most exquisite green eyes Janet had ever seen. "Mr. Hartmann doesn't bother with preliminaries."

"Bothering with preliminaries is just why his pictures always click," rejoined the other girl promptly.

"That's right," a tall angular girl in mannish clothes, confirmed authoritatively. "Leni Hartmann is running this all his own way. Dayton-Harris don't dare interfere—though they'd like to, very much."

"I got it from someone who knows, that D. and H. wanted Andrea to star in 'Red Fury,' but Hartmann wouldn't even hear of it."

"He hasn't forgiven her, has he?"

"Forgiven her! My dear, haven't you heard what happened only this noon—?" But here the girl who would have enlightened her ignorant comrade stopped short, as did everybody else at whatever they were doing.

LENI HARTMANN had entered. There was something electrifying in the abrupt hush, the tenseness which gripped the air.

A cold sensation trickled down Janet's spine as she told herself how different the director looked without his jacket, and with shirt sleeves rolled up. It should have made him seem more genial. On the contrary, he looked terribly businesslike, and capable of all the tyranny with which he was credited. Janet was suddenly conscious of her tooth beginning to bother her again. Then she promptly forgot it as the director gave his first command, in a sharp voice:

"Line up according to your numbers."

Had they rehearsed it, the line could not have formed more rapidly and quietly than it did. And sixty pairs of eyes were fastened on the director's face, waiting for his next command. An assistant whom he called "Joe," passed down the line quickly and handed each girl a sheet of paper.

As he waited for "Joe" to finish his task, the director, standing about six feet away, glanced critically down the line of faces. In passing Janet, his eyes had hesitated momentarily. Janet's heart fluttered like a dry leaf in the wind. Why had he noticed her? Was it a favorable sign? Unfavorable?

He spoke again, sharply: "Listen carefully, all of you—I won't repeat. You are to step on that platform, one at a time"—he jerked a thumb over his left shoulder—"stand inside the chalked circle. Face the camera. Look up slowly toward the ceiling—back at the camera—and recite the words on that paper you have in your hands."

As he turned to speak to the cameraman, Janet, like the rest of the girls, anxiously bent her eyes to the page in her hand. It was a short typed paragraph, reading:—

"I am going to torment you as you have tormented me, hurt you as you have hurt me. I have waited for this moment a long, long time—and now it has come!"

It took but a moment for the girls to find out that all had the same lines to speak. It wasn't easy. They were not sure how much "emotion" Hartmann wanted. The only hint he gave them before signalling to the operator at the sound apparatus, was: "You are addressing a man you love, but want to hate."

The first girl, the one with the angular face and mannish clothes, acquitted herself in a splendid manner. Without faltering, she went through the instructions the director had given them, and interpreted the dramatic bit with the brilliance of a born actress. Several of the contestants immediately stepped out of their places and departed. The director paid no attention to these voluntary withdrawals.

Janet felt like a criminal for remaining. What chance had she against the marvellous performance of No. 1? Could she walk up to that platform, face the camera calmly, and go into an emotional outburst—she who had become almost paralyzed when Hartmann had put his eyes on her for an instant. To add to her misery, her tooth ached fiercely now that the effects of the medicine had worn off. Oh, it was hopeless—yet Janet knew that she had to go through with it, or hate herself for a quitter, the rest of her life. Quitters—that's what those girls who had withdrawn, were, that's what the director must be thinking of them.

The thought helped, and some of Janet's courage returned. A lot more of it returned when Connie Worth, the girl Janet knew, dropped her paper as she came on the platform, and her face became pink with embarrassment as she stooped to retrieve it.

Hartmann frowned, and snapped curtly: "Come on, come on, you're not here alone."

Ordinarily, Janet would have felt sorry for the girl. But under the circumstances she didn't. She was glad. Any little misfortune of her rivals strengthened her own confidence—and she needed strengthening. But there were few mishaps. And though no one had yet equalled the brilliant performance of No. 1, the girls went through the paces intelligently and courageously.

However, listening to the same group of words over and over again, and waiting one's turn to repeat those very words, was bound to become

[Continued on page 64]



It was at this directorial tyrant that Janet Stevens cast surreptitious glances over her salad in a popular Hollywood restaurant. Like herself, the director sat alone, occupying a table in a rear corner. There were few in the dining room who did not know the director. Yet no one attempted to join him at his table; no one approached him. Those who would have liked to, didn't dare. And those who dared, didn't care to.

In her furtive study of the director, Janet reflected that there was nothing about his outward appearance to mark him out particularly as a "tyrant." Tall, well groomed, and handsome in a rugged manner, he might have been any one of the popular actors in the dining room—unless it was his stern unsmiling mouth, or the detached manner with which he surveyed the people about him.

Janet was one of those who would have liked to approach the director but didn't dare. She was straining her slim purse by coming to the fashionable restaurant for lunch. It was not because of a desire to mingle with celebrities, or enjoy a special cuisine that had lured her into this extravagant gesture. It was because she knew that Leni Hartmann would be lunching at this particular place. And she wanted to look at him, to sort of get used to him before the try-out, which was scheduled for two o'clock that afternoon.

The Dayton-Harris Studio was searching for an unknown to play the leading rôle in an adaptation from the sensational novel, "Red Fury." Any girl from Hollywood's mass of unknowns who had genuine red hair and dynamite in her temper, was eligible.

Janet had no doubts about her eligibility. She had a fluffy head of red hair, and her temper had been considered "savage" back home. She had even played bit parts as a Mexican spitfire and a hoydenish French girl. Moreover, she had read the novel "Red Fury," and felt with steel-girded conviction that the part was meant for her.

However, Janet had been in Hollywood long enough to realize that probably all the girls who were going to compete in the try-out felt that same conviction. A year ago such a thought would have dismayed her. Now it merely strengthened her determination. If only she wouldn't lose her nerve in front of Hartmann! Never having worked in any of his pictures, she did not know how mean he actually was. Perhaps the things they said about him were exaggerated; perhaps they were all true. She could only hope that they were exaggerated. And honestly, he didn't look a bit like an ogre . . .

Taking a bit of salad on her fork, Janet munched gingerly, careful not to molest a bad tooth; it had given her a sleepless night, and now it throbbed dully. It wasn't the best condition in which to face Hartmann. But she could not permit a toothache to keep her from the try-out. It was her big chance. In fact, everything depended on her landing the job; she didn't have a dollar toward the room rent, and the "first" was only a week away. If there was only some way of convincing the director . . .

She had entertained a vague wild hope that he would notice her, and immediately recognize in her the girl they wanted for "Red Fury." But he didn't even glance in her direction once.

Not sure whether to feel disappointed or relieved, Janet was on the verge of leaving her table when the entrance of an exotic Titian, strikingly garbed in white, held her down in her chair. It was Annette Andrea, Leni Hartmann's *ex-protegée*!

The famous friendship between the director and the French actress had been severed two years ago, and it was well known that they had not met or spoken to each other since. And now Andrea was approaching Hartmann's table. Was it going to be a public reconciliation? Necks were craned. A hush fell over the dining room. Those eyes which were not following Andrea's willowy form were glued on Leni Hartmann. What happened was so unexpected that it gave a jolt even to the most blasé actress of Hollywood, who happened to be in the dining room.

As Andrea reached the director's table, he stood up, gave her a single cold glance, and then abruptly left the dining room. The actress turned scarlet. She remained motionless for a moment, with her fingertips on the table. Then, in a most nonchalant manner, she walked out, smiling graciously at those she recognized; it was first-class acting. She had barely stepped out of sight, when the dining room became a furious hum of astonished excited voices.

So this was a sample of Hartmannism! Gloom crushed Janet like a load of rocks. She left the restaurant heartily regretting that she had entered it. Since it was too early to start for the studio, she spent the time in a drugstore, with medicine on her aching tooth.

Relieved of the pain, Janet felt her courage returning. After all, what reason did she have for feeling discouraged. The little scene she had witnessed between Andrea and Hartmann had nothing to do with her chance in the try-out. And didn't she have just as much chance to win as any other girl? She would not have been so certain about that, had it been someone else who was to do the picking; but with Leni Hartmann one could depend on a square deal.

Cheered by this reflection, Janet walked into the scene of the try-out for "Red Fury."

On entering, each girl was asked for the notice she had received from the studio, and was then given a number by the man who sat at a desk and consulted a ledger before him. Janet's number was 27. As she stood in line, waiting her turn before the man who, with amazing speed, was daubing a little make-up on the faces of the contestants, she wondered whether the number signified that she was "possibility No. 27," or perhaps it was the alphabetical arrangement. Recognizing Connie Worth, one of the many extras she had worked with, Janet quickly learned that the numbers were not due to alphabet arrangement—Connie's number was 6.

It put a slight crimp in the optimism Janet had worked up. But she hoisted her spirits again, by remembering that even if she was the 27th, she was the 27th of sixty girls—she had counted them. However, Janet could not see why Connie Worth should be No. 6. The girl was far from being a beauty, and there wasn't anything

Illustrated by Al. Parker





# ILLUSTRATED BY CLARE SHRAGGE

"Isn't that like a woman's club?" laughed John. "Making the sharp little raps sweet and pretty with ribbon bows"

"Nothing? You say 'nothing' when a man comes home and finds his best hammer toggled out like a flapper. I suppose I'll find curl papers on the screwdriver next and you'll tell me that's nothing, too."

He emerged from the doorway and stood looking at her incredulously.

"I was using the hammer for a gavel," she confessed. "I was practising in case Fannie Adams and Margaret Pierce should both get sick at once some time."

"A gavel! But what did you have to put ribbons on it for? Couldn't you hit the table just as good without ribbons

on it, after all what difference does it really make?"

"Why, I suppose so, but they almost always tie a ribbon on the gavel they use at women's clubs."

"Women's clubs! I knew it. Women's clubs!" And then as if stung by a sudden thought he sat down on the cellar steps and rocked back and forth.

"Ho, ho, gosh! If that ain't funny. Gosh! I'll eat my hat if that ain't funny. A woman putting a ribbon bow on the thing she knocks with. Ain't that just like a woman? Making her sharp little raps sweet and pretty with ribbon bows? The hand that rocks the cradle thumps the gavel.

Gosh! If it ain't funny! Just you wait till I see Charlie."

Amelia Phipps felt the color flood her face.

"John Phipps, if you tell one single living soul about that hammer and the ribbon, I swear I'll go back to live with Aunt Josephine."

She hardly recognized her own voice. There must have been something funny about it, for John gave her a queer look and subsided. She watched him go quickly to fasten the shutter.

Never had she spoken to him that way. First she had found fault with him about the [Continued on page 38]





# THE SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT

by MAUD MERRITT

THE SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT of the Thursday Morning Club opened the card table with due respect for its feeble legs and set it up in the square hall. She carried the dining room chairs out, one by one, and placed them in two orderly rows before it; then pulled over a chair from either side of the hat rack to bound it on the east and on the west. Having so arranged them to her satisfaction, she disappeared through the swinging doors into the kitchen and down the cellar steps, returning in a few minutes with Mr. Phipps' best hammer.

From the vase on the mantelpiece she took a faded corsage of sweet peas. In their gayer hours yesterday she had worn them as an officer of the club upon the front of her last year's silk dress. Robbing Peter to pay Paul, she unfastened the silver gauze ribbons and tied them around the handle of the hammer and placed it on top of the card table with her year's programme and a copy of *Robert's Rules of Order*.

It was a nice book and new. But she was not altogether happy in its possession, keenly conscious as she was of the subtle rebuke in its stiff covers, for she had bought it with one and a half of the five worn dollar bills which she had lured from John Phipps' reluctant pocket for the purchase of a spring hat. This misappropriation of funds still troubled her, even though she had used the money that was left to buy herself a rakish-looking concoction with a pert ribbon bow for three dollars and forty-nine cents in Bainbridge's basement. And yet the gods must have approved the misdemeanor, for in spite of its humble beginning, that blue hat, she decided again, was the most becoming one she had ever owned.

Having settled this argument with her conscience for the twentieth time, she struck the card table briskly with her hammer.

"The meeting will please come to order." She waited a poignant moment for the vacant chairs to settle themselves into attention. "The secretary will read the minutes of the previous meeting." (That was right, "previous" was the word, not "last.") She was glad she had remembered that.) She turned to nod graciously at the chair upon her left, smiling as she gave a critical ear.

"If there are no additions or corrections the minutes stand approved as read. Report of the corresponding . . ." she paused to rap the table impatiently with her gavel—John Phipps' best hammer—and gazed with lightly veiled disapproval at the middle chair in the second row. The pompous form of Fannie Adams swam invitingly before her eyes. Just because you were president you didn't have to act the way Fannie Adams did, nor Margaret Pierce either, for that matter. Even if you did happen to be president

and first vice-president, you didn't own the club. How would Fannie Adams like to have the gavel rapped at her every time she so much as whispered—the way she did at old Mrs. Gray? "Report of the corresponding secretary," she repeated. Her second smile was twin to the one which she had just bestowed upon the recording angel at her left.

The telephone on the wall in back of her rang. Startled at being caught in such a compromising position, she whirled and dropped the hammer.

"Yes, indeed, Aunt Josephine," she said. "Yes . . . No . . . I'm so glad you like it, everyone . . . Yes . . . Yes . . . But . . . but, Aunt Josephine, they'd never think of sending me . . . Who did you say wanted me to go? . . . That's nice of them, I'm sure, but . . . Yes, of course, I'd like a new dress, but Mrs. Adams always goes as delegate to Victoria . . . But . . . but I can't go unless I'm elected, and there isn't a chance . . . Yes . . . Yes . . . No . . . No . . . But I can't . . ."

Aunt Josephine had obviously hung up. But not so her niece. She continued to stare into the mouthpiece.

Victoria . . . Victoria . . . To see the ocean again, to touch the warm sand. She hadn't been to the seaside since the year she was married. She wondered if they had any time left from the meetings to sit on the beach. Four whole days by the ocean—she could feel the sand against her legs, feel it running softly in a silver stream through her fingers as she hung the receiver back upon its hook. The smell of the salt air teased her nostrils. She could hear the thud of the breaking waves, and the swish of the undertow across the pebbles. There would be gulls perhaps farther out—beyond the breakers on the bar. And she could watch them and watch them for a long, long time without feeling guilty about the undarned socks in the basket, nor about the shirts from Monday's wash that she hadn't ironed. There were always nice women at those conventions—women from all over the country. Maybe some of them would like her, too—find her as interesting as she would them. Aunt Josephine had promised her a new dress if she went. She'd get a blue one to go with the hat.

She walked slowly back to the card table.

"Oh, what is the use of all this?" she cried, dragging the chairs back again into the dining room. "Fannie Adams and Margaret Pierce would never think of letting me preside at a meeting, and as for Victoria—I might just as well forget entirely about going there. I wish no one had ever said anything about my going. I'd never have thought of it myself. And now I want to go so much, it just seems as if I couldn't bear not to. Why, we don't even really get a chance to vote on it. Fannie Adams just says: 'Your presi-

dent will be glad to represent you.' Or, 'Since events prevent my going, Mrs. Pierce, our first vice-president, will act as delegate.' No, there isn't the remotest possibility of my going to the convention. But I would like to preside just once at a meeting of the club before I go out of office."

She put the two chairs back into their places by the hat rack, folded the table, picked up the hammer and stood it on the floor against the wall in the cellar-way, planning to take it down with her on her next trip.

A Ford sedan turned into the drive. As she watched her husband get out and come up the gravel path, she thought of their honeymoon trip to Vancouver Island ten years ago. They had been married on her twentieth birthday, they had said then that they were going back every year to celebrate. But they never had. John had been very good looking—at least it had seemed so to her. She wished he'd stand up straight now. After all, he was only thirty-five—stooping forward that way made him look a lot older. Perhaps it was because he had to lean across the counter so far to catch what the customers said. He was too thin, and he worked too hard. But he certainly ate enough—there was no doubt about that. Never was there anyone to whom food meant as much as it did to John Phipps.

She came to herself with a start.

"Gracious," she gasped. "Good gracious! What on earth can I be thinking of, standing here this way? John," she called as he came in the door. "Oh, John, I'll have dinner ready in ten minutes. Fasten the pantry shutter while you're waiting, will you? Its banging nearly drives me wild."

"I s'pose so, but it does seem as if I never put my foot in the house, but you have some job or other for me to do."

"If you had put it up right in the first place after you painted it—"

"Huh?"

"Nothing."

"I thought you said something."

She could hear him fussing with his tools.

"Amelia, what has become of my good hammer?"

"It's by the wall on the cellar-way."

She could hear his steps heavy and deliberate on the cellar stairs. They stopped. And then, "What"—the tone was aghast—"what is a ribbon doing on my hammer?"

Amelia put the frying pan down quickly so she wouldn't drop it.

"Nothing."



The Duchess of York's own sitting-room is in oyster tints and delphinium blue — a charming combination for a smaller room in any type of home.

The day nursery of the little Princesses has soft blue walls and a ripe-cherry red carpet, with white woodwork.

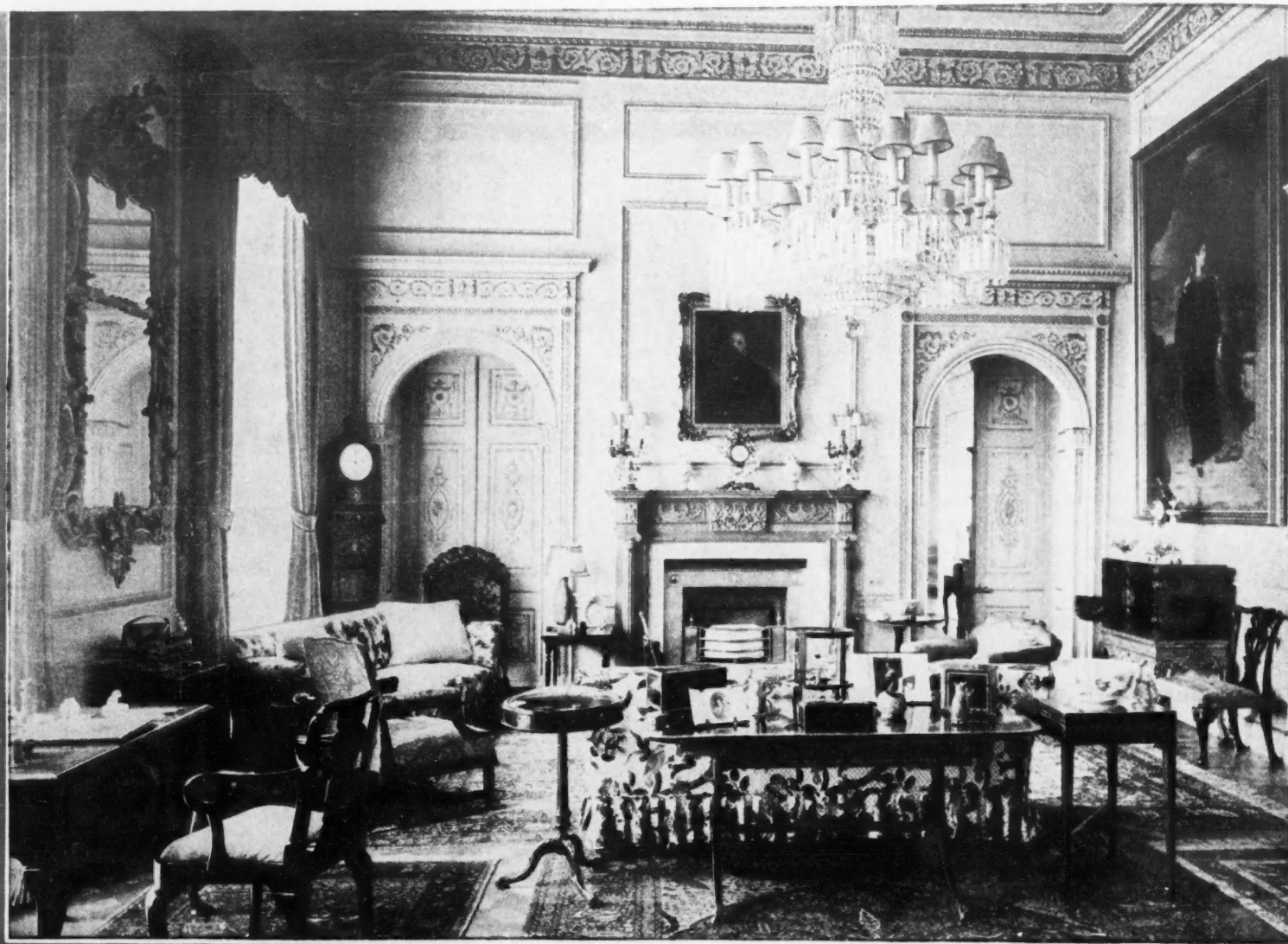
In the night nursery you find the same love-in-the-mist blue for the walls, and deep red for the carpet, with practicable white washable furniture.



A pen portrait of the London home of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of York brings fresh inspiration for every decorator







A skilful grouping of furniture in the drawing-room brings comfort to a very large room.

# Royalty Furnishes a Home

by JULIA CAIRNS

**A** REAL HOME. That was my first impression. It was my last, as I left the London home of H. R. H. The Duchess of York. For here, within brick walls just like thousands of similar brick walls, and beneath a slate roof no different from thousands of other slate roofs, abides the very spirit of simple homeliness. Quiet and restful; cool, too, on a hot summer's day, you feel certain—if you feel these things at all—of a woman's influence. There is something so simple, so direct, so refreshingly natural everywhere. And you come away feeling sure that the influence is sincere, real, vital.

The house faces on to the Green Park, with the incessant roar of traffic in between. Here I found the entrance coolly shaded by a green and white sun-blind—an early indication, I often find, of a really well-cared-for home.

Come inside with me.



From a portrait of the Duchess of York in her drawing-room.

This is what you find. Walls painted in the softest shade of Adam green—the kind of green that seems to remind you of cool water where lilies float. The carpet is a plain one—in a practical shade of autumn-leaf-brown, and fits snugly up to the painted skirting. A simple table, a few good chairs covered in a restful shade of moss green and a plain cream pitcher of cool green leaves complete the unsophisticated dignity of this entrance.

There is a small anteroom on the left. I peeped in here, first attracted by a most enchanting chintz which I caught sight of, covering a very comfy-looking, deep-seated armchair. The chintz was crisply glazed, with an ivory-white background over which rambled old-fashioned cabbage roses in glorious shades of crimson and soft pinks, with a wealth of foliage in tender shades of green. Visualize the charm of it for yourselves, this picturesque Victorian chintz on each

of the three or four chairs, with curtains in similar material, walls painted in a good shade of ivory, and with a carpet—again a plain one—in a beautiful shade of deep crimson which precisely blended with the deep crimson tones of the chintz. And the mahogany table and bureau are perfect in this setting.

The kitchen, as in most London houses, is below the street level, and on my way to it I was fortunate enough to make friends with Her Royal Highness's delightful Scottish housekeeper. If ever a woman was happy in her work, she is, and . . . her work happy with her. Nothing but smiles, smiles all the way—from her and from those all around her.

"I am very fond of my little sitting-room," she said to me, showing me into a small, but oh! so comfortably arranged room off the kitchen. "I change its covers from time to time," she added, stroking her footstool affectionately. "You are very fond of flowers, too," I said, as my eye caught sight of several vases of beautifully arranged garden flowers and one glorious flowering plant.

"That hydrangea is a present from Princess Elizabeth," she answered proudly. "She had two sent for the nursery and she sent one to me. So like the dear wee soul," she added, and a smile of devotion seemed to break over her sweet, kindly Gaelic face.

AS WE MADE our way toward the kitchen, I took a hasty mental note of the furnishings of this, [Continued on page 14]



# THOSE MUSIC EXAMS!

A stumbling-block  
or a stepping-stone?

by ERNEST MACMILLAN  
Principal of the Toronto Conservatory of Music

IN THE October number of *Chatelaine* Harry Hill draws a melancholy picture of present-day musical education in Canada, attributing its shortcomings largely to the bugbear of examinations. Mr. Hill says some very true things; in all due modesty I may claim to have said many of them myself. It is true, for example, that present-day conditions, should they prove permanent, will deplete the numbers—and perhaps raise the quality—of the musical profession. It is true that fewer children are studying music for the pleasure of it than was the case five or six years ago. This is apparently due not only to general economic conditions, but to the increasing incapacity of our young people to amuse themselves in their leisure hours without some external stimulus—talkies, radio, dancing or joy-riding—in other words, to the lamentable decline of hobbies. The expression “a serious hobby” used to be in current use; it is rapidly becoming a contradiction in terms.

Nothing in Mr. Hill's article is more profoundly true than the statement: “Music as a means of passing an examination is one thing but music as a means of self-expression is another.” Quite so. Most of us are apt at times to confuse the means with the end. Some music students, when they have hung up on their wall a diploma or similar piece of cardboard, feel that by doing so they have expressed themselves to their own satisfaction. If their ambition stops there it is a pity, but, in proportion to the sincerity of the effort expended, “they have their reward.” The greater part of Mr. Hill's remarks deals rather with this abuse of musical examinations than with their essential nature. That music examinations can be, and frequently are, abused

no more constitutes a reason for their abolition than do the vanity and extravagance engendered by overdressing call for the abolition of clothes. I must turn therefore from the pleasant pastime of assenting to Mr. Hill's truths and address myself to that of attacking some of his fallacies.

First of all, an examination curriculum is not, at any rate in the lower grades, designed for professional students. It might, perhaps, be desirable to draw up one series of tests for those “who intend, and are by nature fitted to enter the profession,” and another for amateurs. But who is the omniscient one who will undertake to select the chosen few? It is rarely possible at an age earlier than fourteen; by which time, if a student has a reasonable amount of talent, he will have progressed far beyond the earlier grades. In the case of singers, such a selection could rarely be made until a considerably later age. Does Mr. Hill really think that a line can be drawn between what a professional and what an amateur student should learn in the earlier grades? He gives us some rather vague suggestions. Examinations, he tells us, will in the future be planned “to make a student fit to take his place in the social circle in the first place, and then later to go on to more advanced work if he would enter the ranks of the profession.” In short, we are to retain examinations, after all, for non-professionals of nine or ten years of age. There is at least a well-defined realm known as Elements or Rudiments of Music, which we would

surely expect all students to cover completely if they are sufficiently interested in the study of music to stick to it at all. I was startled, however, to learn that Mr. Hill proposed to limit the non-professional student's knowledge of keys at four flats or sharps in the major—although for some obscure reason many amateurs positively wallow in the key of D flat—“with the relative minor keys in which our songs, hymns and lighter music are written.” (The exact number of the latter is not specified, but presumably it stops short at two sharps, for the student is pictured as being more or less floored by F sharp minor and C sharp minor.) One is tempted to ask whether the non-professional student is expected also to understand six-eight, but not nine-eight time; whether he should draw the line at sixteenth or at thirty-second notes, and whether he may be permitted to understand the meaning of *allegro molto* but not of *allegro non troppo*—or, more probably *vice versa*, because he would be unable to play *allegro molto*!—and so on *ad infinitum*.

I know that Mr. Hill does not mean that a student should stop short at any given point. What he really means is that students should be thoroughly familiar with the simple before attacking the complex. No sensible teacher would dispute this, and of course the rule is applied as far as possible in compiling any curriculum. But thousands of teachers throughout the country will bear witness to the fact that much of the somewhat dry but essential groundwork is covered by the majority of their pupils only under the incentive of an examination. Not only are many pupils anxious to tackle things of excessive difficulty, but ambitious parents—especially mothers—are apt to demand the study of pieces of a [Continued on page 48]



her picturesque little retreat. Cool water-green walls, loyally hung with several typical Highland scenes; more chintz—this time in cool mauves and fresh greens. A clever note this—being just off the kitchen, for any room situated like this, however well ventilated, is likely to get rather warm at times. The carpet, I noticed, blended in beautifully—mainly in purples, browns and greens. And the furniture, comfortable and homely—not too much but sufficient—seemed to whisper of one who thought of, and considered, others and loved nothing better than making her own household happy.

The kitchen is well proportioned, lofty. Thirty years ago, it was considered to be one of the model kitchens of London; today it has all the really practical points of a good kitchen. Practically all the cooking is done by gas, and there is an excellent new gas range. The immense ovens, as used some thirty years ago, however, remain. The old hot plate is used mainly to keep down damp, and there is an efficient gas-heated grill for toast. And, of course, an electric refrigerator.

The floor of the kitchen is covered with clean and practical black and white rubber flooring. Indeed, nothing could be more homely, for it just looks like one of a thousand and one other commonsense kitchens, only perhaps looked at through a magnifying glass. For it is large. All shelves and cupboards, dressers and tables are in plain white wood—scrubbable and scrubbed. Gleaming copper caucepans lend a pleasant touch of workmanlike attractiveness, though I gather that, in the main, really good aluminum, which is completely seamless and which I am assured gives everlasting wear, is used.

"We have to soften the water," I was informed, and by this time I had reached the two larders, one specifically set aside for the preparation and cooking of vegetables and fitted up with its own special gas stove.

Thence to the sculleries, where again white glazed tiles give an appearance of spick-and-span practicality. Here the old deep copper sinks are still used, and a modern metal rack keeps all vegetables handy, fresh and in perfect condition. The still-room, conveniently placed, is small, compact and cool.

AND SO, having spent some little time in and around the kitchen, I proceeded by lift to the top of the house, to see once again the Royal Nurseries.

The day nursery comes first, but even before that my eye was attracted to a corner of the landing. Here, a happy collection of dogs and horses were stabled together in neat orderliness, each one decorated with a wee posy of Queen Alexandra Roses. For it was shortly after Rose Day that I was permitted to make my visit.

"Oh, yes. All horses and dogs have to have a rose on Rose Day. Each little Princess decorates her own. A very important proceeding on this particular day each year. They always have done this, and I expect they will—for some long time to come," nurse added, smiling.

By this time we had arrived at the day nursery where Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, beloved by a nation, play their games and live their lives, with something of that sweet unspoiled simplicity which is so characteristic of the childhood days of their own mother. Never were too little people less humored, less pampered. You get very strongly a feeling of this from the nursery itself. You find no "knock-about" pieces. Nothing is shoddy. Nothing is extravagant. Both Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose have started life with an early training which teaches them to appreciate the "good" and the "real"—not necessarily the expensive. Certainly not the luxurious. They are being taught to recognize and love the genuine, the true.

This nursery is one of those rooms which instinctively seem to smile at you the moment you enter. Its soft blue walls remind me rather of the tender blue of love-in-the-mist, and as if to make quite sure that it never looks chilly, a carpet in a fascinating ripe-cherry red had been chosen. Ceiling, fireplace, dado and door are painted in clear china white, and a more simple, effective and suitable setting it would be difficult to plan. Especially as the furniture is mainly in mahogany. Charming old pieces these, with the

halo of tradition—pieces which no doubt have already sown seeds which maybe will blossom in future years. We have but to think of our own beloved Queen Mary and see how she has always interested herself in old furniture, old needlework and *objets d'art*. I cannot bring myself to believe that either little Princess Elizabeth or Princess Margaret Rose can fail to carry on this tradition, this love for the real and the good, reared as they are in an environment such as this, which is so attuned to the sincere and the beautiful.

Both Princesses, I fancy, will remember the friendly grandmother clock that stands in the corner, the Regency chairs here and there, the tallboy, the needleworked footstool and the eighteenth century table for table games. I fancy, too, that they will grow up with a keen appreciation of color. For the day nursery is about as charming a room as you will find, and, as if blending all together into one

Communicating with, and just as delightful as the day nursery, the night nursery will interest you, too. Here again the walls seem to have borrowed their fairylike delicacy from fresh, wide-eyed love-in-the-mist. The carpet is again ripe-cherry red, and all the furniture is so simple in line, not in the least luxurious, and pleasantly enamelled white, which always looks fresh and clean, and is washable.

Here you find a white-painted dado, and the charming pink and blue chintz. Tiny pink and blue flower motifs decorate the washstand china. You will notice here the complete absence of pictures, except for family photographs, but always, please note—a vase or two of flowers.

NOW I PROPOSE to leave the Royal Nurseries and give you a glimpse of the Drawing-Room where, for obvious reasons, the style of decoration is rather different. From

an ivory and gold ceiling hang exquisite glass chandeliers, each light softly amber shaded. Most of the furniture is French, with beautiful damask and needlework coverings. But, even so, a certain love for our own English type of comfort is evidenced by the introduction of an everyday sofa covered in ivory glazed chintz, with old-fashioned English roses rambling in and out amid straying branches of cool, green leaves. The floor in the drawing-room is of parquet and is liberally strewn with lovely Oriental rugs, whose characteristic color blendings echo the soft pinks, blues and greens of damask curtains.

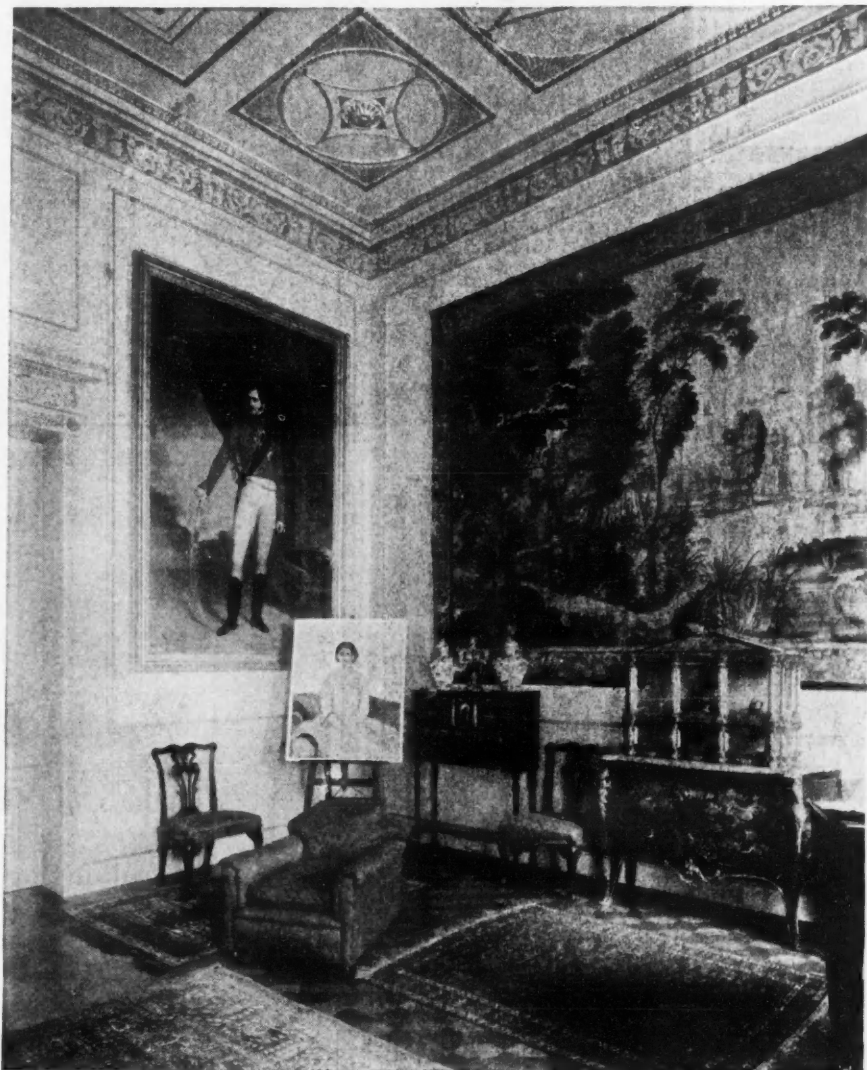
I admire very much the Duchess of York's own private sitting room. There is a charm and a simplicity and a womanliness about it. You feel at once that it belongs to somebody who loves it. Somehow it tells you so. It opens off the drawing-room. And since it does so, you will easily see, I fancy, why its main decorations are similar to those in the drawing-room. Communicating rooms are better treated thus. This room is smaller, so that it at once becomes more intimate. There is less gold and more of that exquisite shade best described as oyster.

Two comfortable, upholstered armchairs are placed each side of the fireplace, and these are covered in silk and cotton damask, oyster-tinted. The doors are painted on this sitting room side to match, and the simple dignity of the ceiling to floor curtains in oyster color damask faintly shot with gold, delphinium blue and cornelian, further enhances a very beautifully schemed room. Since the ceiling is picturesquely domed and lofty, pelmets are shaped like large flower petals. In front of the fireplace a simple fender stool stretches itself along the full length of the hearth—this covered with a design of medieval needlework in very simple stitches, such as is so popular with many needlework lovers today.

The floor is carpeted in an exquisite shade of soft delphinium blue and is, please note, quite devoid of design. A delightfully peaceful room this, combining the simpler comforts of this modern age with a few pieces which seem to re-echo old traditions hallowing it. One or two exquisite pie-crust tables of mahogany, a beautiful old glass candelabra and wall sconces—the lights again softly shaded in amber—and one or two other treasures from earlier centuries. And throughout it all, an atmosphere of quiet understanding seems to permeate—an atmosphere which whispers, yet audibly, of home and mother love.

The Duchess of York's own bedroom looks out on to lovely lawns and trees, and you are glad to know that the heart of London can look so coolly beautiful. This morning when I saw it the room was flooded with sunshine, and with its delightful soft pinky-buff coloring with its hint of soft delphinium blue in the walls, I wondered how I should ever be able to describe it to you faithfully enough for you to have a clear picture of it.

The carpet, quite plain, is a tawny brown, like tired but beautiful leaves in October. And on a beautiful Italian bed I was enchanted to find the most fascinating patchwork quilt I have ever seen—small hexagons of colored fabrics seamed together. Obviously we have all got to get busier than ever with our needles, for on all sides I detect a comeback for fine handwork, either tapestry work or patchwork or quilting. *[Continued on page 43]*



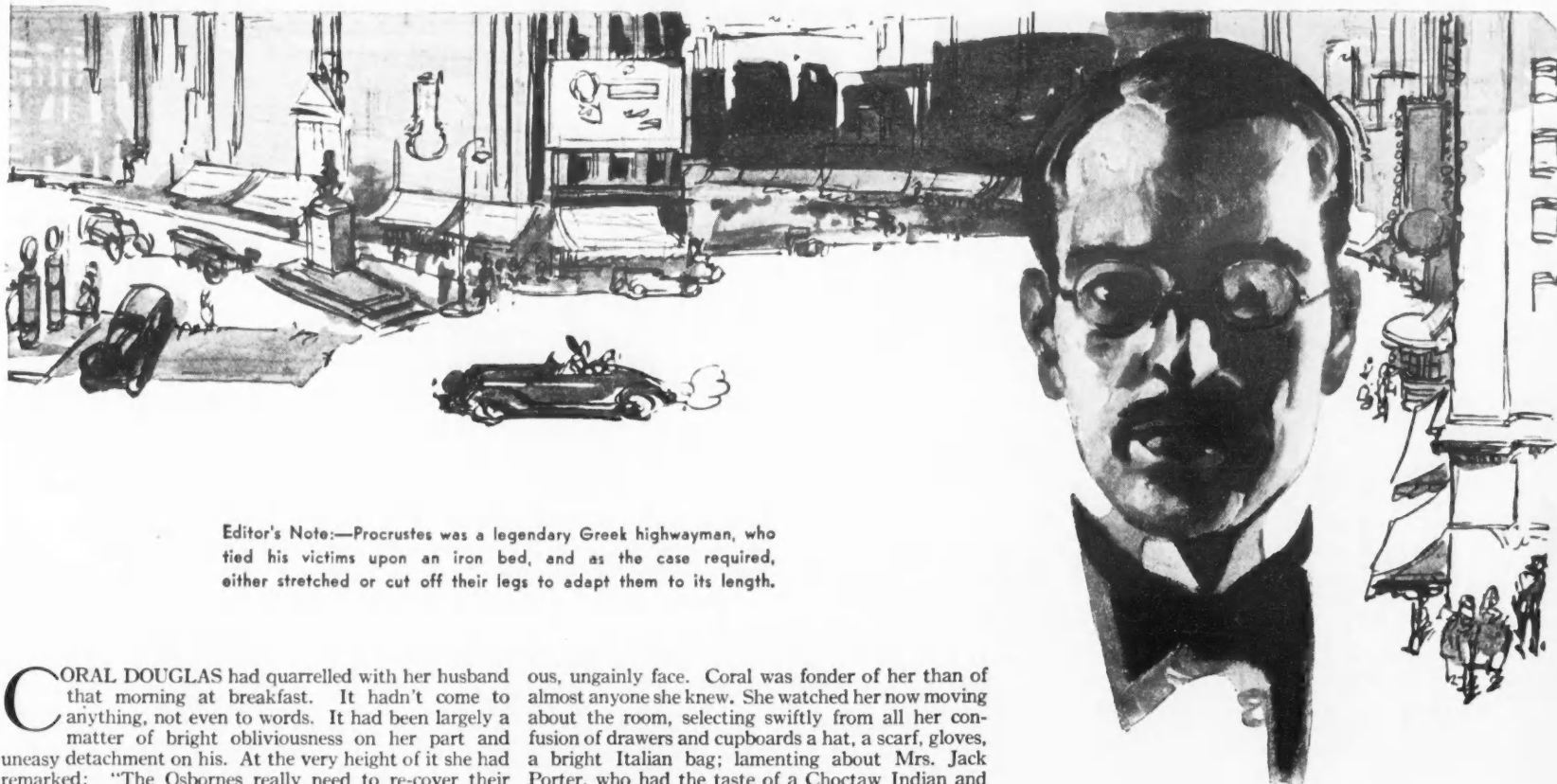
A corner of the spacious drawing-room.

color picture, the chintz curtains and chair covers are glazed china white with exquisite red, pink and soft blue motifs. The room is of fair size and the walls are quite plain, so that the actual design of the fabric lends a pleasant added interest to the wall surface. The curtains are full length from ceiling to within an inch or two of the floor and are finished with the simplest box-pleated pelmet. Ivory filet net softly veils the glass.

The toy cupboard, itself an exquisite Chippendale piece, keeps a very faithful watch over smaller and precious pieces behind its glass doors, with their characteristic tracery. Here you will find many a miniature treasure in glass and china. Wee houses and mirrors and dolls are all there. The loveliest spun glass birds and flower posies, and, most important of all—an exquisite little silver cradle which ornamented Princess Margaret Rose's very own christening cake. Underneath is the toy cupboard, with its Teddy bears and rabbits, its dolls and other nursery deities as dear to the hearts of our two little Princesses as their very own toy cupboard is to any other child in the land. And as you sense happiness in the color all around you and beauty in the realness of things, you will suddenly hear something which endorses all you have been feeling. It is a little pet canary, singing for the sheer joy of life, I fancy, sunning itself in the window.

And so to the night nursery.





Editor's Note:—Procrustes was a legendary Greek highwayman, who tied his victims upon an iron bed, and as the case required, either stretched or cut off their legs to adapt them to its length.

Illustrated by H. E. Eldridge

CORAL DOUGLAS had quarrelled with her husband that morning at breakfast. It hadn't come to anything, not even to words. It had been largely a matter of bright obliviousness on her part and uneasy detachment on his. At the very height of it she had remarked: "The Osbornes really need to re-cover their living room furniture, don't they?" To which he had replied, after reluctant consideration: "Well, I didn't see anything the matter with it."

There he sat—big, heavy, incurious, a mystery, looking at her blankly from behind his glasses. She wanted to say suddenly: "Oh, don't look at me like that! It's like being noticed by something in an aquarium!" But she only poured out another cup of coffee and passed it across to him silently. And presently she said, with almost the bright striving quality of the hostess in her voice: "I'm thinking of cutting my hair again. It might be amusing."

He accepted the coffee. "Well, I don't know exactly what you mean by amusing," he said mildly.

It was curious that he should exasperate her most by the very qualities she most admired and even loved in him—his slow accuracy, his detachment from triviality, his perfect allegiance to the world of men; that strange, scarcely human world, into which one entered only after having put off, like some simple pilgrim, every grace, every ornament, every small equivocal charm.

"You're not expected to know what I mean darling," she said gaily.

He let it go, knowing better than to engage in a disconcerting blind man's buff with her small elusive ironies. Coral understood this perfectly, and when he got up and came round to her end of the table there was penitence as well as forgiveness in her good-by kiss.

After he had gone she went into the living room, where she picked up and flung back anyhow the big silk cushions that Anna always placed precisely side by side at the head of the divan, in a way that somehow always suggested blameless conjugal sleep. She opened a copy of *Color and Design* and laid it face downward on the table under the lamp. She edged two chairs together at an angle that perfectly described a fascinating conversation reluctantly interrupted. And finally she went and telephoned Josephine Carr that she would pick her up early on her way to the Attic Club luncheon.

JO LIVED over her interior decorating shop—a little miracle of arrangement and grace to which every possible space in the rear and above was nothing but a contributing chaos. Coral made her way through forests of old walnut loaded with dusty conceits and pleasant oddities, up the crowded staircase to her friend's bedroom.

"Sit down," said Jo, "I'll just be a minute."

Coral removed a tray and a wilted net foundation garment from a chair and sat down. She said, half laughing—for what she most admired in Jo was the way all the wild irrelevance of her surroundings seemed simply to contribute to her own air of composure and accomplishment—"Your room always looks as if you had gone to bed drunk in it."

Jo laughed, "Well I didn't. I worked in it till three." She was about thirty-five, brisk and casual, with a long, humor-

ous, ungainly face. Coral was fonder of her than of almost anyone she knew. She watched her now moving about the room, selecting swiftly from all her confusion of drawers and cupboards a hat, a scarf, gloves, a bright Italian bag; lamenting about Mrs. Jack Porter, who had the taste of a Choctaw Indian and would probably want her to hang red bead fringe on all the lamp shades, suddenly transfixed in the mirror as though she had caught some glimpse of the supernatural over her shoulder though it was only Coral's new silver and turquoise necklace. "It's enchanting. Where do you get such things?" And she thought how pleasant the world of women really was and how quickly and generously it yielded its light enthusiasms.

"I've worn it for weeks and Ben hasn't even noticed it," she said, and added, "Why can't men be as satisfactory as women?" They were, Jo assured her, different beasts. She didn't see how they really made out together at all. "I never saw two sexes more perfectly unsuited to each other," she said rummaging in a drawer. "Here—darling, I want you to take twenty-five tickets for Nigel Bannister in 'Dilemma.'"

"Twenty-five tickets!" Coral said. "My good girl, what would I do with twenty-five tickets?" Jo laughed. "You send them two at a time in your best envelopes to your friends and they open them thinking hurrah, it's an invitation to a party, and then they see what it is and curse like sailors—" "I don't," Coral said. "I take exactly two and probably drop them over the viaduct on the way home." "Ten, then. It's the Club Theatre night." "Oh, give me five," Coral said resignedly, and Jo laughed and counted off five and they went down to the waiting car.

THE ATTIC CLUB was a semi-literary, semi-artistic group whose members revealed themselves in the club and to each other as passionately dilettante, very serious about their gaiety, very casual about their serious achievement. And the after-luncheon speech of the guest of honor, Mr. Nigel Bannister, had been exactly right, opening as it did with, "I have always felt that there is nothing like a speech to complete an occasion, just as there is nothing like hay when you're feeling faint;" proceeding without argument and ending without conclusion. What made it still more engaging was that all the time it was being delivered he looked acutely uncomfortable, as though all this absurdity were being forced out of him by a nervousness that might otherwise have left him completely inarticulate. Coral, coming up when it was all over, had the pleasant sense of bringing about a rescue. "I'm to drive you back to your hotel," she said.

"Good," he said. He was only an inch or two taller than herself, and his forehead had the high, gentle innocence that is just the beginning of baldness. His eyes, which were wide, bright and hazel, took her in with a smiling, swiftly personal glance. "Good," he said, "I'll go get my hat."

He came back in a minute with a very old hat, a very new pair of gloves and a pale yellow, quietly enormous stick. "All set," he said.

Once outside, the last of his discomfort vanished. And the farther they got away from the Attic Club, the more

his spirits seemed to rise. "You've got the most exciting country in the world," he told Coral, and she laughed with a faint derision. "Exciting! This lost neck of the woods!" "Oh, I don't mean intellectual excitement," he told her. "Intellectual excitement's for adults. No, what I find exciting about your country is a sort of—sort of violent physical expressiveness. Look at that terrific building at the end of the street, the way they're going at it. They're probably trying to finish it by bedtime. Look—look at that girl the way she walks. Look at her legs."

"If I look at all the things you want me to, I'll probably climb up the back of the man in front," Coral said. "And then you will see some violent Canadian expressiveness." And since it was still early, she offered to drive him down to see the new harbor front. So they ran westward, past the waterfront factories and the deserted bathing beaches, and the bright desolated little tourist camps with the lake behind them and ahead, grey and flat, with a gleam like moonstone under the pale autumn light.

It was five o'clock when they got back to his hotel. He stood beside the car abstractedly holding his stick, his gloves and his hat. "Look here," he said suddenly. "How would you like to come up and let me show you the drawings I was telling you about for 'Procrustes' Bed?'"

"Love to," she said promptly, and joined him on the pavement.

She wasn't quite sure what she had expected of his room—hand-loomed wall cloths, perhaps, signed self-caricatures, processions of penguins—he would be sure to collect penguins. Actually it was as perfectly unremarkable as only a hotel bedroom can be. "Here we are," he said, and pulling a little table over by the window laid on it a set of bright drawings.

"This is the set for the whole of the first act," he said, "Mrs. Penny's apartment. You see what I'm trying to do. It's got to be wild and funny and magnificent like Mrs. Penny herself. Now here—this is the tube scene. The focal point, of course, is the news stand, with a crazy-quilt design of magazine covers, and light playing on it in a sort of tied rhythm—"

Coral stood with the heels of her hands resting on the table, astonished and absorbed. "And you designed all these yourself?"

He nodded. "Like them?"

"Like them! I'm mad about them. I never saw anything so delectably—so gorgeously

[Continued on page 59]

by MARY LOWREY ROSS

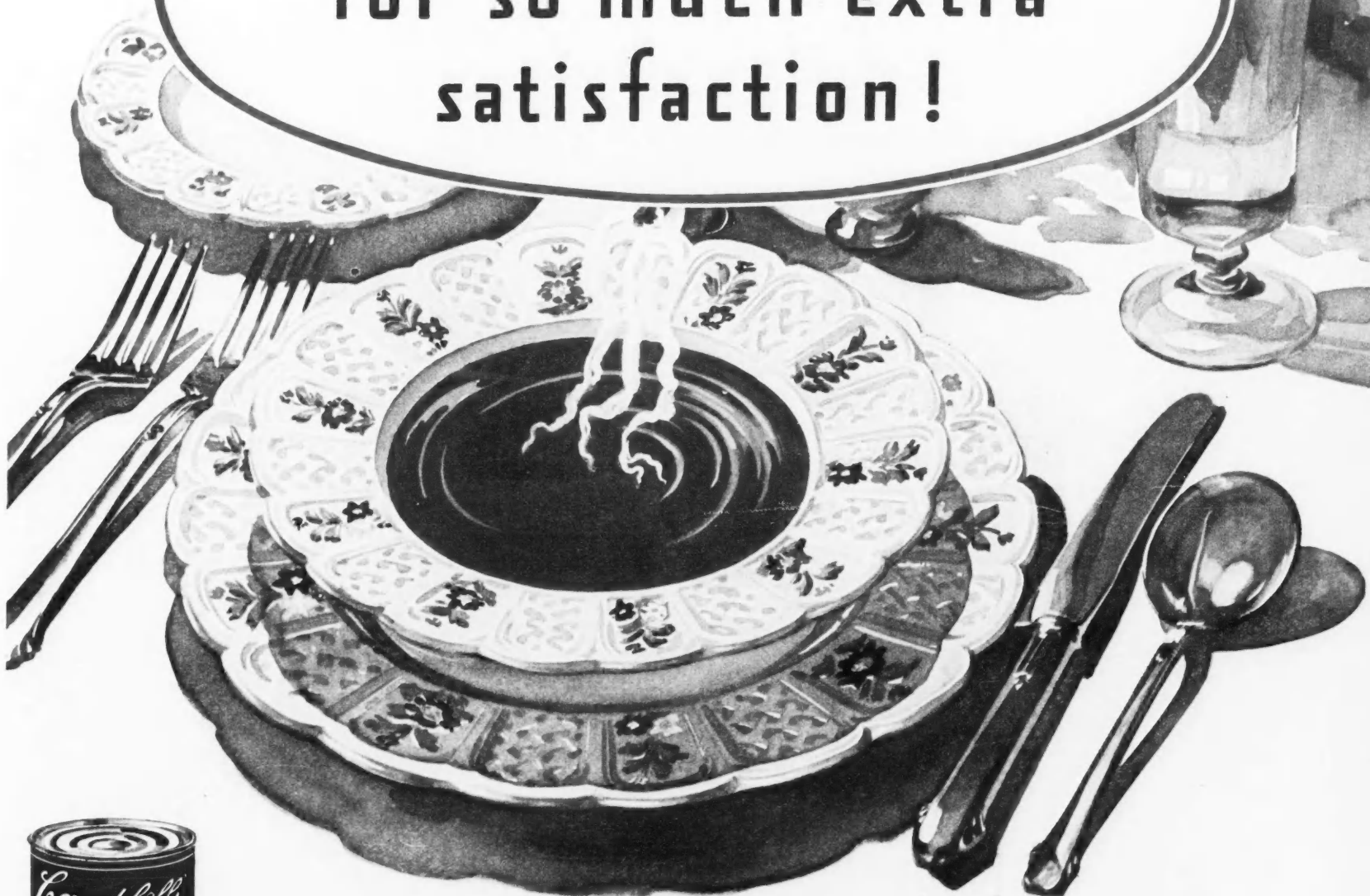




Standing there in the twilight he looked curiously gentle and sincere. "I'm afraid I'm a little in love with you myself."

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And snap and style  
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# The Civilized Woman

by Elizabeth Sanxay Holding



THE BUTLER conducted her to the library and announced her, but no one heard him. They were all smoking and talking, ten or twelve smartly dressed, marvellously self-assured young matrons. They didn't see Katherine as she stood in the doorway, and she studied them with an expert eye.

She had often enough dealt with their like before. She would find a certain amount of intelligence among them, but untrained, undirected; they would be polite enough—on the surface, but at heart completely indifferent. In their schools they paid people to teach them "art appreciation" and "music appreciation." In the same spirit they paid Katherine's fare and gave her tea, so that she could tell them about public utilities. When she had given what information they wished, she might vanish—die; who cared?

The library was a beautiful room, nobly proportioned, finely furnished, and the women in it were all beautiful, or presented the illusion of being so. That couldn't be so difficult, thought Katherine, with such clothes as they had, such exquisite care given to skin and hair, with carefully selected food, all the sun and air and rest and exercise they wished, trips south in the winter, lake or sea in the summer. They had everything.

"Darling!" cried Mrs. Sammy Lawrence. Second, catching sight of her. "How nice! Would you rather sit down in a comfortable chair, or can you do better standing?"

"Thanks, I'd rather stand," said Katherine.

"Won't you have tea first? No? Order, please. That sounds exactly like a school-teacher—but I've forgotten how to open meetings . . . Anyhow, this isn't formal . . . Jacqueline, darling, you'd better scratch down some little notes to use in our discussion group. I want to introduce Miss—?"

"Millen."

"Miss Millen. As you know, she's come from Montreal headquarters to give us a little talk about public utilities. Miss Millen . . .!"

A familiar sensation assailed Katherine; a sensation of taking off her personality like a pair of gloves. She wasn't a person here; she was a Voice. She had information that they wanted, and they would listen. When they looked at her at all, they would see that she was a really pretty girl, tall,

well poised, with dark hair and a fine color in her thin cheeks, and they would wonder a little why she didn't do anything about it. Why she had that simply pathetic home-made wave in her hair, and that double-breasted suit—absolutely wrong—and a wrong hat and wrong shoes. They would even notice, in one careless glance, that her stockings were the wrong shade. They would not know her name if they should ever meet her again; she wasn't anybody.

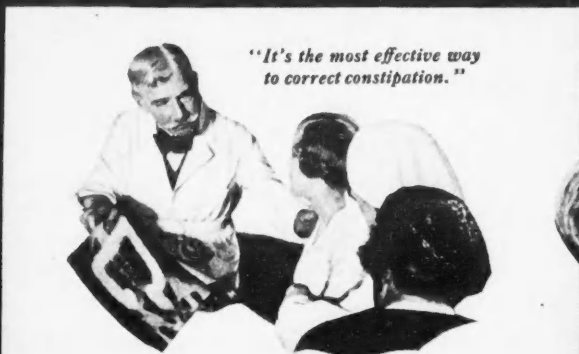
It was good to remember, for an instant, that to Pat she was the most important person on earth. Even good to remember that at the corner grocer's she was Mrs. Murchison, and a valued customer. She and Pat did manage to pay their bills, somehow.

She began, in her clear young voice, and she knew just what to say and how to say it. They really attended; they had the wit to realize that public utilities were paid for out of private pocketbooks. When she had finished, they asked



ILLUSTRATED BY W. V. CHAMBERS

# "—in a month she didn't have a trace of Constipation"



"It's the most effective way to correct constipation."

Dr. Charles David, Vice-President of the Société Médicale de l'Opéra, has one of the most exclusive medical practices in Paris. He describes this typical case:—

"**MADemoiselle P.**—No appetite. Tongue coated. Breath bad. Poor digestion. Was badly constipated most of the time.

"I prescribed yeast.\* Two weeks later her tongue was clean and she had recovered her appetite. Her elimination became entirely regular. In less than a month not a trace of her former constipation remained."

—reports  
**DR. DAVID**  
of Paris

**T**HE case described above is just another example of how world-famous doctors are correcting constipation with an extraordinary food!

Dr. David, Officier d'Académie and member of the French Legion of Honor, is one of France's most outstanding medical men. He states:—

"Constipation should not be trifled with... Prolonged use of cathartics and laxatives irritates, exhausts the intestines... The most effective agent for correcting constipation, in my opinion, is fresh yeast."

If you are troubled with constipation, why not add Fleischmann's Yeast to your diet? Just eat two cakes a day, regularly.

## Strengthens the Intestines

Eaten daily, fresh yeast stimulates and actually *strengthens* your intestines so that elimination again becomes regular. Also,

it attacks and softens the wastes in your body so they can be passed off easily.

In addition, yeast—Fleischmann's fresh Yeast—is the only food that contains the three vitamins, B, G and D, in high concentration.

So... try Fleischmann's Yeast. It will stimulate your system—purify it. And you'll be more than rewarded as your skin, your digestion, your "pep" reflect your improved bodily "tone."

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, restaurants, drug stores and soda fountains. Eat a cake before breakfast, and before supper or at bedtime—plain or in a third of a glass of water.

**DR. ALBERTO CATALINA**, the distinguished Spanish digestive specialist, says:—"Fresh yeast has a stimulating action on the digestive tract, diminishes putrefaction, frees the system of a great quantity of poisons... nourishes."



## "What the doctors say about Fleischmann's Yeast is right"

"I am sure I tried every known remedy," writes Reginald Arnold of St. John, N.B. "As the winter went on, I felt more tired and worn out. I always felt sleepy after eating... I was worried."

"I read about Fleischmann's Yeast in a magazine... told my doctor I was going to try it... He agreed, and I ate it every day. After two weeks I noticed a great difference... I was full of energy. My complexion cleared. I know now how to keep energetic."

**\*IMPORTANT!**—Fleischmann's Yeast for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind famous doctors recommend. Write for free booklet on Yeast for Health. Dept. C-11, Standard Brands Ltd., 801 Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, P.Q.



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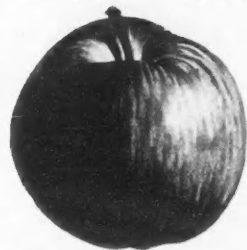


Full descriptions for these Handicrafts on Page 28

# What Ages Skin?

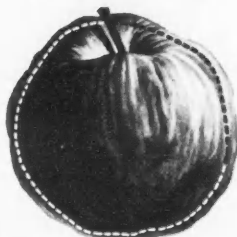
## The Firm Round Apple Tells You!

**SMOOTH - GLOSSY**



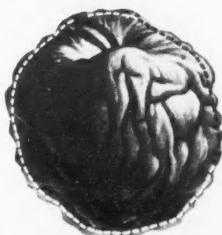
**1** At its peak, the inner and outer skin of the apple are both firm and smooth—perfect!

**SOFT - SPONGY**



**2** A little past its prime, the inner tissue of the apple has shrunk away from the outer skin.

**WRINKLED - DISCOLORED**



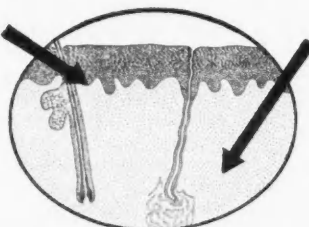
**3** Still later, the outer skin has wrinkled to fit the shrunken under skin. That's what causes wrinkles in human skin, too!

**The Apple** grows *Wrinkled* and *Discolored* when its inner tissues soften and shrink from the outer skin

**Your Skin** consists of *Two Skins*. When your *Under Skin* shrinks and loses tone, your *Outer Skin* forms *Lines and Wrinkles*, loses its *Clear, Fresh Coloring*

**OUTER SKIN**

which coarsens and yellows, roughens and dries, if unprotected from sun, wind, cold weather, overheated houses, make-up.



**UNDER SKIN**

which shrinks when tiny glands don't function. Here is where wrinkles start... unless you help those glands to work properly.

**DO YOU WANT** to keep the surest charm a woman can have? That clear, fresh look of firm, young skin?

The secret lies in your *two skins*!

You have two skins—an under and an outer. In the *under skin* are tiny glands that pour out beauty oils. When these glands fail, the under skin grows flabby—shrinks. The *outer skin* falls into lines and wrinkles—discolorations come—the way an apple gets wrinkled and discolored!

**Oil Cream for the Under Skin**

To *prevent* lines—use an oil cream that penetrates deep where the tiny glands are failing. Pond's Cold Cream does this—brings the under skin just the precious oils it craves. Use this cream for deep cleansing and toning. Your skin feels fresher, firmer—instantly! Little lines smooth out—as if by magic!

**Greaseless Cream for the Outer Skin**

Your *outer skin* is *entirely different*. This skin contains active moisture cells to counteract dryness. But sun, wind, cold, heat are constantly whipping the natural moisture out. It becomes dry, chapped.

For this *outer skin*, use Pond's Vanishing Cream. Light, *greaseless*, it contains a remarkable substance that checks loss of skin moisture—actually *restores* moisture. It is marvelous for chapped skin—smooths roughnesses away in *one application*!

**Here's the Two-Skin Treatment Society Women Use**

**1** Every night, cleanse and tone the *under skin* with Pond's delicious Cold Cream. It goes deep and removes every trace of dirt. Wipe off with Pond's Tissues. Repeat, patting vigorously. Your skin is glowing.

**2** Then smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream to counteract dryness of the *outer skin*, to heal and soothe. Your skin feels silky, is fragrant, pearly looking.

**3** In the morning—and during the day as needed—another Cold Cream cleansing. Your skin, beautifully firm and smooth, is ready for make-up. Now the Vanishing Cream for foundation. Powder and rouge go on smoothly, cling like velvet. How lovely you look!

Try this famous treatment for just a few days! It's so simple. Mail the coupon with 6¢ for generous samples. Use these two precious creams faithfully day and night—just as described. Begin now to win and keep that greatest of charms—a clear, fresh youthful skin!

**OUTER SKIN**  
WHERE  
DRYNESS STARTS

**UNDER SKIN**  
WHERE  
WRINKLES START

**MRS. REGINALD VANDERBILT** uses Pond's Cold Cream for her under skin—Pond's Vanishing Cream for her outer skin. Her clear skin, youthful as a growing girl's, is a lovely proof of how Pond's famous Two-Skin treatment can make your skin as flawless as hers.



**MAIL COUPON AND SEE FOR YOURSELF**

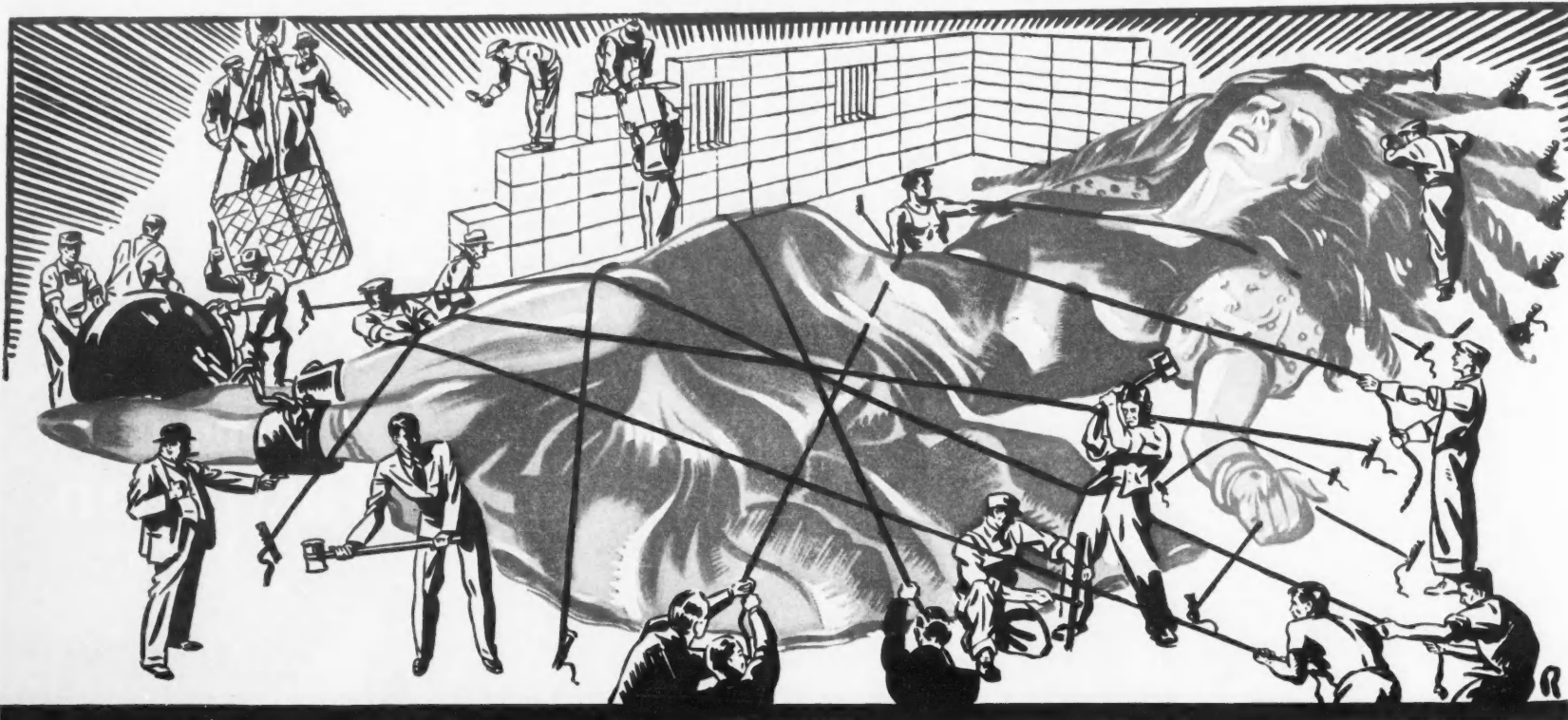
POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., Dept. L  
167 Brock Avenue . . . . . Toronto, Ont.  
Enclose 6¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of Pond's Two Creams and new Face Powder. (Check shade): Naturelle ☐ Light Cream ☐ Rose Cream ☐ Brunette ☐ Rose Brunette ☐ Dark Brunette ☐.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_  
Made in Canada

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**TUNE IN** on the Pond's Players every Friday evening, 9:30 P.M., E. S. T. WEAF and NBC Network





# Can You Shackle Woman Again?

Some of the hundreds of letters received in response to Mederic Martin's article "Go Home Young Woman!"

**W**OULDNT YOU just know that the idea of taking jobs away from women and giving them to men would be first thought of and broadcast by a man in Quebec—the province which denies to women by law rights enjoyed by women in the remainder of Canada, the right to vote or hold public office? This province, which by its laws shows plainly that it considers women no more than chattels is, along with countries like Germany and Italy, desperately trying to preserve the fast disappearing worship of the male.

Mr. Martin doesn't think Canada could do it alone. It would take the male population of the whole world to put woman in her "four walls and garden."

If women have jobs in times like these, they surely are capable; otherwise they wouldn't have them. It is always the least efficient who are let out of jobs first. If hundreds of thousands of men are unemployed and tramping the streets, why don't they take the hint from Mr. Martin and "go home"? Their mothers or sisters or wives who have jobs and are away from home all day would be only too glad if they would stay home and clean up the house, wash the dishes or look after the baby. And, what's more, their unemployment would end immediately.

Of course they might get only the "occasional dollar" from their working female relatives, but that occasional dollar was just what the female relatives received before they got paying jobs. And they didn't like it. So they went out and worked in factories and offices where they got paid for their work. Men wouldn't like it, but it is only what women have had to endure for centuries.

It's merely a case of Mr. Martin feeling that the lords of creation are being made to eat "humble pie" by being financially dependent on their womenfolks. What we want is a square deal for everybody, man and woman. And one way of helping to reach that Utopian state more speedily, would be to encourage all the brightest women to study politics, get into the legislatures and make a few laws to suit themselves.—An interested reader.

MONSIEUR MARTIN forgets that while history may repeat itself, it is not in the nature of things to go back. The

place women have attained is a step in the history of the race, and is as inevitable as the awakening of any of the subject people who have ever felt the rein of tyranny—as inevitable and as relentless.

Imagine the state of the world with men as sole wage-earners. The fact that they were wage-earners would not necessarily mean that they would be bread-winners. Quite otherwise. It is a well-known fact that in families where there are both boys and girls earning money, it is the girls who "come across with the goods" when the taxes have to be paid or when mother "has an operation."

In nearly every family there is some poor girl whose own plans have been thwarted, likely as not by her family, who is the stay and prop and likewise the pawn of a lot of dependent ne'er-do-wells wanting to borrow her last cent. What should we do about that?

While things were booming and men made ridiculously high wages as efficiency experts, stock salesmen at country clubs and other equally worthless occupations, there was little talk of sending home the poor little business girl. Oh, dear no! Her position would have been scorned by these Big Business Men. Is it fair now that the wheel of fortune has turned to want to take the "sugar plums" from the women?

I ask you, just what would all the women do in the homes—these homes fitted with every possible electrical labor-saving device? Every woman would soon be a restless, unhappy creature doubly rebellious at having been legislated back behind her prison bars—not to speak of the gnashing of teeth about being unable to buy herself a new permanent whenever she wanted one.

It is generally admitted that it is women's needs and tastes and extravagances that make the wheels of industry turn. Just think of the slump in business there would be with no women on the payrolls—more men out of jobs.—Alice Brown.

THE ETERNAL ADAM appears again in the person of the Honorable Mederic Martin, who styles himself a member of the Quebec Legislative Council. Women Are to Blame for the Depression. A-wah! A-wah! A-wah!

Is it logical in a man-bossed world where the political and economic systems have been evolved by men, and run by men, where depressions have appeared periodically—some worse than this one, I am told—to blame women for the present one because she happens to be found in large numbers in industry? Does it savor of intelligence? It sounds like the frantic endeavors of a man who knows a system has failed, to place the blame anywhere but where it belongs—on that system. Mr. Martin would spend his time to better advantage if he would search for the cause of the depression in the practice of extending credit to about ten times the actual amount of money deposited in the banks. Production is speeded up by this artificial means until commodities get out of all proportion to money. What happens? With no effective demand, markets become clogged, production stops, then the inevitable depression. Second to this is the unequal distribution of money. The writer has long noticed that when the majority of men begin to discuss women's affairs they invariably cease to think.

Formerly women were obliged to get a husband for the same reason that a man was obliged to get a job—for support. It was not very flattering to the men, but they were sure of a wife. A man probably was not always "a thing of beauty, and a joy for ever," but he was a necessity. Now, however, with woman earning her own living, man's value as a meal ticket has depreciated. This, in my opinion, is a good thing, for he can now take on a higher value as a man. That should be more flattering to the male ego—at least to the thinking males. If he is alarmed at his lessened prospects at marriage, let him look well to his personal charms and develop in himself those qualities which will attract and hold a wife. It will go a long way in developing a higher type of man, as well as greatly enhancing his chances of getting married.

MAY AN old woman between seventy and eighty make a few remarks about the article in September number, "Go Home, Young Woman." I read it carefully and with great pleasure and can say Amen to every word of it, because it is all true. [Continued on page 44]

# Beauty Culture

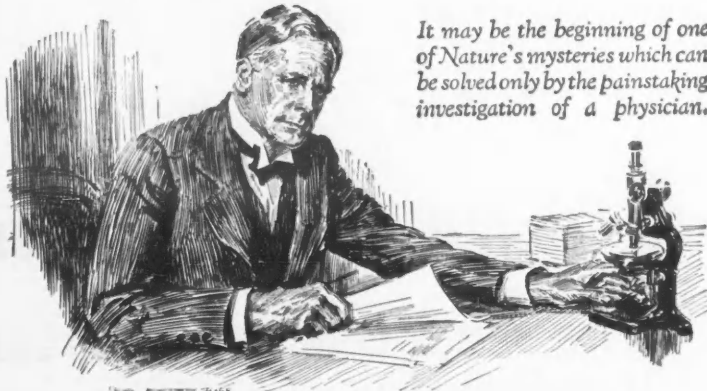


Ronald McRae

STYLE, HEALTH AND PERSONALITY



# The Anemia Mystery



**W**HEN, without apparent reason, someone you care for—young or old—complains of feeling tired or exhausted and begins to lose color, becoming paler and weaker as the days go by, you may have good cause to suspect some form of anemia.

The anemic person lacks good red blood.

Sometimes anemia is a symptom of a condition which is unknown or neglected by the sufferer. It may be either slight or serious. A frequent, though small, loss of blood, a wasting disease, or infections in the body may produce anemia. If, however, the cause is diligently searched for—and can be removed or corrected—the anemia will usually disappear under proper treatment.

Anemia may also be caused by a lack in the diet of certain food elements necessary for normal blood formation—especially when there are associated functional defects (often symptomless) of the stomach and intestines. A correct diet alone sometimes conquers such anemia. But proper treatment with an appropriate quantity and quality of iron is often of funda-

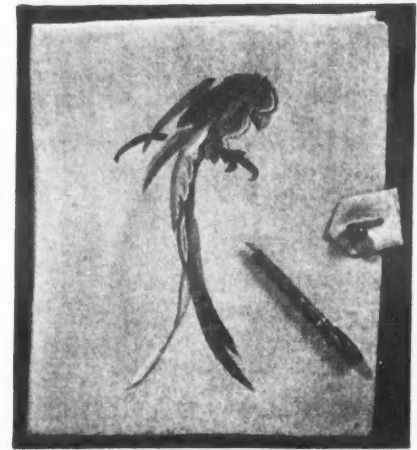
mental importance in producing a sufficient amount of the needed blood coloring matter.

People may also become anemic because they are unable to utilize from an adequate diet the food material necessary to make red corpuscles. This may be dependent upon a deficiency in the function of the digestive organs. The most common type of such anemia is called by doctors Pernicious Anemia. Until recently it was always fatal. In 1926, however, an incredibly simple remedy was found—liver.

Pernicious Anemia can now be kept under control by the regular use of liver or an effective substitute PROVIDED A PROPER AMOUNT IS PRESCRIBED FROM TIME TO TIME FOR EACH INDIVIDUAL CASE. But—liver or potent substitutes are not a panacea for all forms of anemia. Although they save lives in cases of pernicious and allied anemia, they are frequently ineffective in treating the ordinary forms of the condition.

If there is an anemia mystery in your family, don't guess about it. Ask your doctor to find the solution.

Chatelaine's  
Handicraft Studio  
offers these  
Christmas Gift  
Suggestions  
on page 24



C 243—Writing Case

HANDICRAFTS, Christmas cards and attractive seals shown on page 24 may be ordered from Chatelaine Handicraft Studio by sending a postal order to Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont. If you prefer to send a cheque, it is necessary to add 15 cents to cover exchange on out-of-town cheques. Articles from previous issues are always available.

**C222—Gingerbread Boy**—Stamped on brown drill—is 11 inches tall when stuffed, and makes a very appealing and serviceable toy. With cottons for working and wool for hair, it is priced at 30 cents.

**C224—Kitchen Holders**—Stamped on colored cottons, these make a particularly attractive set—the forget-me-not on blue, and the rose on rose; the fish and cucumber on green. The set, with cottons for working and bias binding, comes at 50 cents.

**C226—"Polly" Tray Set**—This design was actually used by our great-grandmothers. In cross stitch, stamped on blue, pink, mauve, green, yellow, cream or white linen—full size tray cloth or cosy—55 cents each, or the set, price \$1.00. Cottons for working, 10 cents. A cosy form can be supplied at 45 cents. Please state color of cotton desired for working.

**C227—Golden Mottoes**—For a child's room. In cross stitch, worked in bright colors and oddly hung—stamped on sampler linen 9 inches square, the design itself being 6 inches across. Price per pair, with cottons for working, 45 cents.

**C228—American Beauty Cushion**—Worked in wools in natural colors, this makes a very colorful addition to the chesterfield. Twenty-inch size, stamped on fine black art felt, with back, the price is 95 cents, or on black taffeta, \$1.25. Wools for working, 45 cents. Black silk cord for edge can be supplied if desired, at 15 cents, and a form at 60 cents.

**C230—Smiling Pussy Bib**—Priced at 10 cents; cottons for working, 5 cents, and bias binding, 5 cents.

**C231—Silhouette Towels**—A quaint old pair of miniatures stamped on finest white linen huckaback, to be worked in black cross stitch and hemstitched in same color. Size 18 x 33 inches—price 95 cents per pair; cottons for working, 5 cents.

**C232—Luncheon Set**—Open key pattern, stamped on heavy cream linen and worked in shades of tangerine and chocolate brown, makes a really distinguished luncheon set. The 36-inch cloth and four serviettes are priced at \$1.45; cottons, 15 cents.

**C234—Pillow Cases**—Old English flower baskets form the design for these very dainty pillow cases and towels—the latter size 18 x 33, stamped on finest white linen huckaback, at 95 cents per pair, and the former stamped on finest circular linen finished pillow cotton, size 22 x 36 inches, at \$1.35 per pair. Cottons for working either, 20 cents.

**C236—Bridge Cloth**—Dainty French design. The small clusters, which continue

around the cloth, are worked in satin stitch; the large corner motifs are in appliqué. Stamped on fine, heavy factory cotton—36-inch size—the cloth with appliqué is priced at 50 cents; cottons for working come to 10 cents, and three-tone bias binding, 25 cents.

**C242—Needlework Picture**—"Lovers' Lane," a quaint and charming little picture—stamped on sampler linen, size 9½ x 12 inches and priced at 35 cents; the cottons for working amounting to 15 cents.

**C243—Writing Case**—A gorgeously colored tropical bird is perched on the cover of this very practical writing case, which has large, roomy pockets. Stamped on green linen, size 12 x 15 inches, the design to be worked entirely in simple chain stitch. With lining and cottons for working (card-board is not sent) it is priced at \$1.00.

**C244—Little String House**—An ornamental and very handy little container for string in the kitchen. Size 6 x 8 inches, stamped on heavy brown linen, complete with cottons for working and brass ring for knocker, price 25 cents.

**C245—Shopping Bag**—Monk cloth and polished wood handles blend most artistically in this very serviceable shopping bag. The design is in cross stitch, worked over the squares in the goods. Size about 10 x 13 inches. Monk cloth, cottons for working, lining and handles are priced at \$1.45.

**C246—Knitting Bag**—A handy shape to hang over the arm and to allow the wool to run freely. Stamped on fine black or navy blue art felt—the little posy to be worked in simple buttonhole stitch. Bag, lining and cottons for working are priced at 85 cents.

**C247—Daffodil Cushion**—The daffodils in yellow with their fluted tips in deeper shade, and long slender green leaves, are simply pasted to this cushion of fine black art felt. The back and front are then joined with two-tone binding to match flowers, making a most artistic and unusual cushion. Size 13 x 16 inches. Front, back, appliqué and binding are priced at \$1.00, and a form can be supplied at 45 cents.

**C248—Cut-work Luncheon Set**—Open rose design—most effective and not a great deal of work. Thirty-six inch cloth and four serviettes, stamped on heavy cream linen can be supplied at \$1.45; in heavy white linen at \$1.65. Forty-five-inch size in cream linen, at \$1.95, or in white linen at \$2.25. Cottons for working either set, 25 cents.

**C249—Christmas Cards and Seals**—This very beautiful assortment of Christmas cards is available to readers at a marvellously low price. There are twenty-two cards—made in Canada of the very finest stocks, with matching envelopes. Bought separately they would cost nearly three times the price—\$1.00 per box.

The packet of Christmas gift decorations contains 200 finely printed and beautifully colored seals, tags and gift cards—a good percentage are of large size. A very complete assortment for all requirements. Price 25 cents.

## METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER,  
PRESIDENT



CANADIAN  
HEAD OFFICE  
OTTAWA

SERVING CANADA SINCE 1872







Everything is fur trimmed  
 Knitted waistcoats are chic  
 Rich color and vivid contrast  
 Velvet seen with wool  
 Leather trims silk  
 Evening frocks go Edwardian  
 Blouses in cloth of gold  
 Trains are back again  
 Short wraps are smartest  
 Capes flounce impertinently  
 Skirts are long for afternoon  
 Fullness comes below the knee  
 One-sided paniers are quaint

## The Paris Letter . . .

by MARY WYNDHAM

IF YOU do not mind we'll not discuss whether the new winter clothing was conceived under the Edwardian influence or that of Mae West *alias* Diamond Lil. There's been such a lot of vociferous palaver about the matter. And anyway, who cares really, and isn't one the other in any case? Besides, Elsa Schiaparelli was *placide* and Chinesey, and Lyolene and Lelong and Molyneux were mostly just themselves.

Through all of the collections, without exception runs a note of exaggerated femininity. No hard, wide shoulder effects—they are right out of the picture. The upper silhouette is still a trifle "busty"—sleeves important in the upper regions help that along; waists are slim and curved in; hips are smoothed over but not accentuated below; the regions aft are emphasized but in a most ladylike sort of way. No need to make yourself over.

There were a few, but only a few, dramatic moments, as when Maggy Rouff paraded those panier-like basques of hers on the hips of coats and frocks, or when the first of those abbreviated gored coats with their flutey basques and rounded-away fronts, with their *soulache* and frog fastenings and their edges and collars of astrakhan, flounced into view. When you saw them repeated and repeated, you began positively to loathe lion tamers and gypsy bands.

One mustn't be snooty about them though, because they will have a great influence on the winter *tailleur*. Make it more frivolous, dressier; not only put a fur collar on it, but silhouette it all about with fur.

There is something Edwardian about the models

we've been discussing, but the longer coats are slim and periodless. A lot of them for general wear as overcoats—over *tailleurs*, I mean—are three-quarter raglan affairs.

I suppose you've heard already about waistcoats. The knitted ones and those in fur are the smartest. Worth is responsible for the latter and he repeats them throughout his collection in astrakhan, in panther, in squirrel and in Japanese weasel which you might take for ermine.

Day skirts of the *trotteur* or sports variety are twelve inches from the ground on an average. Molyneux is an exception with his runabouts which are a bit longer; so you see if you want to, you may. All of them, without exception, are slim down to the knees or thereabouts, thereafter breaking into pleats or what-nots but mostly pleats. Patou has gone in for double "inverts" fore and aft. Worth's are just plain, or there is a slight ripple of fullness in front.

There's a great deal more fuss made about formal afternoon skirts, as is right and proper. To begin with, they're longer; some touching the ground, all of them ankle length. Every house places its skirt movement differently, but I should say the winter movement was toward the back, away from the sides and front. Remember, I'm referring only to [Continued on page 61]

and can't lose a pound; might just as well give up and be comfortable. Don't you believe it. Physical fatigue doesn't necessarily precede loss of weight. It very often means that the body has been used wrongly for the tasks of the day. You've probably been doing just the very things that will develop bulges. Whereas, if you move correctly as you do your tasks, you'll never overstrain some parts of your anatomy and leave others to go flaccid from disuse. There's much more to this business of housework than the simple erasing of dirt and tidying of rooms. You are careful about the treatment of your vacuum or your electric washer because you want them to give you the maximum of efficiency for the longest possible time. But what about the person behind the machine? Surely she deserves fully as much attention as her assistants?

There are all sorts of household tasks that are exercises in themselves—fine conditioning and reducing exercises of the sort for which women pay a lot of money to practise at reducing studios. The woman who does her own housework has her reducing studio right in her home. Every time she walks up the stairs she's massaging some of the excess flesh from off her hips—if she walks up stairs correctly. If she doesn't, however, she'll only succeed in developing further protuberances. And therein lies a tale.

At the root of this whole business of reducing or body-conditioning as you may like to call it if you are not afraid of your curves, lie the basic elements of posture. You can't begin to exercise rightly if you don't know how to stand and how to walk. And, on the other hand, if you do walk correctly and move correctly, that in itself is an excellent factor in reducing. Stand in front of your mirror and look at yourself in profile as you ordinarily stand. Is there a lump in front and behind where there should be only curve? Do your shoulders sag or is your back upright? Now draw in your hips and flatten your tummy. By that I don't mean hold your breath. Simply push your hips down and under just as if you were sliding yourself through a rather narrow space. That will automatically draw in the muscles of your tummy, lift your body to an erect position and even straighten your shoulders. That's all there is to it. Just glance in the mirror and see what a difference it makes. Hold the position easily, naturally.

Now walk about the room, keeping your posture well in mind. Most women let their hips get all out of kilter when they walk. Nature never intended them to spread out behind. They do their best work when they are kept well in, the hip-joints moving smoothly, propelling the body along. Now, shoulders erect, back straight, hips well down and under—do you feel how much more smooth the movement of the body is? The knees are naturally looser, the legs move without that jerkiness so often seen in a woman's walk. Practise walking like this as you go about the house and on the street. Yes, it needs concentration at first, for it won't feel quite "natural." That is because your body has got "set" in a wrong position, and it takes a little while to unlearn a bad habit. But persist in your walking exercise and you'll find yourself walking correctly quite naturally—and your figure will be quite obviously grateful.

Keep the picture of that posture in mind as you do your housework. When you make a bed, for instance, don't swing your arms from the shoulders only. That's putting far too much strain on your shoulders and on your back. Turn your body from the hips as you swing the linen over; keep your hips well in when you bend to tuck in the blankets; when you turn the mattress don't let your arms do all the heavy work. Lift the heavy bedding with the hip muscles, which are very strong and can stand far more strain than is usually given to them. Let them bear the load; that is what they are meant to do. Bend your knees so that you get underneath the weight, then as you straighten up to heave the mattress, contract the front muscles of your hips, so that your strength comes from them rather

than from your arms alone. You'll find that your hips just naturally are in that down and under position I mentioned, and that the front muscles are taut and strong—a grand exercise instead of a punishing one.

As for the swinging of the body as you put the bed linen in place, do you recognize the movement? It's one you'll find on every chart of reducing exercises: the body twist as the arms swing round to the side, limbering up the waist as you do it.

A great many women possess washing machines for their laundry these days, and I'm certainly not advocating going out of your way to rub clothes on a washboard merely for the sake of the exercise it gives to your abdominal muscles. There are other and pleasanter ways of getting that exercise. But if you are not fortunate enough to have a washing machine, then bear in mind that washing need not be the back-breaking task you have always thought it if you do it in the "body-conditioning way."

Remember again to let your strength come from your hips rather than from your shoulders and arms alone. As you raise the clothes on the washboard, raise your trunk from the hips, then let them slither down without pressure, bending your body with them. Don't let your shoulders hunch and your head poke forward as you wash. Beware the "dowager's cushion!" Keep your body erect and bend from the hips. You'll find it easier than the old way after a while. And as for those sagging abdominal muscles—all in good time they'll be trained into the straight taut bands they should be.

And the studio exercise for the washing cure is that simple one which everybody knows:

Stand erect, feet slightly apart, back flat, hands on hips. Bend from the hips slowly forward and back to position.

The mop and broom are two other instruments of slenderness. Here, again, avoid the arm and shoulder movement. There are stronger muscles to do the work than are possessed by the arms. Watch a group of road-menders. See how they swing their picks. They swing them from the hips. All the strong, muscular force of the lower body muscles is in that swing. They'd soon be laid up with stiff backs if they depended on their arms alone. That, to a milder extent, is what you as a housewife should do. There's no overhead movement, of course, with a broom or mop. But the forward and back movement of the mop should place more vigor on the backward pull, thus flattening the shoulder blades and expanding the chest. The sideways sweep of the broom should turn from the hips, using your arms simply to guide the broom in its course. Just watch your waistline diminish!

Stand erect, arms above the head, feet apart. Trunk downward swing. Return to position . . . Do you notice the similarity?

And now for a squatting exercise. This is where your vacuum plays its part. You know how to stoop to get it beneath furniture and into corners—any old way at all so long as the dirt is removed? That won't do if you want to limber up while you work. Didn't I say that cleaning beneath furniture was a heaven-sent opportunity to squat on the heels. Keep your back erect, abdomen in, head erect. The movement's well known in gymnasiums and reducing studios. Bear the same thing in mind when you clean low paintwork.

Even when you sit down there's a right and a wrong way of doing it, as we very well knew in our childhood. The back should be erect, the shoulders straight, the head held well up. By sitting and standing with the shoulders sagging and the spine curved, we positively shorten our stature as we grow older. Get into the habit of thinking "hips in" as you go about the house and you'll avoid the fatigue which comes from overstrain, and the tell-tale bulge that speaks of wrong carriage. There's more gained by doing than by wishing. So if you really and truly want to retain or to regain a supple, youthful body, make your kitchen your reducing studio—and keep fit while working.

## All your pet hopes for a better **NAIL POLISH** are answered



## Here and Now!

50% LONGER WEAR  
NEW LACQUERS OF RICHER LUSTRE  
6 SHADES...COLOR CHART ON EACH  
PACKAGE...EXTRA-SIZE POLISH  
REMOVER...LARGER BOTTLES  
AND A NEW LOW PRICE...

# 30¢



**G**LAZO, we suppose, has been regarded as a high-priced polish—by all except the many smart women who are devoted to it. And its fame is so far-reaching that for years Glazo has surpassed in preference every other polish of its price.

So it's cause for rejoicing that Glazo now costs you even less than ordinary polishes. And all your hopes for a better nail polish are fulfilled in the unique improvements Glazo brings you.

New lacquers of higher lustre give 50% longer wear! Authentic colors . . . six to choose from . . . and the Glazo Color Chart is right in the package.

The brush is firmly attached to the

new bakelite cap and is far easier to use. The new Glazo Polish Remover in an extra-size bottle, now lasts as long as your polish.

It's a finer polish than you ever have known . . . at a lower price, probably than you have ever paid.

### The New Glazo Items

**GLAZO LIQUID POLISH.** Choice of six authentic shades. Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium, Crimson, Mandarin Red, and Colorless. 30¢ each.

**GLAZO POLISH REMOVER.** Easily removes even deepest polish. Extra-size bottle, 30¢.

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The Smart MANICURE

only 30¢

MADE IN CANADA



There's a reducing studio in every home, if women would only realize it.



## WORK-A-DAY BEAUTY

Annabelle Lee explains how it is possible  
to reduce while you work

**T**HE TIME being ripe and the year on the wane, I want to talk to you about some mild conditioning athletics that I've had tucked up my sleeve for the last few months. For November is the best month in the whole year to start a course of exercise. Your body is in a receptive mood. It has fed lightly and rightly the summer long; it has exercised in the fresh air and has soaked up the sun's rays. Of course, you would like to keep it that way—feeling supple and vigorous, clean-swept right through.

Winter is hard on the figure. Heavier food and less exercise lead to precisely what you would expect. Then, by the time spring comes around you're beginning to look anxiously at your waistline, which is developing terrifyingly buxom proportions. Hips, too, have taken unto themselves reinforcements, and last fall's frock is very snug indeed. A doleful picture, my sisters, but alas, perennially true!

Yet, if you could really pin your reluctant spirit down to a daily dose of conditioning exercises of the right kind, winter lethargy would hold no terror for you. It simply wouldn't exist. All this groaning about that notorious middle-age spread, just as if it were as inevitable to a woman's future as teething is to a baby! Why, the kind of spread that visits

a woman who is forty-fiftyish in years is directly due to flabby, unused muscles and stiff joints. She has forgotten, in the daily business of living, to keep her body keyed to pitch. And so she blames the passage of time for her figure and, more often than not, leaves it at that.

Which is quite unnecessary, you know. For even if you can't find the time to devote twenty minutes to your daily dozen—if you're too hurried in the morning, too busy in the afternoon, and too tired at night—there's a way out for every woman who runs a household. And the method is shown here in the illustrations.

Has it ever occurred to you, for instance, that manipulating a vacuum cleaner beneath furniture is a heaven-sent opportunity to squat on the heels—knees out, heels together, back straight, head erect? I don't suppose it has, for most of us don't do it that way. We stoop, shoulders hunched, tummy sagging—an altogether regrettable posture and one which is calculated to add years to a woman's figure if it is indulged in persistently.

And right there is the answer to the person who wails as she looks yearningly at a dish of cream cakes, that—land sakes, she's on her feet all day, works and plays hard



# FASHION SHORTS

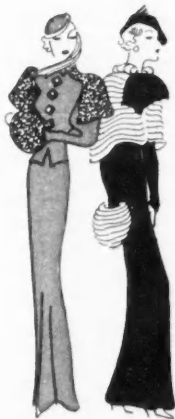
by Kathleen Murphy



Never saw so many ways of "getting up to the neck" in fashion as these days. In fact the neck interest of every costume is about its most important detail. Now comes along the clown collar . . . and it is winsome . . . especially when it decorates one of the more severe woollens or velvets. Organdie . . . lace . . . chiffon . . . just some of the materials used. It's called Pagliacci . . . or La Polichinelle.

Bosoms are back . . . and how! Almost Edwardian we'll be looking . . . with all the bosom emphasis that is finding expression in ruffly detail around the part aforementioned. So straighten up them shoulders, gals, and be proud of Nature's bestowal. Saw a cute black crêpe dress today. And was it bosomy! Just rows upon rows of fine cream lace tucked into a generous V neckline.

Matching your gloves and handbag is a smart thing to do . . . I have a yen for the soft antelope duet. But then you can have satin . . . corded silk or fabric . . . and be equally smart.



Can't get away from the curves! And it's all Mae West's fault. Although . . . as she says modestly . . . "I did not discover them: I only uncovered them." Funny that Paris was thinking about just such matters even before "She Done Him Wrong" was screened. They called it the "Mermaid" silhouette. Well, I'm glad to see us getting a chance at being natural again. At the best we are poor imitations of men!

Wine . . . as a color . . . is having really an exhilarating effect on the late fall and midwinter fashions. It looks particularly gorgeous in velvet. You must manage at least one for afternoon or evening wear . . . and dig up some heavy old gold jewellery to wear with it. It will slay 'em!

I think the new Mainbocher dinner suits of fine wool are a real boon this day and age of double-living women! We are all much too busy to be at the mercy of a clock. So with this extremely good looking business suit that hides a glamorous bib and tucker of metal cloth . . . you can sidle up with the best of them . . . at any time of the day. And I get the giggles when I see a Mainbocher creation. 'Cos I know his name is really Manny Bocher . . . and when he was studying in a midwestern U. S. university he was quite a famous half-back!

A new rouge and lipstick is advertised as being "the color of blood," revolted me for a minute . . . then I realized that that is just what rouge is supposed to look like! And I bought a set! And am I thrilled! No more of this "painted hussy" look. I look quite bready-and-buttery-missy. It lasts far into the night . . . too.

Korospun is an attractive new rayon knitted fabric that looks like wool on one side . . . and silk on t'other. Brighter manufacturers are snapping it up to make hats . . . gloves . . . bags and dress trimmings. It's awfully cuddlesome kind of stuff.



There's a new shoe stick on the market that will pop right into your purse the minute you see it! It polishes your shoes in a grand manner . . . and no mess or bother. Dab on . . . like a lipstick . . . then rub off with a soft cloth. I'm tellin' you the girls are going wild about it . . . and men are tucking the tin-foiled stick into their breast pockets too.

# Beauty... is always admired

*Win the charm of a youthful skin  
with this secret blend of lotion-like  
olive and palm oils*

**E**VERY woman longs for a skin that will be admired . . . a soft, youthful, lovely skin. Such a complexion can be yours, if you follow this simple beauty care.

Morning and night, with both hands massage a rich, creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water gently into the pores of the face, throat and shoulders. Rinse thoroughly with warm water followed by cold. Dry carefully.

Palmolive's soothing olive oil penetrates every pore, floats out the dust and dirt gathered daily by the skin, gives you the true foundation cleansing which brings out the healthy, youthful, natural colouring of your skin.

Buy 3 cakes of Palmolive today. Remember, Palmolive is the *only* soap which brings you this rich, cosmetic blending of olive oil. Use Palmolive for only two weeks. Then, see how it keeps your skin youthfully healthy.

*Palmolive is now selling at  
the lowest price in history*



**This much olive oil  
goes into every cake**

Faithfully shown by the size of this container is the abundant quantity of olive oil that goes into every cake of Palmolive. That's why 20,000 beauty experts recommend Palmolive.

**MADE  
IN CANADA**







## The smile that thrills guard it doubly with Colgate's

**K**EEP your charming smile ever lovely. It's a treasure you must cherish carefully. Colgate's will protect it in two distinct ways.

First, because it contains the same safe ingredient dentists use, Colgate's polishes your teeth thoroughly, keeps them beautifully white. Second, Colgate's creamy foam penetrates into every tiny crevice, loosens stains, washes them away.

Start tonight. Use Colgate's faithfully, regularly for only 10 days. See for yourself how it improves your teeth—makes them white and lovely. Remember, Colgate's tasty flavour sweetens the breath, leaves your mouth wholesome, refreshed.



REGULAR 25c TUBE  
SPECIAL 21c  
2 for 39c



**I**NVARIABLY you will find that the woman who is fastidious about the appearance of her hands, is fastidious concerning her whole person. Glance at your partner's hands across the bridge table. You've found yourself doing this time and again and unconsciously "sizing her up" according to their unspoken testimony.

Yet every woman can have pleasing hands if she takes the trouble to keep them well. Shape and character matter very little, although even their shape may be improved somewhat if improvement is required. Generally speaking, though, the wide-palmed, practical hand of the woman whose feet are planted firmly in the earth, can be just as beautiful as the pale, slender fingers of an incorrigible dreamer. For there are just as many standards of beauty in hands as there are in faces—real distinction depending on careful grooming.

Summertime is reasonably easy on the hands. Natural oils keep them fairly smooth, and nut-brown hands and arms harmonize with gay little sports frocks. But the elaborate sleeves of this season's fashion place emphasis on the hands. To wear them, hands must be smooth and pale and shapely if you would have them echo the chic elegance of your frock. No rough, chapped or "dishpan" hands can be tolerated.

The realm of dishpanery is responsible for many sad looking hands. Naturally, constant immersion in water is hard on them, just as sweeping and dusting are difficult for the nails. But the effects of both can be combatted with a reasonable amount of daily care. As in every other aspect of the beauty régime, the best results can be obtained if you make a habit of your treatment.

First, if your hands still display lingering signs of summer tan, bleach them with a good bleaching cream—there are many such to be obtained in the shops. Or you can make for yourself a homely but none the less effective bleach with cornmeal and butter-milk, mixing the two to a paste and leaving on the hands (and arms, too, if you like) for a few minutes each day before washing off with warm water.

Keep a lemon by the kitchen sink to rub on your hands when they become stained as you prepare the meals. If your hands are very sensitive to dishpan punishment, you should wear rubber gloves as you work, but most women will find that a bottle of hand lotion, kept on a handy shelf above the sink, will offset the roughening effect of too much and too hot water. Get into the habit of rubbing a few drops into the hands after drying them following each immersion. Incidentally, the lemon has another qualification which will recommend it to the housewife. It deodorizes as well as bleaches. Rub it over your hands after you have been handling onions or fish, and see if it doesn't

remove the all too pungent odor left behind.

Poor soap can do as much harm to hands as it can to fine laundry. I know it is impossible to avoid the use of hot water, but coarse, strong soap can give way to a milder variety which does its work just as well, and leaves the hands in better condition. A good soap, and the use of a hand lotion to replace the natural oils extracted by water, is a suitable programme for most women.

But sometimes it is necessary to take more pains. If your hands seem to require further attention to keep them free from roughness, soak them in warm olive oil at night, or if you prefer, massage them generously with the nourishing cream you use for your face, or with petroleum jelly. Wear a pair of loose cotton gloves over them at night to further assist the skin-softening process.

To massage the hands, use the same movements that you do when you put on a kid glove. Massage from the fingers down to the wrist. The fingers themselves can be slimmed somewhat if you massage them each day from tips to base, using a twisting movement. Use nourishing cream, olive oil or petroleum jelly as a medium. A famous film star who, naturally enough, must make more or less of a cult of her beauty, adopts this unusual method of both tapering the tips of her fingers and softening the cuticle of the nails. Around the cuticles she smooths cuticle cream, and then on each finger she places a thimble—and goes to bed with them. If you want to try it, it's quite effective.

A hand cream is a delightful thing to use as the finale to your evening or afternoon toilet. It gives the hands a dull, cool, smooth finish like velvet.

**WELL-GROOMED** nails are, of course, just as important as a smooth, soft skin. The weekly manicure is not sufficient to keep the nails in perfect day-to-day condition. Remember to press the cuticle down gently with the towel when you dry your hands after washing. Each day loosen the cuticle with an orange stick. A couple of times during the week it may be found necessary to even off the nails with an emery board. If you are a business woman, it is a good idea to keep a small bottle of cuticle remover, some absorbent cotton and an orange stick in a drawer of your desk. Grubby looking nails are far from handsome, and it is a simple matter to slide a touch of cuticle remover beneath the nails to remove all trace of discoloration. If you are at home, you will find that soap pressed beneath the nails before you begin your dusty chores will keep them beautifully clean.

And lastly, if you would achieve a reputation for elegance, study the new shades of nail polish, and choose say three, to suit your varying moods, costumes and occasions.

better than the short cut you have. You see, wearing your hair longer will naturally shorten the lines of your jaw and will also tend to shorten your neck and to thin it also. I would suggest that you keep it very much as it is, apart from the additional length. Have it curled softly, of course, and experiment yourself and see if it suits you worn behind the ears. On the left side of your hair, you might bring a few strands around and curl them up somewhat to form a brief careless fringe. Don't make this too obtrusive, however. You neither want to expose your forehead too much nor to cover it up too much.

Pay particular attention to your eyes. Avoid the use of too much lipstick, for the lipstick would accentuate the fullness of your lips and also your jawline. On the other hand, if you place your rouge well and neaten your eyebrows, enrich the growth of your eyelashes and, for evening, use just a hint of eyeshadow, you will be attracting attention to the upper portion of your face rather than to the heavier lower half. Pluck the straggling hairs from your eyebrows but don't attempt to change their shape; simply keep their line neat. If they are inclined to be sparse, rub vaseline into them at night and also into your eyelashes, placing the vaseline just inside the rim of the eye. Place your rouge in the centre of your cheekbone and blend it toward the eye and over toward the ear and down in the form of a triangle. Don't let it come down as far as the lip or up as far as the eye.

You can do a great deal toward minimizing the breadth of your shoulders by a careful selection of clothes. A little fullness at the shoulders is smart and suitable for you, because of your height, but don't be tempted by over-elaborate shoulder-lines. Raglan sleeves would be very becoming for you, but not drop-shoulders.

I think perhaps you will be interested in my November article, on posture.

#### Rough Skin on Arms

I AM writing to ask you what is the cause of the very rough, pimply skin which I have on my upper arms and my legs, and also how I can get rid of it. I feel very self-conscious of it, especially in a sleeveless dress or a bathing suit. Someone told me olive oil would help if I rubbed it on, so I put it on my arms every night before going to bed and used a good rough towel when drying. This helped a little, but it is not all gone by any means and so I am writing to ask for your advice.

OLIVE OIL is splendid for rough skin on the arms. But augment this with vigorous scrubbing with a rubber or a bristled complexion brush. Each day when you bathe, work up a good lather with your soap, rubbing the lather well into the arms. Ten minutes before doing this, however, apply olive oil. It will have a better action if it is warmed first. Then ten minutes or so after you have patted your arm dry, apply the olive oil again. Or instead of this final olive oil application, you can use a mild bleaching cream or, if you prefer, buttermilk, mixed to a paste with cornmeal. This has a softening and also bleaching effect on the skin.

#### Wrinkled Hands

MY HANDS are my great trouble. In the last year they have aged terribly and although I cannot claim to be very young, I should not have the hands of an old lady. They are so terribly shrivelled up and wrinkled looking. For the last few months I have done practically no housework at all, so it is not because they have been in much water, as at first I thought must be the reason for them looking so old. And neither am I at all thin—very much the

opposite, alas! I, unfortunately, cannot afford to get any expensive treatment for the hands, but if you can tell me some simple cheap cream that will help me, I shall be most grateful. I have been told that coconut butter is good.

YES, COCOANUT butter is excellent for the hands and so is olive oil. If you massage the olive oil or the cocoanut butter well into the hands each night before retiring, using a massage movement as though you were putting on a glove, then wear loose cotton gloves over your hands during the night, I am sure that you will see good effects within a few weeks time. Vaseline is another thing you can use. If the skin of the hands is at all discolored, mix to a paste some cornmeal with buttermilk, smooth on the hands and allow it to remain on for a few minutes before rubbing off. Every time after you wash your hands apply a hand lotion to them. The constant dipping of hands in water dries out the natural oils and these must be substituted with external applications.

#### Top to Toe

I AM ENCLOSING a snap of myself and would like some advice as to the way I should dress, wear my hair, what color rouge, powder and lipstick I should use. I am five feet six inches tall, weigh about 118 pounds. I take size thirty-four in clothes but have narrow shoulders. My hair is medium brown but gets oily and darkens. My eyes are greyish green and my skin is inclined to be dark. I am inclined to be round shouldered. I am a business girl and must wear clothes that I can wear to business as well as for general wear on the street.

YOU ARE fortunate in possessing the type of figure that lends itself admirably to this season's style trends. The wide shoulders which are so popular today seem to have been made expressly for you. Then, too, most of the smartest styles require the wearer to be rather tall and slender, not that I am agreeing with your being from ten to fifteen pounds underweight; which you are, you know.

One of the new masculine-looking topcoats for summer or for fall would suit you beautifully. I mean the kind with square-shoulders and loose-hung to about three-quarter length. For summer wear, you can get these in a natural shade of linen which, I think would suit you better than pure white; or for fall I would suggest a very dark brown. With the dark-brown coat you could have a skirt of the same material with which you could wear a beige blouse, which, again, stresses your shoulders; and to give an accent of color you could wear either green or amber beads. With the natural linen coat you could wear any summer frock, of course. Green

should be your best color, I think. A dark-green, light weight wool frock would be very effective under your brown coat for fall, or a soft shade of green for summer wear under your linen coat. You could wear stripes very nicely. There are some new sports stripes in washing silks which you can get in very effective shades—beige, brown and green with a hint of yellow on an eggshell background, for instance. Turquoise should suit you. Try turquoise jewellery accessories on a brown ensemble. I think you will like the effect. I would suggest that you wear beige or natural color gloves with your topcoat—ones with wide flaring cuff; and you could wear a dark green hat. You should be able to wear one of the feminized fedora styles very nicely.

With regard to your hair, try to get a wider and softer wave and have your hair cut so that the ends can be brushed back.



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... an exquisite skin  
free of CHAPPING

Do all the housework or office work you wish. Scrub, polish silver, wash lingerie—or in a dusty office, file papers and handle carbons all day long. And never a minute will you add to the age of your hands—never a blemish will mar their softness or their exquisite, well-bred appearance.

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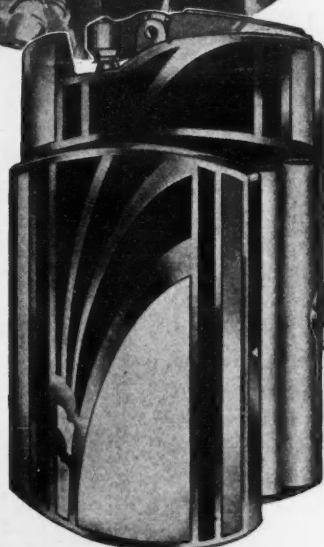


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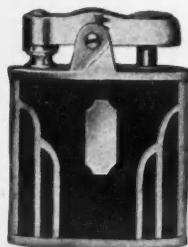
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## Your Beauty Problem

Perhaps Annabelle Lee can help  
you to solve it

(When writing, send a stamped, addressed envelope for a personal reply.)

### To Develop the Bust

CAN YOU tell me if anything can be done to develop the bust? I am thirty-five, weight 120, height five feet five inches. I am rather broad shouldered and although I measure thirty-four inches I have very little bust. It is so hard to look stylish these days without. I am quite well proportioned otherwise.

I AM sending you some exercises which are designed to develop the bust. But since you are many pounds underweight—you should weigh 138 pounds—your first and most important need is to develop all of your body proportionately. Try to increase your weight by relaxing during the day as much as possible and eating plenty of nourishing food. I will not go into details concerning this, for I am sure you know yourself how necessary a normal weight is.

Besides the exercises which I am sending you, bathe the breasts, night and morning, first with hot and then with cold water, finally rubbing briskly with a rough towel. This increases their circulation and therefore their nutrition. Then massage with a little warm olive oil, rubbing with your fingertips inward toward the nipples.

### Reducing

HAVING READ a number of your replies on beauty problems, I decided to write regarding diet and exercises. I want to reduce my thighs, hips, shoulders and waist. There is a roll of fat that hangs over the top of my corselettes at the back, and a roll on each side of my waist. I would like to take correct exercises to reduce those parts; also will you kindly tell me if witch hazel is a good astringent to use on the face and to reduce wrinkles? How should it be used?

I AM very glad to send you some exercises for all-over reducing. They stress particularly the parts which you want to reduce, for it is in these parts that most women put on extra weight. Witch hazel is nice and refreshing but it is not really strong enough to stimulate the skin very much. Skin tonics do the work more effectively. To get rid of wrinkles, however, requires more than a skin tonic. The skin tonic simply paves the way—puts the skin in good condition to receive the nourishment of a cream. Massage a good skin food across the lines with the cushions of the fingers at night before you retire.

### Color Schemes

WILL YOU please send me the directions for facial massage? Will you also tell me what colors are most becoming to my type, which is as follows; I have (dark shade) blonde hair, fair skin, greyish-green eyes with black lashes.

I AM VERY glad to send you accompanying instructions for facial massage. Green is, of course, your color and so is grey. The two combined, incidentally, is a very charming color scheme, especially if the green is a jade shade. You need a fair skin

and a good color to wear grey, but given these, it is a very smart and attractive shade to wear. Pink and grey are being worn a great deal in Paris this season. Blue is another good color for you. You should be able to wear quite a deep shade of blue but avoid the harsher, more strident blues. Coral is good and so is yellow, if the yellow is a clear, sunlight type rather than a "mixed shade." Ivory for evening wear with jade green would be very lovely for you. You can wear touches of red on a darker background or on white. A black or navy blue dress with bright touches of red in the form of buttons, belt or a handbag should suit you.

### Improve My Appearance

MY PROBLEMS are as follows: First, how should I do my hair? Second, how should I use make-up? My skin is brownish. It seems to be dry on my cheeks but around my nose and chin I get small, white oily pimples. As to my figure, I am very tall—five feet nine inches—and weigh 129 pounds. My chest is flat—although I am not round shouldered, my shoulders are broad and square and the only place I am fat is "where I sit down."

FOR YOUR height and age you are by no means overweight, but are, as a matter of fact, a little underweight.

Of course, you cannot go entirely by charts, but by the standard of weights and measures you should be 140 pounds. Try to keep yourself at the weight which feels the best and looks the best on you. For hips that are inclined to spread, you can't do better than to practice the bicycle exercise every day. You probably know this. You lie flat on your back, lift your legs from your hips, supporting the hips with your hands, elbows on the floor. Then rotate the legs as if you were riding a bicycle. Do it energetically for five minutes every morning and every night and you will, I am sure, notice a difference after a few weeks. Remember that you are still developing and your figure has not yet settled down. If you hold yourself correctly and don't slump as so many tall people mistakenly do, your chest will develop normally.

Your skin requires scrupulous cleanliness and toning to arouse the circulation and to refine the enlarged pores which cause the oiliness around your nose and chin. Cleanse, as I have mentioned so many times in Chatelaine, first with cleansing cream, then with warm water and soap, rinsing with

ice-cold water. Then pat on a skin tonic, patting it thoroughly into the skin, paying particular attention, of course, to the oily part. A hand lotion should be sufficient to keep your skin soft and smooth. You can use it as a foundation and also as a retiring lotion last thing at night. You should not need nourishing cream on your skin yet awhile.

Toning the skin, as I have told you to do, will get rid of the sallowness you mention and bring the color into your cheeks.

I think that a long bob should suit you



their while to bother with. They wouldn't never have let you be a second vice-president even, if they hadn't wanted to have some hold on John Phipps so as he'd let 'em have things wholesale when they gave their card parties."

THURSDAY MORNING dawned bright and clear. It looked just like many other days before it, and Amelia was surprised and a bit disappointed that it bore no outward sign of its significance. Everything around her performed according to schedule. The paper and the milk were outside when she opened the door; she heard the seven-forty-five train go through on time. She was, herself, tense with efficiency. Her bustling so perturbed John that he was at last forced into protest.

"Amelia, don't let this club business get you. I wouldn't want you to be like Fannie Adams or Clarence Pierce's wife—not ever."

"I won't," she assured him. "I couldn't if I would, and I wouldn't if I could."

Her eyes followed him down the path—still dazed and quite uncertain of her mental state. The car had scarcely turned its back when the telephone rang.

Amelia watched the receiver quiver in her hand as she took it from the hook.

"Why, yes, Mrs. Adams. Yes . . . Yes . . . She told me that she planned to sell a few . . . Yes . . . It is, of course, short notice, but the *Courier* doesn't come out until this morning and she didn't feel that she could wait another whole week. Why, I don't know, you could ask her, but as the sale has been advertised . . . Yes, I know . . . Mrs. Pierce presides very well . . . Certainly, I will. Just have the things left here and I'll see that she gets them . . . No . . . No . . . No, I'll tell her that you have been called out of town? . . . All right . . . Good-by."

She put the receiver back. Her knees were shaking. She felt as if she had suddenly stepped on an escalator and was being borne up and up.

"I've gone this far," she decided. "I might as well go the rest of the way. Belford four—two-six-five—ring three," she told the operator.

On the other end of the line she could recognize the full deep voice of Margaret Pierce. She forced her own into a calm, low tone.

"This is Amelia, Amelia Phipps . . . Oh, yes, indeed, a beautiful day . . . No, not a bit like November. Mrs. Adams has had to go out of town unexpectedly, and she is leaving everything for the meeting here with me . . . Yes, she would like you to preside . . . But she was in a great hurry and Frederick passes right by here on his way to school . . . Yes, I'll take them over, but I may not be able to stay . . . Aunt Josephine's sale, you know . . . In the *Courier* . . . Yes, at the bottom of the first sheet . . . Good-by."

"I suppose I am being pretty unconstitutional," she conceded to her conscience in response to a stab within.

Like any proper presiding officer, Amelia was the first to reach the Community House where the Thursday Morning Club weekly convened. One by one the other members arrived in proud distinction above the rest of New Belford's female population. To prove that they were in no way neglectful of their responsibilities as housewives, they brought their sewing with them in embroidered bags of various capacities. Mrs. Evans fairly staggered under her load of undarned hose for a family of five; displaying a new design of lace; Mrs. Gray flitted from group to group. It was, she announced in a confidential broadcast, destined to embellish a garment for her latest prospect in grandchildren.

On the dot of ten-fifteen, Amelia walked modestly to the front of the room and took her place in back of the table. There was a gasp of surprise that sent the blood to her cheeks.

"I bet some of them don't even remember that I am second vice-president," she thought as she called the meeting to order with the club gavel in its silver and blue ribbons.

"Your president and first vice-president have been called out of town this morning," she explained, "and your second vice-president will have to conduct the meeting. I do hope you'll all be patient with any mistakes she makes." In relief she watched a smile of indisputable friendliness sweep across the room.

"I don't suppose it is in order for me to speak right out this way, but you look mighty nice up there, Madam Second Vice-president." Mrs. Gray was a charter member. She could, of course, be allowed certain privileges, even though Fannie Adams didn't think she should.

Her heart had receded from her throat now and was again functioning, a bit rapidly perhaps, but quite normally in its proper location. She dispatched the old business and turned to the new.

"The first of the new business is the election of our delegate to the annual convention at Victoria."

"And I nominate Amelia Phipps," announced Mrs. Gray.

"Second the motion," said Mrs. Bates.

"I nominate our president, Frances Adams." The voice came from the back of the room.

"We don't want Fannie Adams again this year," Mrs. Gray jabbed her bag with the crochet hook and put away her lace. "We've had her—land knows how many years now. It's about time the federation learned we got other members in this club besides her and Margaret Pierce."

Amelia fingered the gavel. "I really should use it," she thought. "I really should."

"I second the nomination of Mrs. Adams." The president's cohorts were rallying.

"I move the nominations be closed," snapped Mrs. Gray, slaying that particular cohort with a stare.

"Second the motion," trembled little Mrs. Downs whose love for Amelia was stronger than the fear of her own voice.

Amelia appointed the tellers and went on with the business of the meeting. Her face was burning and she could feel the pulse in her wrist where it rested against the desk. She took up the letters which the corresponding secretary had read and presented them to the club for consideration. The hours spent with the card table and the hammer were not without fruition. She liked the sound of her voice in the room as it came back to her from the stuccoed walls. She felt a power within herself—a power to accomplish which she hardly recognized as her own. It was as if she had somehow been suddenly detached from Amelia Phipps and was for the first time in her life being the person she had always wanted to be—the person she had always felt she could be if she only had the chance.

When the tellers returned she was almost reconciled to an unfavorable vote.

"I'll have had this day anyway," she thought. But she knew that it wouldn't be this day alone, for she had emerged from obscurity now, and she couldn't slip back into it again even if she wanted to.

But the gods still smiled upon her. The chairman of tellers put a paper in her hand. By a vote of twenty-two to eight Amelia Phipps had been elected.

"But if they knew what I had done to get myself elected, they might not want me to go at all," she thought dismally when she had adjourned the meeting and the first crest of her elation had passed.

ON HER WAY home she stopped at the market to buy a steak, a pound of onions and a bottle of maple syrup.

The Adams's car was not in its garage as she went by, nor had the Pierce motor come back to its moorings. What could be keeping them? They should have been through by this time. She was worried.

At twelve-thirty John Phipps entered the kitchen, looked eagerly at Amelia and sniffed the air expectantly.

"Smells like fried onions, but don't s'pose it is on a Thursday noon—contrary to the by-laws of the Thursday Morning Club."

He saw the steak smothered in golden-

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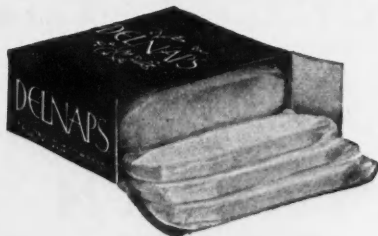
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## DeLong DELNAPS

WITH TAPERED ENDS

## The Second Vice-President

(Continued from page 11)

shutter, and now this. What had got into her today? She rather liked the sensation.

HE SURVEYED the food on the table before he sat down.

"Chops? Hasn't a lamb got any part to him but a loin chop?"

"They were cheap this week," Amelia assured him.

"And when women have to spend their money on such foolishness as clubs and club luncheons, the men have to eat whatever's cheap."

The telephone prevented further comment. Amelia answered it.

"Yes... Yes... I'm glad you like the hat... Yes, it is new... At Bainbridge's... It's nice of you and Mrs. Gray to want me, but you couldn't tell Fannie Adams right out that you didn't want her for a delegate to Victoria this year. I don't see how. No, I can't think of any way."

She came back to the table to hear John muttering:

"Seems to me people would know enough not to call up just at meal times."

"It was Mary Downs. She says that all the women want me to go as delegate to Victoria this year—to the annual convention. The club pays expenses," she added quickly.

"Fat chance you have of going to Victoria or anywhere else with Fannie Adams of Clarence Pierce's wife wanting to go."

"I know," she admitted. "And especially me. They've disliked me ever since Aunt Josephine outbid them at the Carey auction. Just as if I could help it. Aunt Josephine didn't want that corner cupboard any more than a cat wants nine tails, but for some reason or other she had made up her mind not to let either of them have it. And it was a good thing she didn't. If either one of them had got it away from the other, there would have been a terrible upset in the club. They'd have torn each other's eyes out."

She looked down at the peninsula of empty dishes at John's place—empty only to be filled up again in a few hours. Three times a day, seven days a week—food and more food in an endless succession of preparation and consumption. When there wasn't food to command her attention, there were dishes to wash. And dust! Never could she sit down for a few minutes relaxation that she did not see dust somewhere in the room.

Four days at a hotel; four days by the sea; delicious fare served to you without any effort on your part; no dishes to wash afterward; no dust for which you were responsible—she had not realized before how much she was in need of such a vacation.

She took her own dishes out into the kitchen—her dinner almost untouched upon them.

John had a habit of separating the contents of his plate into sections. He consumed them singly—first the potatoes, then the vegetables; last of all, the meat. In one corner he had a little pile to which he added from time to time—the eye of a potato, a couple of shrivelled peas, a bit of fat or gristle from the meat. Anything that fell below standard was segregated there. It hardly ever bothered her, but today she had an almost uncontrollable desire to seize a fork and mix the whole thing up together into a fine goulash.

She brought in a slice of lemon pie; he bent over it with avidity. It was the last straw.

"I am going." Courage surged through her; the determination in her voice caused a luscious mouthful of pie to slide from John's fork and crumple the meringue. He

looked at it regretfully. "I am going to that convention. I want to go, and lots of the women want me to go, and I'm going."

On the rack in the hall she spied the blue hat. Picking it up with great respect, she carried it upstairs and put it away in a box—protecting it carefully with folds of tissue paper.

"And that's that," she told the world as she pushed it far back on the shelf.

She heard her husband open the door to go out.

"John," she called. "Oh, John. If I walk down to the store and get it, can I have the car for a little while this afternoon? I want to go out to Sweet Meadows to see Aunt Josephine."

"All right; I suppose so. But don't go tying any ribbon bows on it."

AS SHE ENTERED the room, Amelia could see her aunt's full proportions like a Tony Sarg balloon grotesquely huge against the double windows in back of her. It was a source of continual surprise to her that anyone of Aunt Josephine's bulk could be so unflinchingly tidy of person and alert of mind. Long knitting needles clicked briskly between her capable fingers.

"Set down, Amelia," she commanded at once, pointing to the sofa. "And don't fidget. As I was saying over the phone, I met Mrs. Downs and Mrs. Gray at a missionary tea yesterday. They were talking about this convention out to Victoria. Now there's things you got to know, and I'm going to tell you."

As she talked, Amelia looked down at the rug and at the worn tracks made by the rocker's progress in its frequent travels with Aunt Josephine across the floor. It bore down upon her now—its occupant talking and knitting, wholly oblivious to the fact that her chair was carrying her nearer and nearer to the sofa. Amelia felt that she really should blow a horn or flash a light. But each time before the chair actually did reach her, Aunt Josephine would hitch herself back to her starting-place between the windows and repeat the journey.

"Can't I get you another chair?" Amelia offered after the third trip.

"No, I like it. I can think better when I move about. You been a worm long enough, Amelia Phipps. Ain't anything in any club constitution which says that a woman's got to be a worm and let bodies like that Adams person trod on 'em all the time. She and Maggie—excuse me, Margaret Pierce, pretending to love one another so much and always traipsing around together. Guess they must have to watch each other pretty close or they wouldn't be hanging on to each other all the time the way they are."

Amelia laughed. "You like them a lot, don't you, Aunt Josephine?"

"Like them! Huh! Just about as much as they like each other. I wish you could've seen them that day at the auction—they weren't busy loving each other that day. And all over an old corner cupboard of Martha Carey's that's setting up in my attic right now." She billowed toward the sofa with the inevitability of an ocean wave.

Amelia closed her eyes and dived.

"That's just what I came out here to talk about," she heard herself saying.

Aunt Josephine's eyes assumed the expression of a Persian cat about to surprise a nest of mice. Her bosom made a wide landscape of hills and intervening valleys, and she laughed noiselessly as she listened to Amelia's plan of campaign. The valleys became exalted and the hills shook; the treble arcs of her chin rippled down to meet them. Her fingers moved faster and faster as she purled one, purled two.

"I'll do it," she agreed after a moment's consideration. "Though I'm afraid Martha Carey would turn clean over in her grave if she knew. Amelia, maybe I been misjudging you. Maybe you ain't so much of a worm after all. I been kinder ashamed having you in that club so long, never seeing your name in the social notes or anything. Mary Downs says that you do all the work and just pick up what crumbs of credit for it them other two don't think it's worth

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Many women still *think* they must resort to using poisonous antiseptics in their desire for personal hygiene and surgical cleanliness. But the truth is that *they do not need to do so*. Cresol and carbolic acid have been displaced by a new, safe, non-poisonous antiseptic-germicide of great power, called *Zonite*.

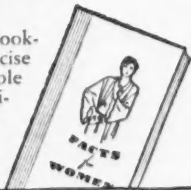
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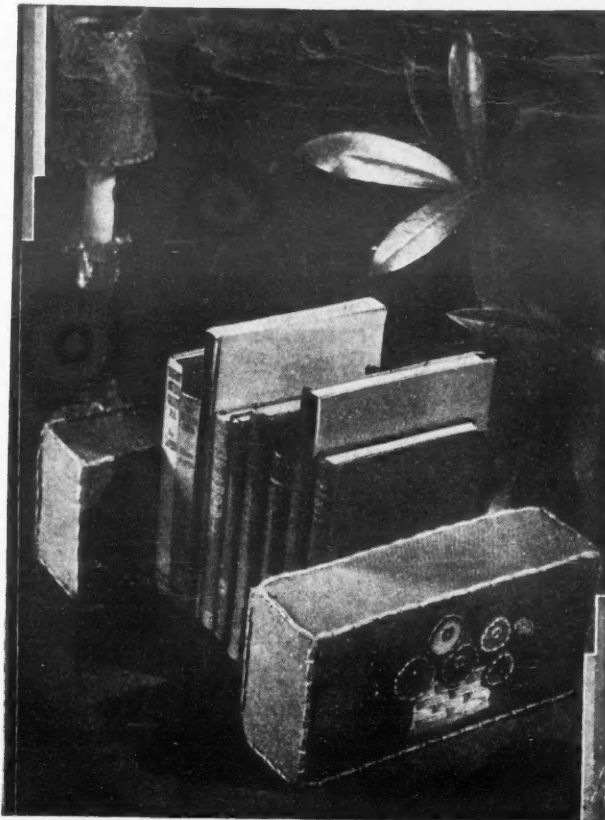
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THESE MOST uncommon book ends have very solid foundations; they are ordinary builders' bricks covered in bright blue linen, with a pretty basket of flowers design in wool and felt appliqué.

To make the pair you will want two nine-inch bricks, half a yard of blue linen, some odd scraps of brightly colored felts, orange and fawn wools, and a needleful each of purple, turquoise, peacock, yellow, pink and coral wool. Cut two long oblongs of linen, each ten inches by sixteen inches, to wrap around the bricks. About three and a half inches up from one ten-inch side trace off the basket of flowers design, using the diagram giving actual size on this page, with carbon paper beneath.

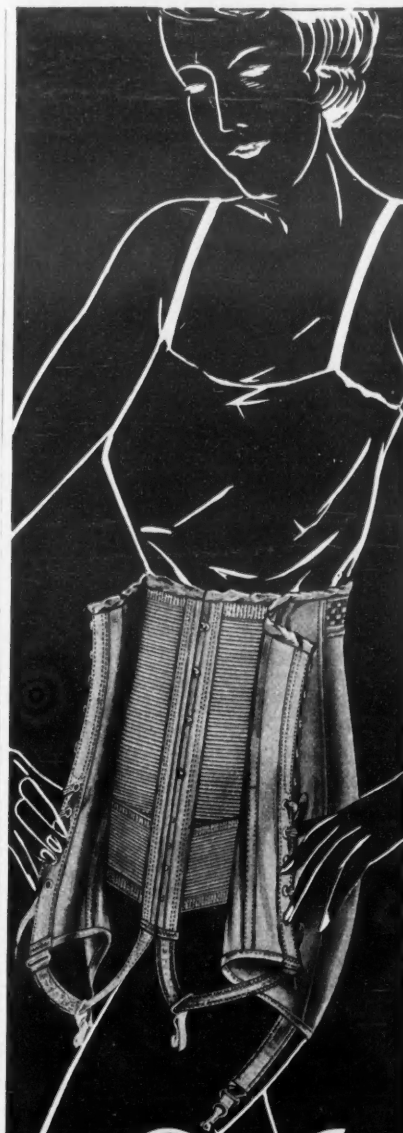
The basket itself is of fawn and orange wool. Work a row of satin stitch in orange wool for the base. Now work seventeen rows of long stitches in the fawn, then

weave in and out over these rows with the orange wool, as shown in the diagram. Leave the top row free.

The flowers are small circles of felt, sewn down with backstitches in wool in contrasting colors. Of the three lower circles, the one on the left is fawn with turquoise backstitching, the centre one dark green with purple stitches, and the one on the right fawn with coral backstitching.

The centres of these two outer flowers are tiny black felt appliques with orange satin-stitch centres. The other has a tiny ring of coral backstitching.

The small circle above on the left is of purple, with peacock backstitching and a yellow centre; the next flower is of orange felt with peacock backstitching; the larger one on the right is in purple felt with pink backstitching, and the tiny one on the extreme right is orange with a turquoise



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brown circles, and the waffle iron heating by Amelia's place on the table.

"Having some kind of a celebration, are we?"

"We are," Amelia whipped the mashed potatoes into fluffy peaks. "I am going."

"To Victoria?"

"Uh-huh."

"Jehoshaphat!"

And then:

"What did you do with Fannie Adams and Clarence Pierce's wife? Drown em?"

"They weren't at the meeting. I presided. They had to go out of town on important business."

"To meet the Prince of Wales?"

"No, not exactly. They went out to Aunt Josephine's sale."

"Well, I'll be darned."

He surveyed her quizzically for a minute, then grinned his appreciation.

"I've lived with you nigh ten years, Amelia, and I thought I knew you from a to izzard. But I guess I don't know nothing at all about you."

"But I am sort of worried," she told him as she poured the batter. "They aren't back yet."

"Oh, they're all right. Words never killed nobody, even when they was wrapped up in snow blankets and pinned together with icicles. You'll need some new duds for that trip?"

"Not such a lot." She looked down at the electric cord, frayed and worn with age. "But if you want any more waffles, I'm afraid you'll have to get me another cord. I've been using this one for the iron, too, and it's about gone."

She lifted a crisp brown circle to his plate. The telephone in the hall beyond rang one long—two short.

"For you, I suppose," he lamented. "Seems as if there's some kind of a plot on foot to call you up at meal times."

As she came back into the room, John looked up without any attempt to conceal his curiosity.

"It was Aunt Josephine," Amelia told him. She dropped down into her chair and put her head in her hands, leaning one elbow on the table for support. She was more exhausted than after a Monday's wash, and so happy she could cry.

"This has been some day," she commented.

"Anything left of the gingham dog and the calico cat?" John demanded.

"Oh, yes; they're all right. Aunt Josephine seems to have had some idea of keeping them out there until she was sure I had been fully elected."

"Which one of 'em got the cupboard?"

"Both."

"Both?" He stared at her, shook his head. "But what did your Aunt Josephine do?"

"She had two cupboards. She reckoned there'd be an end to the Thursday Morning Club altogether if one of them got it away from the other. Where she found the second one, I don't know. She says she made a good profit. Trust Aunt Josephine."

John thought over that for a time, then smiled.

"From what I seen of women folks this day, don't know as I'd trust any of 'em."

He got up, came around the table and stood beside her. Turning toward him, she surprised such a look of love and pride on his face that she felt herself blushing before it.

His face, too, reddened in embarrassment and he twisted the cord of the waffle iron around his fingers.

He drew a roll of bills from his pocket and laid them beside her plate.

"For you, Amelia."

"All this?" she gasped. "Why, John!"

Tighter and tighter, faster and faster he wound the cord.

"I want my wife to look as good as any of 'em out there," he told her.

There was a flash and a sputter.

"John, I'm afraid you've blown a fuse."

"Ain't the only fuse that's been blown around here today, I guess, Amelia."

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give as her first choice the very book the next will say she wishes had been omitted from the group. This is natural as in selecting the non-fiction, for instance, it is well to choose books from under such headings as, biography, autobiography, science, economics, art, history, adventure, travel, drama, essays, education, etc.

Meeting number six is the Santa Claus gathering of the year. Because each member of the group will feel that she has had her money's worth already, it is just an added pleasure to secure a fiction and a non-fiction book to keep.

The fairest method of distribution seems to be by means of the drawing number system. Numbers from one to sixty are drawn for. If a member is absent, she may ask a deputy to draw for her and supply her with a list in order of her preference. The member who secures number one has first choice of a non-fiction book. These books have been placed in fifteen piles of four books each. Thus, it does not mean that number one

has really the best choice, as number four is placed in just as favorable a position. Number one, having had first choice of the non-fiction, has therefore number sixty choice of fiction; this tends to equalize distribution.

All these details concerning a book group have been stated and reiterated not because a book group is an intricate or difficult device, but simply to ensure, in a newly formed group, that harmonious atmosphere so essential to sustained endeavor.

Canadian women who form these book groups have scope to exercise their executive abilities, their social instincts, their literary critical faculties, their fluency and charm while making public speeches. In fact, the advantages of belonging to a book group can scarcely be enumerated.

*If you would like further advice concerning the forming of book clubs, or a list of suitable books, write to Miss Gladys Lougheed c/o Chatelaine, 481 University Ave. Toronto.*

## Royalty Furnishes a Home

(Continued from page 14)

Something fine and feminine. The curtains are of taffeta in soft pinky buff and blue, and the bathroom leading off is in pleasant harmony with the bedroom scheme.

And now for a peep at the Royal linen cupboard, which is a charming, simple affair, capacious and practical. Soft pastel-colored ribbons tie up the various items. H. R. H. The Duchess of York more often favors snowy-white linen both for bedroom, bathroom and table use. For instance, pillow cases and sheets in fine white linen are quite simply monogrammed. Very occasionally rose petal pink crêpe de chine ones are used, and with them soft pink blankets, satin-bound. Both bath towels and face towels are white, sometimes monogrammed in red and white, sometimes in white only. Some of the little Princesses' pillow cases are finely frilled, but for the most part all bed linen is severely simple, not embroidered, and I saw no linen that was colored.

As a general rule, a polished table with mats is favored in the dining room. These are all white or ivory, and the Royal favorites are absolutely plain, in finest linen. Breakfast tray cloths are sometimes finished with a very narrow fine edging or trimmed with Cluny. Tea table mats are often trimmed with Irish embroidery or with lace insets. Some are entirely plain with tea napkins to match. These, too, are all white. Some perfectly enchanting dessert doilies I noticed were in old ivory lace with exquisitely fine insets of drawn thread work.

"And so you never use an all-over table cloth in the dining room?" I asked.

"Not quite never, but very seldom," I was told. "And when we do," my informant added, "it is very fine damask—and always white."

By which time I had reached the dining room—by no means a large room, but a pleasant room and elegantly simple. The walls here are painted in a rather lovely shade of fawn which reminds me of aspen leaves in autumn. The ceiling is old ivory with slight touches of gold; the carpet a rich shade of mid-brown and curtains a glorious larkspur blue. From the centre of the ceiling a really beautiful candelabra appears from the centre of a heavy blue silk tassel which matches the curtains. The furniture is all mahogany.

"And is Her Royal Highness specially fond of any flower for table decoration?"

"Any flowers," came the prompt reply. "Any flowers and all flowers, and when flowers are expensive we use fruit. And if not real fruit, glass fruit."

The morning room is a room with as much charm as all the others. Its walls are green and its woodwork a soft oyster-tint, with here and there a subtle introduction of gold. The well-proportioned windows have a dignity all their own as they stand curtained in an exquisite shade of old gold, opening on to a broad terrace where tall stone vases filled with hydrangeas seem to be overflowing with all the lovely color profusion of blues and pinks and mauves intermingled with cool green leaves. Inside you find a simple figured carpet in blues, greens, browns and gold—a wealth of books, deep-seated, comfortable chairs, quiet peace and restful homeliness.

A comparatively recent addition is the study, mainly used by H. R. H. The Duke of York. It is a rather small room with walls panelled in pine wood, a plain earth-brown carpet, chairs green-covered and restful, with lights softly shaded in honey yellow. There is a dignity and simplicity about this room and a whisper of someone to whom books and bindings, memoirs and histories are a very real part of home life.

## In the Christmas Chatelaine

- **The Empty Inn** — a glamorous and dramatic story by Alan Sullivan—the story of a wife who wanted to escape her destiny.
- **Christmas Gifts** — several pages of novel gift ideas that you can make yourself.
- **The Doll's House** — a delightful article by Anne Elizabeth Wilson for children and their friends on furnishing the doll's house anew. Or starting one this Christmas.



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Remember, there are really only two leading kinds of mouth antiseptics on the market. In one group is the mouth antiseptic that must be used full strength to be effective. In the other group is Pepsodent Antiseptic, utterly safe if used full strength, yet powerful enough to be diluted with two parts of water and still kill germs in less than 10 seconds.

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Head Colds	Chapped Hands
Smoker's Throat	Dandruff
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Mouth Irritations	Checks Under-Arm
Irritations of the Gums	Perspiration Odor
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**Ponce de Leon**

*Sought a Fountain*

The fountain of youth was not found in Florida; no bathing in waters will restore your flesh to resilient glowing youthful life. The fountain of youth is in the human body's own blood stream, which in health carries glandular secretions that cherish and stimulate the active principle of life in the cells of muscle-tissue and skin.

Re-Naitre causes old, tired skin to blossom in youthfulness again, by carrying to the cells the living glandular secretions which alone can revive them from their exhausted state. Re-Naitre carries new life into your skin, causes it to be truly "re-born." Re-Naitre contains really-living glandular secretions, distilled by clever biologists in the laboratories in Paris and New York. These living hormones, together with native beautifying oils used by primitive tribes for thousands of years and discovered for civilization by the rare chance of a beauty scientist's visit to Africa,—these make Re-Naitre a cream that *rejuvenates* the flesh.

The health and elasticity that Re-Naitre gives back to your body are the natural cure for wrinkles, flabbiness and sagging muscles. Re-Naitre will restore purity and smoothness to the skin of face and neck, and will likewise develop the delicate curving forms which fashion now demands.

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**Crème Re-Naitre**  
(RE-BORN)

edge. Peeping up at the centre back are two tiny circles of green and orange felt. These are buds and they are backstitched with wool in the same color.

The leaves are of jade green felt sewn on invisibly with cotton.

When you have finished the embroidery, make up each book-end. Wrap the linen tightly round the brick, so that the design comes in the centre of one long side and the join in the linen along one edge. Sew the edges together tightly.

Cut two small oblongs, each four and

three-quarter inches by three inches for the two ends, and sew them in place. Cover the joins with four strands of orange wool couched down with fawn wool and outline the edges of each brick in the same way.

It would be a good idea to make an inner lining of unbleached linen or cotton and sew it in place before putting on the embroidered overings. This would soften the roughness of the bricks and protect your handiwork. Be careful to have the join at an edge so that it will not spoil the smooth surface of the linen.

## You'd Enjoy This Book Club

(Continued from page 22)

the whole organization. Provided that she can get the group running smoothly according to the guiding rules, she will have started a group that will continue of its own momentum. She should be a person who can convey the knowledge that none of the rules are to be broken, at the same time that she causes the members to think that they really enjoy keeping the rules.

To maintain a tiptoe attitude on the part of all the members the convener should always, without fail, have in the background a waiting list. Women who are breathlessly waiting to join the group if any member fails in her *esprit de corps*. Some indifferent member may call for her books irregularly. She may have to be reminded more than once that her fees are due. Or suppose she does not see that her books are on hand for the final meeting. She forgets to bring or send in her cake for a social meeting when it is her turn. Or again, most upsettingly, she passes the volumes on that she has just collected instead of those she has had for the past two weeks and has not finished reading. Perhaps she thinks that they will prove more interesting than the ones she has just received. But this causes confusion and cheats someone else out of reading every volume. If she, in any way whatsoever, causes the other members little gnawing worries or unhappinesses, the convener may suggest that a member of the waiting list is clamoring to supplant her. In the first year of a club's functioning, some undesirable members may think that they are bona-fide book-group women. These usually drop out of their own accord after the first year.

If a book group commences with fifteen members, a convener may only need two helpers on her committee—one to select fiction books during the summer and help with the programmes during the winter, the other to undertake the work in connection with the non-fiction or miscellaneous books.

In a group of sixty, or four duplicating groups of fifteen, it is well to have a book-group selection committee comprised of six women. The convener, or business manager; two women to confer on the choice of fiction and two on non-fiction, along with a social secretary.

The convener of the book-group selection committee is virtually the business manager of the group. It is her duty to see that fees are paid. Also to see that the books are in the committee's hands in good time, since, they have to put on the extra book-covers, paste in the rules, and decide which fiction book should travel with which non-fiction.

The convener's most arduous task will be found in plotting out the route that the books are to travel from member to member. It will nearly always happen that the joy of being the person who has the selecting of the books will be coupled with the duty of getting her books every first and fifteenth from the farthest-away member

in the group. For the committee members, being gentlewomen, will always take what what is left over after the nearest neighbors have been allotted to each other.

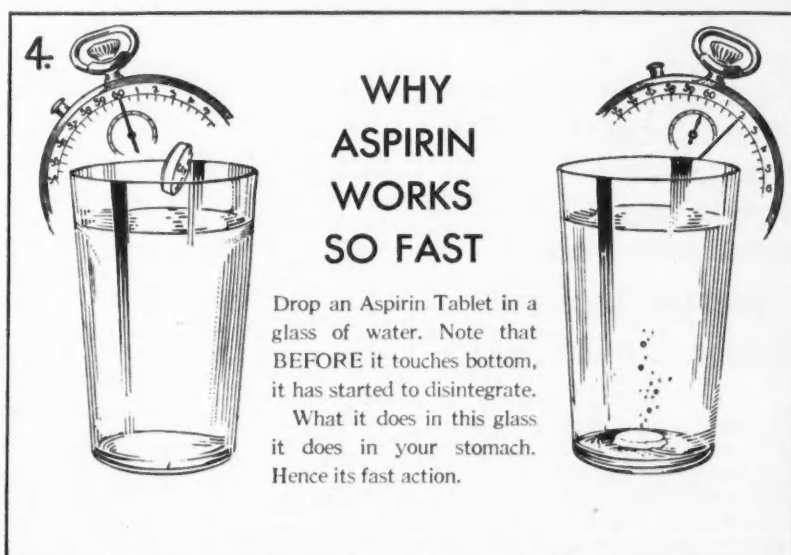
The book-group selection committee spends the summer looking through all the available new literature for the year. Each of the four makes itself responsible for one of the winter meetings as well as assisting the convener with her duties.

HERE IS A list of rules used by one book group with success. These rules are pasted in the front of the fiction books:

1. The Book-Group season extends from November 1 until June 15. It is divided into fifteen half-monthly periods, in each of which members collect two books—one fiction and one non-fiction.
  2. Each member receives the name and address of her associating member.
  3. Each member is expected to call at this address for her next books on the first and fifteenth of every month.
  4. The book list which is shown in the front of the non-fiction volumes gives the sequence in which books should be received.
  5. Any variation from this sequence should be reported to the convener.
  6. On the (name of day) of November, January, February, March and April (or May and June), meetings will be held for discussions about books and other matters of general literary interest.
  7. Each member is expected to contribute toward refreshments for one meeting.
  8. At the final distribution in June each member will receive two books.
- Pasted on the fly-leaf of all the non-fiction books, a list of the books will be given in the sequence in which they should be received. Thus, if the first two books you receive are number fifteen on the list, the next two books you will call for will be number one on the list. It is well to emphasize the fact that books are to be called for on the first and fifteenth. If it is a member's duty to go for the books herself, then she will have no one but herself to blame if she does not get them at the proper time.
- Meetings may be purely social events, or use may be made of clippings, book reviews and pictures of authors whose books are being read. Reviews of books chosen may be cut out and pasted on cardboard by the selection committee; these are interesting to pass around or read aloud at meetings.

AT ONE of the spring meetings the convener may present the reviewers' reports on new books already out. The group can then express their desires on the type of book they prefer. Another meeting might be held in a public place and friends interested in books invited to attend. Four members should be chosen by the whole group to review two fiction and two non-fiction books. The four books, also, to be decided on by the group as a whole. Generally, members will be found to volunteer to do the reviewing of a particular book—one that has specially appealed to them during the season.

Great enlightenment and amusement can be obtained at one meeting by having the members answer a questionnaire about the books on the list they prefer, with remarks, also books they have disliked, with remarks. Prizes may be offered for the best short original review. One member will



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There is now a quicker way to ease pain. A way that often brings relief from even a severe headache or neuritis in a few minutes. Millions are now employing it . . . the *fastest, safe relief, it is said, ever known for pain.*

Those results are due to a scientific discovery—*ASPIRIN*—which starts "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after you take it.

The illustrations of the glasses, above, tell the story. An Aspirin Tablet starts to dissolve, or disintegrate almost instantly you swallow it. *And thus is ready to go to work almost instantly.* This unique discovery means *quick relief* from pain for you and yours. Fewer lost hours from headaches, neuralgia or the pains of

rheumatism. And *Safe Relief.* For *ASPIRIN* does not harm the heart.

When you buy, though, be on guard against substitutes. To be sure you get *ASPIRIN'S* *quick relief*, be sure the name *BAYER* in the form of a cross is on every tablet of Aspirin.

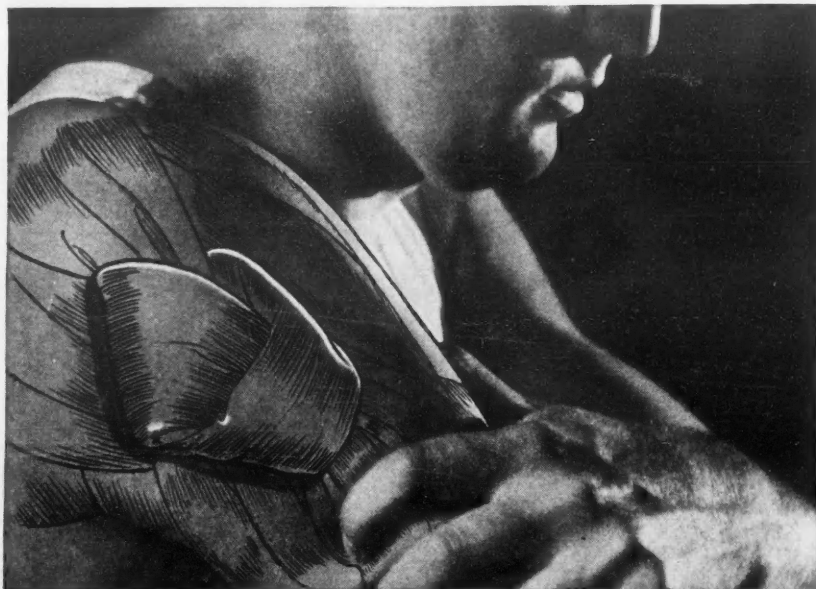


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Avoid the embarrassment of gray, faded, bleached or streaked hair. Tint it easily and instantly to its natural shade, from lightest blond to deepest black. Just comb through harmless, odorless Brownatone. Guaranteed results. Does not prevent perfect waving of the hair. At all dealers, 50c. Or send 10c for trial bottle.

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**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**

## Can You Shackle Woman Again?

(Continued from page 26)

If such a time should ever come that women as a patriotic duty would give up business and let men take their places, it would have to be with the understanding that men's earnings would be shared with the women, for most of the discontent of women with home life comes not because they do not love their homes and families, but because they were always short of money and had to ask or beg their men folks for it, in some cases even for enough to clothe themselves and children. But since women have tasted the sweets of independence, it will need great sacrifice and self-denial to step down.—A Victorian.

### Women Must Work

WOMAN'S PLACE is no longer in the home only. Women have proved themselves to be capable of conducting successfully many of the chief executive positions of our time. Yes, men were most pleased during the war and boom days to see the women doing their bit to help, but now when the shoe pinches they wish to cast the woman aside. It is very probable that many self-centred males believe—even now, in this so-called age of enlightenment—that men alone fought the war. But I say it was the women who remained loyal to their country in industry and who gallantly sent forth their sons to fight, who made the greater sacrifice. Women, too, underwent many severe tests during those trying years and the men were proud of women holding positions of trust, but now—well man wishes to be the dominant human and so the strife begins anew. Woman has proved herself to be more conscientious than man. She is a worker, and when she sets her heart upon some definite goal she invariably meets with success.

What of the woman who has no one to support her? Would it be advisable for her to be thrown out from her position? Who would support her? The country? Relief? Have we not had enough of that during the last three years? Most men are only too pleased to see their daughters working instead of sitting around the house day after day to be supported. Besides, it is better for any girl to have something with which to occupy her time; as when she is occupied she is not thinking of detrimental things to do.

Furthermore, there is the woman who has spent years of her time and money to get an education that she might take her place in the world and help to make it a better place in which to live. I maintain that woman exerts a profounder ethical interest in the business world than does man.

Working gives a girl a broader outlook and makes her more interested in what is going on around her. She is more independent and has more money to spend; therefore she is helping to promote industrial activities. The greater the buying power of a nation, the greater the industrial pursuits—more work.

Women must continue to play a large part in the business, industrial and economic world of today and tomorrow. If they do not, we will have backward, ignorant women who care not for the real purpose of life—advancement, higher ideals, etc.—but rather only to marry the first man who presents himself that they may have a home, and need not worry about their food and shelter. In a state where women are not allowed to work, what will become of the "old maid"; must she starve because she doesn't marry?—Patience Strong.

### A Promised Land for the Working Woman

A MOSES urgently needed, "to lead the women of Canada from the industrial world to a 'promised land' of four walls and a

garden." The writer who has sent this call through the medium of a popular woman's magazine is a retired leader himself, and yet he does not appear particularly anxious to attain to that height of "leadership." He suggests "that the legislation of the Dominion, after a short, quick debate, should deal with this subject as 'An Act of Parliament.'"

This is a problem that could never be settled sharply and quickly. It would necessitate conferences, starting from and including villages, towns, cities, provinces and nations; testing the intellect of every citizen, even to the vast army of the unemployed that now suffer through the employment of women in the industrial world. It would cover a period of years and be as complicated a work as "The League of Nations," if ever a solution be found by then, the pendulum of world affairs will probably have swung toward recovery.

The average woman through all the ages has desired above all things, a home, children, a garden, and contentment. Due to the progress of civilization, this to a certain degree has been denied her. What ever comfort and success she has acquired has been through the result of her own hard work and concentrated effort. For woman must work; it is her inherent privilege; if work is taken away, the whole structure of her life becomes chaos. I would suggest that instead of leading the working woman away from the industrial world, she should be given the recognition she has earned in her own sphere of progress.

It is also suggested that conferences of national and international origin "should agree to the types of employment suited to women," taking definite steps to eliminate them from all other classifications. The writer is afraid and disturbed that this continent is in danger of a new social system of "matriarchal government."

I would like to put his great fear at rest. The woman wage-earner in any of our large cities, who works either in factories, behind counters, in banks and elsewhere, does so because of sheer stark necessity. If any conference of men can eliminate this degree of hardship from the lives of these underpaid and weary women, finding for them some occupation or plan of living where there is reasonable comfort, "how easily and gently would they be led." Yet I would warn these prospective leaders that the alternative occupation should be constructive, creative and progressive.

It is as equally impossible for the average woman of today to revert to the uninteresting, uncomfortable period of a generation ago—I should have said a century ago—as it is for the highest intellectual of this present age to solve the problem: "Should women work in the industrial world."—W. Ramsay, Montreal.

### Better Pay and Better Hours

I FANCY Mr. Martin's article has caused a widespread surge of feminine and masculine feeling—so vigorous, that the word "NO" is fairly shouted.

Mr. Martin has suggested that the jobs vacated by the working girls, be filled by higher paid men workers. But, he stresses, this might affect competition.

He realizes, of course, that feminine help is cheaper than the masculine. That in a great many cases, THAT is why the mills and factories employ girls. In some cases, it is readily admitted that female fingers are more skilful and better adapted to certain jobs. The male hand is clumsy and has not the same speed.

Take a look into our silk and woollen mills—right in Quebec—and see these girls, to the numbers of thousands. Take a glance at their pay slips and see if you would take their jobs, without a fifty per cent increase. Fill their jobs with men and you'd at once have a general strike for a living wage.

All I can say is, that when the great parade starts and the fireworks begin to explode, you'll find me—six months out of work and a family of five to feed—away up front carrying the largest banner I can find advocating better pay and better hours for the working girl.—W. A. Parker.

breads, brains, beef, lamb and chicken may be given twice a week. Meat is very palatable and provides protein.

Vegetables and fruits provide vitamins, laxatives and minerals. The child should have two cooked vegetables (one green) and one raw vegetable, and one raw and one cooked fruit a day.

Among the vegetables suitable are asparagus, beets, beans, cabbage, cauliflower, celery, carrots, onions, potatoes, peas, squash, spinach and tomatoes. Sandwiches of chopped vegetables are very tasty.

Of the fruits, apples, bananas, oranges, pineapples, pears, peaches and prunes may be used.

Cereals may be given once or twice daily. The whole-meal cereals are the best as they contain more minerals and vitamins.

Whole-wheat bread lightly spread with butter or toasted bread may be given.

Cod-liver oil provides vitamins. In the second year, half a teaspoonful daily is sufficient. It can be given after a meal or between meals with orange or tomato juice.

Two cups of water should be taken between meals.

Much depends on the cooking. A great deal of good food is overlooked or otherwise spoiled in the cooking. Spinach and other leafy vegetables should be placed in boiling water and boiled for about seven minutes. Other vegetables require twenty minutes.

Food for children should be prepared simply; it should be boiled, baked or broiled. Creamed vegetables and creamed soups are appetizing. Commercial soups of the finest quality may be purchased at a low price. Cream tapioca, chocolate pudding, junket and custards are favorites with small children. Foods should not be highly flavored. Salt and pepper should be used sparingly. Some fruits are better without, or with little, sugar. Prunes and bananas are very tasty with lemon juice. Most children get too much sugar.

It is important to proceed slowly in the introduction of new foods. One should start with small amounts and gradually increase. Introduce only one new food at a time.

Begin with the right foods while the child is still a baby and good habits will be formed.

#### SUITABLE MEALS

##### Breakfast

Prunes, 2-4 tablespoonfuls  
Cereal, 4-8 tablespoonfuls; with milk, 4-6 tablespoonfuls  
Whole-wheat toast with butter, 1 slice  
Milk, 1 cupful

##### Dinner

Broiled liver, ground or diced, 3 tablespoonfuls  
Creamed carrots, 2-6 tablespoonfuls  
Cabbage sandwich  
Diced apple with orange juice, 2-4 tablespoonfuls  
Milk,  $\frac{3}{4}$  cupful

##### Supper

Buttered beans,  $\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{3}{4}$  cupful  
Whole-wheat bread with butter, 1 slice  
Floating island,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful  
Milk,  $\frac{3}{4}$  cupful

##### Breakfast

Juice of 1 orange  
Cereal, 4-8 tablespoonfuls; with milk, 4-6 tablespoonfuls  
Whole-wheat toast with butter  
Milk, 1 cupful

##### Dinner

Vegetable soup,  $\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{3}{4}$  cupful  
Escalloped potato, 2-6 tablespoonfuls  
Egg yolk sandwich  
Apricot whip, 2-6 tablespoonfuls  
Milk,  $\frac{3}{4}$  cupful

##### Supper

Beets,  $\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{3}{4}$  cupful  
Lettuce sandwich  
Cream tapioca with peaches, 2-6 tablespoonfuls  
Milk,  $\frac{3}{4}$ -1 cupful



- 2 Bone needles No. 11—9 inches long (British)  
(or)  
2 Steel needles No. 11—9 inches long (American)  
1½ Ounces of 4-ply fingering yarn—brown; small piece of orange and green, or other contrasting colors may be substituted  
Kapok for stuffing

**B**EGINNING with the lower limbs, cast on 28 stitches in brown. Knit 40 rows stockinette stitch, next row k 1, k 2 tog, k to last 3 sts, k 2 tog, k 1. Decrease thus in every fourth row until there are 22 sts. Join in orange yarn and p 1 row, and k 1 row. Join in green yarn and p 1 row and k 1 row. Break off the orange and green yarns. Pick up brown yarn and p 1 row. Now k 15, turn p 8, turn, work on these 8 sts for 10 rows, slipping the first st in every row. With left hand needle pick up 5 sts from side of toe, p through the backs of these sts to make a firm st and p to end of row. Knit up 5 sts in the next row in the same manner, work 4 rows even. Next row p 2 tog, p 12, p 2 tog twice, p 12, p 2 tog. Next row k 2 tog, k 11, k 2 tog, k 11, k 2 tog. Graft sole sts tog or cast off. Sew up back seam on wrong side, and along sole if not grafting. Stuff with Kapok (but do not overstuff) and oversew along top. Work another leg in the same manner.

#### Body

Using the green yarn cast on 66 sts, k 1 row, p 1 row. Join in orange yarn and k 1 row, p 1 row. Now k the first 2 sts in green, cross yarn with orange at back to reinforce and k 2 in orange. Join in brown cross yarns at back and k to end of row. Next row p to last 4 sts, p 2 in orange and 2 in green. Now continue, thus keeping the

first 4 sts in colors (this is centre front) until there are 6 rows in brown. Next row k 2 sts in green, 2 sts in orange and 4 sts in brown. \*Join in another piece of green yarn and k on the next 8 sts for 8 rows, join in another piece of orange and k 2 rows garter st cast off, this is the pocket. Now with left hand needle pick up the backs of the sts at bottom of pocket—and k in brown to the last 12 sts and repeat from \*—and k to end of row. Continue knitting as previous to this row until there are 46 rows in brown ending with a purl row. Now k 10, cast off 17 for shoulder k 16 for back of neck, cast off 17 for other shoulder, k remaining 6 sts. Purl along these 32 sts keeping the 4 end sts in the colors, break off brown yarn. Knit 1 row, p 1 row in orange, k 1 row, p 1 row in green, cast off loosely. Sew pockets in position, darning in all ends neatly, oversew shoulders on wrong side and stuff, do not sew, and stuff, then oversew along the bottom and sew legs in position.

#### Arms

Cast on 22 sts in brown, k 16 rows then decrease as follows, k 1, k 2 tog, k to last 3 sts, k 2 tog, k 1. Decrease thus in every 4th row until there are 16 sts. Join in orange yarn and p 1 row, k 1 row. Join in green yarn and p 1 row, k 1 row. Break off the colored yarns, pick up the brown yarn and work 7 rows, then k 7, cast off 2, k 7. The cast-off sts are for thumb. Knit 6 rows, then p 2 tog, p 4, p 2 tog, p 4, p 2 tog. Cast off. Oversew on wrong side and stuff, leaving the hands fairly flat, the fingers and thumbs are marked off by orange yarn. Oversew along top and sew in position on body. Make another arm in the same manner.

#### Head

Starting at the back of head cast on 16 sts in brown yarn, k 4 rows garter st, k 4 rows stockinette st. Increase in next row by knitting into front and back of first and last st, p 1 row even, repeat these 2 rows

until there are 26 sts on needle, ending with an increase row. The locks are knitted as follows. \*\*Insert needle as if to knit in first st, wind yarn around forefinger 3 times, bring yarn over and under st on needle, but do not slip it off. Now insert needle left to right under these 3 loops on forefinger, yarn over and under all 3 loops. Still retaining loops on forefinger, with left needle lift the first st over the second st on right needle, then k into back of original st on left needle slipping it off, also the loops on forefinger. Repeat from \*\* for entire row. Next row p 2 tog for entire row. Repeat these 2 rows 7 times more making 8 rows of loop st, ending with a purl row. Now decrease in next and every other row by knitting the first 2 sts tog, and last 2 sts tog, still continuing with the loop st. Next row p 2 tog twice, slip first st over second. Purl 2 tog to end of row, slip 2nd last st over last st. Continue decreasing thus until there are 16 double sts ending with a loop st row. Now k 2 sts tog for entire row, making 16 sts. Now k in stockinette st beginning with a purl row. Increase on right side in first and last st, keeping the purl rows even until there are 24 sts, ending with a purl row. Next row k 11, increase in 2 centre sts k 11. Purl 1 row even, then k 11, increase, k 2, increase, k 11. Now p 17 sts turn, sl 1, k 5, turn, sl 1, p to end of row. Now k 12, cast off 4 sts (for nose) k 12, p 1 row even. Now decrease on right side of fabric by k 2 tog, beginning and end of row, purling the wrong side even until there are 18 sts left. K 4 rows stockinette st, then p 7. Purl 2 tog twice, p 7. Knit 4 rows garter st, cast off. Sew front and back of head tog, this is easier done on the right side of fabric as the back has to be pulled in a little at the loop st rows. Stuff the head (but do not oversew along bottom), embroider eyes in orange with green pupils, and mouth in orange, sew the cast-off sts at nose in position. Now place the head inside the body with the top of collar coming to the fourth row of garter st at neck and sew around neck.

## What I Have Done for Constipated Babies and Children

By Robt. G. Jackson, M.D.

**N**ATURE has no intention that babies and children shall be constipated. She has provided them with an intestinal mechanism which, if given proper food, will make constipation impossible.



From a photograph of Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., at 75. After eighteen years of increasing decrepitude, Dr. Jackson at 50 was given only four months to live by the great Sir Wm. Osler. By natural living habits and the use of alkaline foods, Dr. Jackson is today, at 75, able to do anything the average healthy man in his early thirties can do.

Practically all bottle fed babies are, more or less, constipated—some obstinately constipated and many breast fed also, the latter because the mothers do not feed themselves properly. In neither case are the mineral elements, that act upon the nerves and muscles forming the intestine, present in the foods, and this marvellous mechanism lies dormant and thus from lack of exercise weakens and soon loses power to perform its function of emptying the bowel waste. This is constipation. Then drug laxatives are given which breed chronic constipation.

What I have done is to provide a food rich in the mineral elements that build and stimulate the nerves that set into action the muscles forming the bowel wall. The nerves are thus vigorous in their action and set up the same kind of vigorous action in the intestinal muscles.

But there is little benefit in setting up this vigorous muscular activity if the baby's foods provide no waste material for the muscles to act upon. The food I have devised supplies plenty of non-fermentable, non-decomposing waste in the form of cellulose, which gives the muscles something to get hold of when the nerve impulses tell them to get busy. And they do get busy and push and press the cellulose waste along the intestinal canal, passing it out at frequent intervals, along with other waste that would remain long unevacuated, decomposing, irritating the tender little bowel and poisoning the baby. The name of this baby food is "Lishus" which is as delicious as it is beneficial.

The mineral matters and the fibrous, non-digestible waste matter are both supplied by rice polishings, which are almost as fine as flour and cannot irritate the most tender bowel lining of the most delicate baby. "Lishus" will quickly transform a delicate baby into a robust one.

Rice polishings contain a slightly bitter principle of great value as a stomach and bowel tonic but this bitterness is not readily evident to taste, except upon prolonged chewing and is eliminated entirely by the addition of a little sweetening, preferably honey or brown sugar.

Lishus also is rich in alkaline flax-oil, a bland and healing substance that is as nutritious as eggs, yet aids in overcoming constipation by preventing the drying out of the food waste and by lubricating the intestinal wall.

Feed Lishus at any age that your physician orders cereals. If the baby is constipated, physicians usually prescribe one heaping teaspoonful of Lishus porridge both forenoon and afternoon at the 5th month and gradually increase to one full meal or, if needed to overcome constipation, two meals in the day.

Send for list of alkali-forming foods and booklet "HOW TO KEEP WELL" to Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., 516 Vine Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

*Robt. G. Jackson M.D.*





**A well-shaped head •  
a fine full chest •  
strong back •  
straight legs •  
sound, even teeth •**

**BOTTLED SUNSHINE  
helped to build them**

This boy's mother knows that in winter, outdoor sunshine cannot supply enough of the essential bone and tooth-building factor—Vitamin D. So she takes no chances. Regularly, every day, she makes sure her boy gets *Bottled Sunshine*—Squibb guaranteed cod-liver oil.

Squibb cod-liver oil provides the abundance of Vitamin D that every child needs to build sound bones and teeth and, in addition, is a rich source of Vitamin A which is essential to growth and good resistance. *Because its richness in Vitamin D and A is guaranteed*, Squibb cod-liver oil has become the standard with many wise mothers. And it is economical, also. A smaller dose of Squibb's supplies as much of both vitamins as a larger dose of inferior oils.

If your child is growing fast, give him Squibb "10-D" Cod-liver Oil. Often advised by doctors, it is specially rich in the bone and tooth-building factor, containing ten times as much Vitamin D as standard cod-liver oil.

The Older Children should have Squibb Mint-Flavored Cod-liver Oil given them every day. Pleasantly flavored it is invaluable in building up resistance.

**FREE:** Write today for free booklet, "Why Every Baby Needs Bottled Sunshine" to E. R. Squibb & Sons of Canada, Ltd., 36 Caledonia Road, Toronto.

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COD-LIVER OIL**  
PLAIN OR MINT-FLAVORED

Produced and guaranteed by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.



## Chatelaine's Baby Clinic

Conducted by J. W. S. McCullough, M.D., D.P.H.

**I**N THE FIRST year of life, milk and cereals form the major diet of the infant, preferably as breast milk for the first nine months, and supplemented by pasteurized or boiled milk, and cereals. From the first to the fifth year, growth is rapid and the child needs a food supply which will maintain the growth and provide him with warmth and energy. He gains in this period about five pounds a year in weight, and from 1 1/4 to 1 3/4 inches in height.

**Children overfed:** Most children in this period are overfed; they eat between meals and are often given unsuitable articles of food.

**Dining with adults:** Children should never be fed with adults until they are ready for adult diet. The fragrant dishes of the table are so tempting that the child is led into bad habits and is likely to receive tastes of unsuitable foods.

**Appetite:** The well, vigorous child is a hungry child. Nearly every child may be made thoroughly hungry three times a day by giving him suitable food at regular intervals. Unsuitable food at mealtimes, with sweets and pastries and particularly "piecing" between meals, are the greatest causes of loss of appetite and disordered stomach in young children.

**Excessive Milk Drinking:** Some children in the second year literally live on milk. More than milk is needed at this age. The growing child requires sufficient protein, carbohydrate, fat, minerals, vitamins, water and laxative foods. Protein is necessary for growth of the tissues of the body, carbohydrate (sugars and starches) and fat for energy, calcium and phosphorus for the growth of teeth and bones, while iron plays an important part in the quality of the blood. The vitamins are essential to health and growth, laxatives stimulate regular excretion, and water is required to replace the daily loss from the body and aids in digestion of food.

**Food Habits:** The child must not be allowed his own way with foods. Likes and dislikes of food are largely a matter of education. He must be taught to eat whatever is good for him, and not just what he likes to have. Hunger is a good sauce and if the child will not eat the food placed before him, it is a good plan to remove it and let him

wait for the next meal, and be firm in this.

**Poor Appetite:** A child with a poor appetite should be treated as though he were ill. He is undressed and put to bed. He is allowed to drink plenty of water. For the first day he is given four ounces of chicken or mutton broth every three hours; on the second day, six to eight ounces of the broth every three hours; on the third day he is usually ravenously hungry, and is then given three or four good meals in which are included articles for which he had a dislike. It is surprising how these despised articles are appreciated by the hungry child. If, as is usual, the mother cannot be depended on to carry out this seemingly heartless treatment, it must be entrusted to some reliable person or nurse. A change of nurse and change of diet are good for any child.

**If the child won't eat:** Give only small quantities of food the first time, gradually increasing the amount. Get other members of the family to speak enthusiastically about the foods set before them. The young child is a great "imitator." Praise the child when he eats well, but do not emphasize his failures. Be patient and firm with him.

Show him that you expect him to eat what is placed before him.

Deprive him of dessert or some food of which he is very fond if he does not eat the rest of the meal. Be firm but not cross with him. Do not allow him to change your mind.

If a child spits out or vomits his food at will, give him a small amount, and if he spits it out or vomits, give him more; keep at it until he keeps the food down. When he learns that you know his trick, he will stop.

**Illustration is a good plan.** Show pictures and tell stories of children who eat well. Sometimes the excitement of play interferes with eating. A half-hour of rest before a meal time is a great help in such cases.

**Varieties of Food:** Milk, eggs, cereals, vegetables and fruits in sufficient amounts will provide the necessary requirements in the early years of the child's life. Thus, one quart of milk daily will provide protein, the necessary calcium and phosphorus and some of the vitamins. One egg a day, either alone or with some other food, provides protein for the promotion of growth. The egg is also valuable because of the iron and vitamins in the yolk.

A small amount of liver, kidney, sweet-

## Proved best for CHILDREN'S COLDS



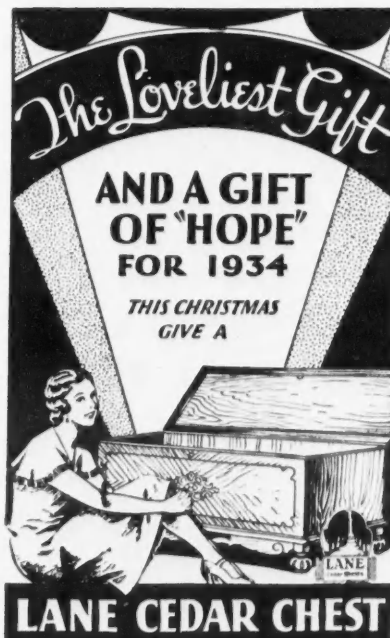
Family colds worry every mother. Colds cost money. Colds may lead to more serious illness.

So wise mothers don't gamble with cold-troubles. They turn to the tested, reliable method—the proven method. That's why each year more and more mothers treat colds with Vicks VapoRub—they know it's dependable.

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# *Housekeeping*

CHATELAINE'S DEPARTMENT OF HOME MANAGEMENT



Conducted by THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

Helen G. Campbell, *Director*





## "I'M GLAD THE DOCTOR TOLD MOM ABOUT LIBBY'S"

Certainly, it's *flavour* that captivates the many thousands of admirers of Libby's Tomato Juice. Its smooth, *true-tomato* richness . . . matching the appetizing, natural colour!

But today doctors are recommending Libby's Tomato Juice increasingly for other important reasons!

It has been found that the exclusive Libby's gentle press method protects vitamins as well as flavour. So that Libby's Tomato Juice definitely gives a fuller count of the essential vitamins A, B, and C.

Then, too, gentle press extracts only the sweet,

flavoursome part of the juice. None of the bitterness from skins or seeds. Therefore no spices are added to Libby's . . . nothing to detract from the healthful alkaline properties which nature puts in tomatoes.

It will pay you to specify Libby's Gentle Press Tomato Juice at your

dealers. Everybody enjoys its sparkling, fresh-tomato flavour. It gives fullest measure in health values for all the family. Yet it costs only a few cents per can! Made from choicest Canadian tomatoes by Libby, McNeill & Libby of Canada, Limited, Chatham, Ontario.

Unseasoned except for a little salt; doctors especially recommend it for babies



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the  
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**Libby's** gentle press  
**TOMATO JUICE**  
MADE IN CANADA FROM FINEST FULL-RIPE  
CANADIAN-GROWN TOMATOES

## That Music Exam!

(Continued from page 15)

showy nature and interpret progress by the number and difficulty of pieces learned. This is frequently the case whether the pupil tries examinations or not, and frequently the examination is the only means of bringing them to see reason.

Here we encounter the danger of regarding examinations as the sole criterion of progress, which I freely admit they are not. A good examination scheme is surprisingly comprehensive, but it cannot be all embracing; nor can it be so carefully graduated as to suit the needs of all pupils alike. It is not so long since music study outside large centres was practically confined to the study of a few pieces—the days of "Gottschalk" and the "Maiden's Prayer" are not so far behind us, after all—and even now the standard of music in many country districts might easily drop back to its original level were it not for the annual visit of an examiner. It is, indeed, precisely in such communities that examinations accomplish their best work: they have unquestionably the effect of leading students in a direction Mr. Hill would regard as desirable—at any rate, desirable in comparison to anything that obtained before they were instituted. Professional students, studying under masters of thorough musicianship and wide knowledge may or may not find examinations a help—in most cases they do, because systematic study is always a help—but the benefit to average pupils of average teachers is relatively much greater, provided always that the examination is regarded as a means and not an end, and that pupils are not unduly hurried through them. The same thing is true, to a certain extent, of competition festivals; professional students may gain valuable knowledge from a good adjudicator and valuable moral discipline from the experience of competing. But when all is said and done, the amateur benefits more, and the benefit is never greater than when, after coming at the bottom of the list, he resolves to try again.

"Music education in Canada," Mr. Hill tell us, "will have to be carried on, not for the purpose of preparing pupils to pass examinations but for the purpose of training pupils to perform music within their capabilities in an intelligent and musical manner."

Since when have the two been incompatible? Mr. Hill seems to think that by eliminating some part—we are not told how much—of the study of "the mechanics of music," the average young student will be free for "self-expression." This term "self-expression" recurs frequently in Mr. Hill's article and one regrets that he has not undertaken to define it. Free and unhampered self-expression may result either in noises as ugly as those of a baby pounding on a keyboard, or as beautiful as those of a nightingale singing in the trees; but it is not art. It becomes art only when it is controlled, and I have never yet heard of a musician, amateur or professional, who achieved any great freedom of self-expression without disciplining himself to some extent through a mastery of these same mechanics.

If some teachers and some pupils put mechanics above self-expression it is probably for one of two reasons: a poor teacher and pupil do so because they have nothing to express, and a good teacher and pupil, because at certain stages only a conquest of the mechanics will free the student for more extended "self-expression." But is not "self-expression" as applied to a performer a misleading term? A musician should aim in performance, not at expressing himself, which is liable to result only in a prima-

donna-like vanity, but to expressing Beethoven, Chopin, Bach, Debussy, Ravel or George Gershwin. As Gilbert Chesterton once said, a man does not obtain spiritual nourishment by sucking his soul any more than a baby obtains bodily nourishment by sucking its thumb. However, let us assume for the nonce that the term "self-expression" includes all that is desirable or desired.

A good example of unrestricted self-expression is furnished by the many would-be composers who write what they fondly imagine to be original music without having studied "the mechanics." I am, of course, heartily in favor of having anyone who so wishes, try to write music, and of implanting in a young child's mind the idea of "making up tunes" as a game and not as a "stunt." But I have never known anything really original to emanate from a self-inspired but undisciplined composer. This would not matter if the composer aimed merely at self-expression, but he rarely does: he nearly always wants his effusions published. If he is sufficiently well-off he can get some needy, well-trained musician to put his "works" in shape for him and some publisher to print it at his expense. He wants an audience—and so, generally, does the performer, even if it is only a small one. If he wants an audience he should have some respect for the audience's feelings.

In whatever direction a student of music turns, he finds that true self-expression is possible only in proportion to his mastery of the "mechanics." True, an exclusive attention to mechanics may tend to kill vitality. This happens when the teacher is pedantic or the student's "inner urge" is weak—or both; and it will happen whether the student prepares for examinations or not. But a real effort is essential, and no arbitrary limit can be set to that effort.

Is a student who follows an examination curriculum restricted *ipso facto* to a greater extent than one who does not? Much depends on whether he regards the requirements as barriers or as opportunities. Mr. Hill has evidently an enticing picture of the amateur pianist who, without a brilliant technique, reads simple music at sight, plays a good accompaniment, takes part in chamber music ensembles and makes pleasant music in the home, as long as it is not in the key of C sharp minor. (This limitation would exclude the so-called "Moonlight" Sonata, which is still the ambition of all romantic maidens, and the composition popularly known as "Prelude" which Serge Rachmaninoff inadvertently wrote in that key).

No one would question the desirability of our raising a host of such paragons. They would put many a professional organist to shame by playing hymn tunes accurately. Evidently a good deal of this ability hinges on sight-reading, and I join Mr. Hill in deploring the weakness in sight-reading exhibited by many a diploma-holder. Nowadays such weakness is liable to result in the diploma being withheld. But I have no hesitation in claiming that examinations have raised and not lowered the general standard of sight-reading. Especially is this the case with singers. Nothing on earth, apparently, except the fear of losing marks, will induce the average singer—at any rate in Canada—to study sight-singing seriously. The old idea, among singers and instrumentalists alike, was merely to learn pieces, parrot-fashion; admittedly that idea dies hard. Teachers who know better often have to comply with parents' and students' wishes in this respect because their bread and butter depend on their doing so. But teachers preparing for examinations are at least able to point out the various musical tests, including sight-reading, to which a pupil must submit, and the charm works at least more effectively than it otherwise would. By all means let us stress sight-reading and accompaniment more and more. I wonder if this will of itself encourage girls, who under present conditions drop music after their marriage, to continue? Music is, after all, no different to

Continued on page 62

# The BEDROOM

Suggestions from the Chatelaine Institute

THE furnishings for these four bedrooms were selected by the Chatelaine Institute in co-operation with Eaton's-College Street. They were chosen to make an attractive, harmonious ensemble—furniture, wall paper, rugs, draperies and accessories in keeping with the general theme. Particulars of color and design are given in the detailed description of each room.

Furnishings—Courtesy Eaton's-College Street.

## In Colonial Maple

Wall paper — diamond outlines with neat medallion in the centre.  
 Floors—plain broadloom by Toronto Carpet Co. Small homespun rug in quaint pattern and harmonizing colors.  
 Draperies—all-over conventionalized floral pattern by Sundour. Cheerful color combination on a beige ground.  
 Glass curtains—deep cream Celanese.  
 Lamp—maple base and amber knobby glass bowl. Plain shade in deep écru.  
 Picture—old-fashioned flower print with black mat.  
 Bed, table and other pieces in the suite—Malcolm Colonial design in maple with warm amber finish.  
 Candlewick bedspread—unbleached cotton tufted with woodland brown.

## A Studio Couch Setting

(Isn't this an interesting color combination—green walls blue floor, deep blue lounge and touches of red in the decorations?)  
 Walls—plain Sunworthy paper in light soft green.  
 Floors—soft blue broadloom from Toronto Carpet Co. Small rug with light tones in conventional design.  
 Draperies—beige and grey with red line.  
 Glass curtains—light beige Celanese.  
 Cushion—homespun linen—white and black.  
 Lounge or studio couch by Simmons—deep blue velvet.  
 End table—Simmons black metal.  
 Lamp—white bowl, white Celon shade.  
 Shelf—edges painted lacquer red.  
 Ornaments—vermillion, deep blue, light green.



## Art Moderne Treatment

Wall paper—light ground Sunworthy, with faint stripes in pastel shades.  
 Floors—plain broadloom from Toronto Carpet Co. All-over carpet. Small rug with two tones of brown and warm grey in modern design on a deep beige background.  
 Draperies—Blue and terra cotta with white outline against a fawn colored ground.  
 For cushions or slip covers—Slub repp Sundour with indistinct stripes in gay colors.  
 Glass curtains—deep buff or coffee-colored Celanese.  
 Lamp—oyster-white base with terra cotta handling. Celon lampshade in white.  
 Picture—fresh modern treatment—grey and rose on a light buff background.  
 Bed and night table—from the new Simmons Century of Progress Suite. Grey hair-wood finish, chrome metal trim.

[Continued on page 64]







The Institute presents a valuable reference list with this article, on the amounts of food necessary for 25, 50 or 100 people

# Large Scale Hospitality

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL,  
Director, the Chatelaine Institute

I'VE EATEN special dishes in many countries, occasionally sat down to banquets with the great or the near-great, but I've never tasted anything better than the fowl suppers at a little church I used to attend. They were famous—those suppers—not because there were any frills about them, but because the food was good and served without a hitch.

Good food is still the drawing card at an affair of this sort, so if you have anything to do with entertaining a crowd—your club or church, or a group of your less fortunate neighbors—hold out for a plain wholesome meal which can be managed easily. Better the simplest dinner, perfectly cooked and served, than a fussy elaborate menu and harassed perspiring volunteers.

A well-laid plan is important if the dinner is to run smoothly. There should be a general manager or chairman—someone with a flair for organization and a genius for taking pains; someone who can choose the right people to head the various committees and keep everybody happy.

Then, with that matter settled, the chairman and her assistants decide on the menu. Do be practical and hard-headed about this, for there is often a temptation to be too ambitious unless you consider all the points of cost and preparation and service. What type of meal is it to be—an evening dinner, a light luncheon or supper? What about equipment? Will it look after the cooking of the whole meal, or should you plan something which can be prepared

by committee members at home and carried safely to the church or hall? Stoves, utensils and working space must be taken into account in making these arrangements, as well as facilities for keeping foods hot and for serving them. Think of the season; one enjoys a cold meal on a warm summer evening but it's the more substantial dishes which make the biggest hit when there is a nip in the air.

If it's a ladies' luncheon, you'll want lighter dishes than if the men folk are invited for dinner, but even so, unless you expect quite a small group you had better keep the affair fairly simple. Avoid dishes that demand last minute attention or there will be weeping back stage and disappointment in the dining room. It's all right to have something a little novel but not too much so. As a rule people like soups they know and dishes they are accustomed to, so don't try out your "new combinations" here. Even so the menu need not be hackneyed if you strike a happy medium between the "same old thing" and the too unusual.

And, of course, you will have to think of the cost and do a little accurate figuring to know where you stand and to keep within your budget. Paper and pencil are as important at this stage as pots and pans will be later. With the menu before you and a good idea of the number of guests, estimate the amount of food required. The total is simply an individual serving multiplied so many times, but don't forget to count in the volunteers who serve in the kitchen and dining room. It gives a comfortable feeling to be pre-

pared for emergencies—more guests or small accidents. So add a few extras in the way of canned soups and vegetables, tomato juice, salad dressing, canned milk, meat, fish or whatever your menu includes. Many clubs follow the plan of keeping an emergency shelf well stocked with ready-to-serve foods for occasions when the best-laid plans have gone "agley." If this is merely an annual occasion, arrangements may be made for returning any unopened containers and it is better to be safe than sorry.

Individual portions of various foods may vary according to the service or the place in your particular meal. For instance, one-third cupful of tomato cocktail is about right when served in small glasses, but it looks a little "skimpy" if you are using a larger size for the purpose; better allow one-half cupful in that case. Soup served in cups runs about two-thirds cupful per person but when served in soup plates or bowls, one cupful. However, if a chowder, an oyster stew or great steaming bowls of split pea soup is the main dish, you may need as much as two cupfuls for each serving. Creamed vegetable is usually reckoned by one-half cupful of diced vegetable and with this enough white sauce to cover—about three tablespoonfuls. For salad, count one-half cupful for each person. Or if it is to be the main dish, you may be a little more generous allowing about two-thirds of a cupful. Most desserts too may be reckoned as one-half cupful to a serving—fruit cups, stewed fruits and lighter puddings. Pies cut into six pieces [Continued on page 56]



# Sound Advice from the Home Service Bureau

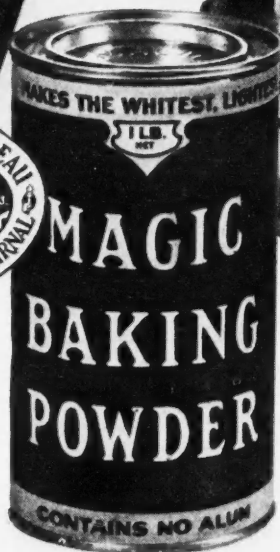
AN INTERVIEW IN THE TESTING KITCHEN OF  
THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

CAN POOR QUALITY  
BAKING POWDER  
REALLY RUIN A CAKE?

IT NEVER PAYS TO TAKE  
CHANCES WITH DOUBTFUL  
BAKING POWDER. BUY THE  
BEST. WE USE AND APPROVE  
MAGIC.



MADE IN  
CANADA



"CONTAINS NO ALUM." This statement on every tin is your guarantee that Magic Baking Powder is free from alum or any harmful ingredient.

## THREE-FRUIT CAKE

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1/2 cup butter                                 | 4 tablespoons crushed banana                        |
| 1 cup granulated sugar                         | 2 tablespoons grated orange rind (yellow part only) |
| 2 eggs   | 4 tablespoons orange pulp                           |
| 2 cups pastry flour, or 1 3/4 cups bread flour | 1 cup seedless raisins (put through chopper)        |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt                              | 1/2 cup milk  |
| 3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder                | 1/2 teaspoon vanilla                                |

Cream butter thoroughly, gradually adding sugar; add beaten eggs, and continue beating until the mixture is very light. Sift flour once, measure, add Magic Baking Powder and salt; sift together twice. Add one-quarter dry ingredients to butter mixture, then the fruit,

then remaining dry ingredients and milk alternately. Add vanilla. Turn into greased and floured two-layer pans. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 25 to 30 minutes.

## EASY FROSTING

3 tablespoons butter 2 cups sifted icing sugar  
3 tablespoons milk 1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter until light and fluffy; add sifted icing sugar and milk alternately, beating well until the icing is light and of a nice consistency to spread. Add vanilla. Almonds, blanched and chopped, then browned in the oven, may be sprinkled over icing, if desired.

**E**XPERTS ON THE STAFF of this famous kitchen laboratory have the fine points of successful baking right at their finger tips.

"When selecting ingredients for my recipes," says Miss Ann Adam, the Journal's popular writer of articles on foods and cookery, "I insist on three essentials—economy, health value and successful performance. Magic Baking Powder meets them all. I use and approve Magic because it is pure and free from harmful ingredients; and because experience has taught me it is absolutely dependable."

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Dominion emphasize the importance of good materials for good baking. They use and recommend Magic Baking Powder exclusively—like Miss Adam they know its high quality never varies.

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by M. FRANCES  
HUCKS

# It's CHICKEN!



**S**O STUFF HIM and roast him and serve him forth." I do not know who originated the phrase, but isn't it apt? It sounds so lordly and generous and so genially hospitable.

And even if you came upon it, quite alone without title or illustration, you would just know that it referred to some kind of poultry.

In this case it's chicken; and although our quotation suggests only one method of preparing it for the table, chicken is "good eating" from the time it is a sprightly little broiler until the day when the stewpot restores to it the lost tenderness of earlier days.

Thanks to cold storage, chicken on the menu is a year-round possibility, at least when you are within reach of the city markets. But even so, the best quality and lowest price are obtained during the season when it is most abundant. That's why we want to talk about it now, when frying and roasting chickens are at their best.

Until you gain a little experience in buying poultry, it is well to depend on the knowledge and assistance of an intelligent market man. After all, there are chickens and chickens, and it takes a while to learn to recognize the signs of quality.

When you buy one graded according to official Government standards there is no guesswork about it. Each bird bears a tag or medallion which tells you the quality, and for your convenience these are in different colors with the grade clearly marked. There are two classes "milk fed" and "selected."

To comply with the requirements of the former class, the bird must have fine soft-textured skin and flesh and a white color in the fat—indications that it has been specially fed in a crate for a period long enough to soften the muscles. Chickens in the "selected" class are not required to show the white color in the fat or other evidence of milk feeding in general.

The grades in each class, from "special" which indicates a commercially perfect specimen, down through A, B and C grades, signify the varying degrees of quality in flesh, fat and finish. It is easy to familiarize yourself with the various medallions, then order by grade and you are sure of getting the quality you wish for different culinary purposes.

The finest quality is found in the milk-fed bird, which is an excellent choice for roasting and serving either hot or cold, for use in dainty salads or in sandwiches. For other methods of cooking the selected class is sometimes preferred, and, of course, good birds of this class make excellent roasters as well.

Signs of quality in dressed poultry are easily recognized by the experienced careful buyer. They include bright, full eyes, limber feet that are soft and moist, a plump, moderately firm body with the fat well distributed and a clear smooth skin. Select a bird with no food in the crop, since disintegration of the grain has a tendency to discolor the flesh.

Age can be judged fairly accurately by the condition of the breast bone, the feet and the claws. A very young bird has a flexible breast bone, soft smooth feet and claws that are short and sharp. As the bird grows older, the breast bone becomes brittle, the feet hardened and less smooth and the claws longer and less sharp. A very old bird has a hard, tough breast bone, quite hard and rough feet and large, blunt claws.

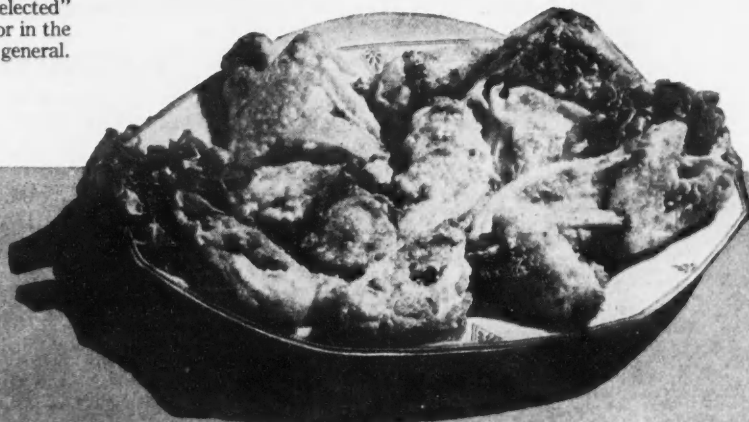
Young chickens or broilers should weigh from one to two or two and one quarter pounds, frying chickens from two and one quarter to three and one half pounds and roasters three and one half pounds up. A broiler may be purchased all ready split and cleaned, or it may be prepared at home

by splitting down the middle of the back with a strong knife or a pair of scissors and removing all the parts that are not edible. To prepare a chicken for frying, it is drawn, the hairs and pin feathers removed, the head and feet removed, the oil sac cut out, and it is cut into pieces of suitable size for serving. Often the butcher or the market man will do this for you. The same preparation is necessary for a stewing fowl and, with the exception of cutting it into pieces, the same procedure is followed in preparing a chicken for roasting.

In every case the bird should be thoroughly cleaned, all the loose bits removed from the body cavity and water allowed to run through it to clean the inside, the skin rubbed with a weak baking soda solution and rinsed with clear water.

Two other processes, preliminary to cooking, are customary when the chicken is to be roasted—stuffing and trussing. Neither of these is essential, but a savory stuffing is delicious with roasted poultry and a trussed bird is more attractive to serve and easier to carve. Put a small amount of stuffing in the neck cavity and fill the body cavity about two thirds full of any desired stuffing, then with coarse thread and a needle sew up the openings.

Trussing may be done with skewers or with string. Turn the pinions of the wing under so they will cross the back, then with the chicken on its back, press the wings well down and run a skewer through the wing joint, the skin and flesh of the back and out through the other wing joint. Hold the thighs close to the body and insert another skewer under the middle joint of the thigh, through the body [Continued on page 55]



Smothered Chicken  
Blanketed Chicken  
Chicken (Country Style)  
Chicken Loaf  
Chicken Croquettes

Jellied Chicken  
Baked Virginia Chicken  
Mock Terrapin  
Chicken à la Maryland  
Chicken Salad

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see page 70

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# PARIS-PATÉ

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## It's Chicken!

(Continued from page 52)

and out under the middle joint of the other thigh. A good way to secure the legs is to tie them together with string and fasten the string to the tail. All skewers, string and threads are removed, of course, before serving.

There are many delicious ways to serve chicken and in each case the actual cooking is comparatively simple. To broil, lay the prepared pieces, skin side down, on a greased broiler rack and brush with melted butter to which a few drops of lemon juice have been added. Place the rack in the broiling oven so that the meat is about one inch from the electric unit or about two inches from a gas flame. Sear the surface, then reduce the heat and broil, with the broiler door open, for about fifteen minutes. Turn the chicken and cook on the other side in the same way, having the rack a little farther from the heat as the skin browns easily. Cook five to fifteen minutes longer. Brush with butter and serve. Sometimes a broiler is cooked by a combination of broiling and baking—sear and partly cook below the open heat, then finish in a hot oven—400 to 425 degrees Fahrenheit. Twenty to thirty minutes is the total time required.

If it is more convenient, cook the chicken entirely in the oven. Dip the pieces in melted butter or other fat, and then in flour. Arrange the pieces in a single layer in a shallow pan, having the skin side up. Bake uncovered, until the surface begins to brown, then turn each piece and add about one-half cupful of water. Cover the pan and bake in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahrenheit—until tender—about forty-five to fifty minutes. If an older fowl is used, instead of a broiling chicken, it should be simmered for one hour before dipping the pieces and preparing for baking.

Fried chicken is always a favorite dish. Cut into pieces suitable for serving and roll in flour to which salt and pepper have been added. Heat a frying pan, add about one-half cupful of fat, and when melted, brown the chicken on all sides in this. Reduce the heat and pour about one-quarter cupful of water in the pan, then cover closely and cook the meat slowly for thirty minutes or until tender. Remove to a serving platter and make a gravy with the fat in the pan, using milk instead of water for the liquid. When older birds are used, they should be first cooked in water until almost tender.

A chicken prepared for roasting may be sprinkled with flour or made especially good by rubbing with a paste of fat and flour. Lay strips of bacon over the surface and then place in a hot oven—475 to 500 degrees Fahrenheit—for ten to fifteen minutes. Lower the temperature to 375 degrees, cover the roasting pan and cook until tender, allowing twenty to twenty-five minutes to the pound. Serve with well-seasoned gravy.

The following recipes offer additional suggestions for serving. These include dishes in which left-over or canned chicken can be used to advantage.

### Smothered Chicken

Cut a chicken into individual servings, roll in seasoned flour and brown in hot fat in a frying pan. Arrange the pieces in a casserole. Add one cupful of water to the remaining fat in the pan, then pour this over the chicken and add one cupful of rich milk or thin cream. Cover and cook in a moderate oven 350 degrees Fahrenheit for forty-five minutes.

### Blanketed Chicken

Prepare two broilers by splitting as directed. Place in a large shallow baking pan

Continued on page 69



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# Meals of the Month

## Thirty Menus for November



<b>1 BREAKFAST</b> Sliced Bananas Cereal Bacon Marmalade Toast Cocoa Coffee	<b>LUNCHEON or SUPPER</b> Cream of Corn Soup Stuffed Tomato Salad Pumpkin Tarts Tea Cocoa	<b>DINNER</b> Roast of Veal Browned Potatoes Buttered Carrots Raisin Cup Cakes Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea	<b>16 BREAKFAST</b> Orange Halves Cereal Jam Toast Cocoa Coffee	<b>LUNCHEON or SUPPER</b> Frankfurters Pan-fried Potatoes Canned Fruit Plain Cake Tea Cocoa	<b>DINNER</b> Vegetable Soup Wing Steaks Mashed Potatoes Turnips Coconut Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
<b>2</b> Melon Milk Toast Bran Muffins Jelly Coffee Cocoa	Cold Roast Veal Potato Cakes Mixed Pickles Canned Pears Ginger Cookies Tea Cocoa	Baked Pork Chops Scalloped Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Fruit Jelly Custard Sauce Coffee Tea	<b>17 (Friday)</b> Prunes with Lemon Pancakes with Maple Syrup Coffee Cocoa	Cream of Celery Soup Saltines Pear and Cheese Salad Sweet Rolls Tea Cocoa	Smoked Fillets of Haddie baked in Milk Potato Puff Canned Peas Diced Fruits in Lime Jelly Whipped Cream Coffee Tea
<b>3 (Friday)</b> Tomato Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Cocoa Coffee	Grilled Sardines on Toast with Lemon Mixed Fruit Salad Nut Bread Tea Cocoa	Baked Halibut Celery Sauce Parsley Potatoes Canned Spinach Deep Apple Pie Coffee Tea	<b>18</b> Tomato Juice Cereal Honey Scones Cocoa Coffee	Baked Beans Head Lettuce Salad Ice Cream Cake Cocoa Tea	Stewed Chicken Dumplings Buttered Asparagus Baked Apples with Marshmallows Coffee Tea
<b>4</b> Stewed Prunes Cereal Jam Toast Cocoa Coffee	Scalloped Halibut (left over) Lettuce Salad Hot Biscuits Honey Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Minute Steak Mashed Potatoes Turnips Blanc Mange with Chopped Toasted Almonds Coffee Tea	<b>19 (Sunday)</b> Half Grapefruit Cheese Omelet Toast Jelly Coffee Cocoa	Chicken and Celery Salad Brown Bread Orange Cream Cake Hot Chocolate Tea	Bouillon Roast of Beef Mashed Potatoes Buttered Parsnips Creamy Rice Mold Butterscotch Sauce Coffee Tea
<b>5 (Sunday)</b> Half Grapefruit Cereal Fried Ham and Eggs Toast Cocoa Coffee	Oyster Stew Hot Rolls Pineapple, Celery and Nut Salad Individual Sponge Cakes Tea Cocoa	Smothered Chicken Potato Puff Green Beans (canned) Ice Cream with Cherry Sauce Fancy Cookies Coffee Tea	<b>20</b> Cereal with Raisins Stewed Fruit Toast Cocoa Coffee	Broth with Barley Toasted Bacon Sandwiches Canned Berries Tea Cocoa	Cold Roast Beef Mustard Pickles Baked Potatoes Diced Beets Chocolate Nut Blanc Mange Coffee Tea
<b>6</b> Oranges Bread and Hot Milk Toasted Rolls Jam Coffee Cocoa	Barley Broth Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Dill Pickles Canned Raspberries Tea Cocoa	Liver and Onions Creamed Potatoes Diced Beets Banana Shortcake Coffee Tea	<b>21</b> Orange Juice Cereal Whole Wheat Muffins Jam Cocoa Coffee	Baked Stuffed Onions (use left-over beef) Tomato Sauce Fruit Jelly Whip Custard Sauce Tea Cocoa	Baked Cottage Roll Riced Potatoes Canned Corn Baked Pears in Maple Syrup Coffee Tea
<b>7</b> Stewed Apples Cereal Poached Eggs Toast Cocoa Coffee	Bacon Candied Sweet Potatoes Sliced Tomatoes Fresh Muffins Jelly Tea Cocoa	Consommé Pot Roast of Beef Boiled Potatoes Squash Raspberry Trifle Coffee Tea	<b>22</b> Sliced Bananas Cereal Jam Toast Cocoa Coffee	Cold Cottage Roll Potato Salad Hot Gingerbread Whipped Cream Tea Cocoa	Loin Lamb Chops Scalloped Potatoes Spinach Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee Tea
<b>8</b> Tomato Juice French Toast Maple Syrup Coffee Cocoa	Cold Meat Pan-fried Potatoes Sliced Oranges Raisin Buns Tea Cocoa	Shepherd's Pie Mustard Pickles Creamed Onions Raw Carrot Salad Gingerbread Marshmallow Sauce Coffee Tea	<b>23</b> Cereal with Dates Bacon Toast Jelly Coffee Cocoa	Cream of Onion Soup Croutons Large Butter Tarts Tea Cocoa	Meat Loaf Au Gratin Potatoes Buttered Carrots Indian Pudding Tart Sauce Coffee Tea
<b>9</b> Cereal with Chopped Dates Toast Marmalade Coffee Cocoa	Jellied Vegetable Salad Hard Brown Rolls Baked Cup Custards Tea Cocoa	Celery Soup Spare Ribs Mashed Potatoes Sauer Kraut Apple Betty Coffee Tea	<b>24 (Friday)</b> Tomato Juice Poached Eggs Toast Conserve Coffee Cocoa	Cabbage and Peanut Salad Brown Rolls Canned Fruit Wafers Tea Cocoa	Cream of Pea Soup Fried Oysters with Lemon Potato Chips Green Beans (canned) Steamed Ginger Pudding Sweet Sauce Coffee Tea
<b>10 (Friday)</b> Grapefruit Cereal Scrambled Eggs Toast Cocoa Coffee	Macaroni and Cheese Celery Canned Fruit Plain Cake Tea Cocoa	Steamed Codfish Parsley Sauce Boiled Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Pineapple Bavarian Cream Coffee Tea	<b>25</b> Sliced Oranges Cereal Bran Muffins Honey Coffee Cocoa	Cold Meat Loaf Raw Carrot and Onion Salad Plain Junket Tea Cocoa	Baked Stuffed Heart Creamed Potatoes Squash Baked Caramel Custard Coffee Tea
<b>11</b> Applesauce Codfish Balls Toast Jelly Coffee Cocoa	Bean Soup Crackers Cheese Banana and Coconut Salad Left-over Cake Tea Cocoa	Baked Ham Slice Sweet Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Lemon Foam Coffee Tea	<b>26 (Sunday)</b> Baked Apples Bacon Waffles Maple Syrup Coffee Cocoa	Assorted Sandwiches Pickles Olives Chocolate Ice Cream White Cake Tea Cocoa	Roast Duck Candied Sweet Potatoes Green Peas Chilled Orange Tapioca with Cream Coffee Tea
<b>12 (Sunday)</b> Orange Juice Cereal Bacon Toast Coffee Cocoa	Potato and Egg Salad Green and Ripe Olives Jellied Applesauce with Maraschino Cherries Nut Bars Tea Cocoa	Tomato Bouillon Rack of Lamb Mint Jelly Browned Potatoes Peas Pumpkin Pie, Whipped Cream Coffee Tea	<b>27</b> Grapefruit Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Cocoa	Potato Soup Crackers Cheese Baked Bananas Lemon Syrup Tea Cocoa	Irish Stew with Vegetables Steamed Rice Fruit Trifle Coffee Tea
<b>13</b> Sliced Bananas Cereal Jam Toast Cocoa Coffee	Creamed Salmon on Toast Canned Peaches Cookies Tea Cocoa	Oxtail Soup Lamb Croquettes Mashed Potatoes Buttered Onions Fruit Tapioca Coffee Tea	<b>28</b> Stewed Figs Bread and Milk Johnny Cake Syrup Coffee Cocoa	Creamed Salmon on Toast Head Lettuce Fruit Left-over Johnny Cake Tea Cocoa	Roast of Pork Franconia Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Cup Cakes Raisin Sauce Coffee Tea
<b>14</b> Stewed Apricots Cereal Plain Muffins Conserve Coffee Cocoa	Spinach and Poached Eggs Toasted Muffins Junket with Peach Sauce Tea Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets Riced Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Baked Date Pudding Foamy Sauce Coffee Tea	<b>29</b> Orange Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Cocoa Coffee	Corn Pudding Brown Bread Half Grapefruit Filled Cookies Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Cold Roast Pork Baked Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Apple Dumplings Coffee Tea
<b>15</b> Apples Bacon Curls Marmalade Toast Cocoa Coffee	Grilled Kidneys Curried Rice Fresh Fruit Cup Cookies Tea Cocoa	(Vegetable Plate) Baked Stuffed Potatoes Scalloped Lima Beans Shredded Cabbage Buttered Carrots Apricot Soufflé Coffee Tea	<b>30</b> Stewed Prunes Cereal Muffins Honey Coffee Cocoa	Cheese Toast and Bacon Dill Pickles Applesauce Ginger Cookies Tea Cocoa	Hamburger and Onions Brown Gravy Mashed Potatoes Fried Parsnips Cranberry and Banana Pie Coffee Tea

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month.

# INTERESTING RECIPES

Tested by the Chatelaine Institute

## Pears in Lime Jelly

- 1 Package of lime-flavored jelly powder
- 1 Pint of water
- 1 Cupful of thinly sliced ripe pears (well chilled)
- 1 Thinly sliced ripe banana

Dissolve the jelly powder in the water according to the directions on the package. Allow to cool and when it begins to thicken fold in the prepared fruits. Turn into a cold wet mold and chill until firm. Unmold and serve with a sauce made by mashing a banana with a little lemon juice, and folding into it one-half cupful of cream whipped and lightly sweetened. Six to eight servings.

## Orange Cream

- 5 Tablespoonfuls of corn-starch
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Cupful of orange juice
- 1 Cupful of boiling water
- 2 Egg yolks
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of sugar
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
- 2 Egg whites

Mix the cornstarch, the sugar and the salt with the orange juice in the top part of a double boiler. Gradually add the boiling water stirring to prevent lumping and cook over hot water for fifteen or twenty minutes or until there is no taste of raw starch. Stir frequently during the cooking. Beat the egg yolks with the one-half cupful of sugar and add the hot mixture gradually. Return to the double boiler and cook for one minute longer. Remove from the heat, add the lemon juice and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Set aside to chill and serve piled in sherbet glasses. Six servings.

## Glazed Parsnips

Wash as many parsnips as are required and cook whole in boiling water until tender. Remove the skins and cut in lengthwise slices about one-third inch thick, or in quarters lengthwise. Spread in a shallow baking pan and sprinkle with brown or white sugar. Dot with bits of butter and bake in a moderate oven 375 degrees Fahrenheit until nicely browned, (about twenty minutes) basting occasionally with the liquid in the pan.

## Fresh Plum Pudding

- 12 or 14 Red plums, halved and stoned
- 1 Cupful of sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of water
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of quick tapioca
- 2 Egg yolks
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of sugar
- 2 Egg whites
- $\frac{1}{8}$  Teaspoonful of sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Teaspoonful of cream of tartar
- 6 Tablespoonfuls of sifted flour

Place the halved plums, the sugar and the water in a casserole. Sprinkle with the quick tapioca and bake for twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven (over 350 degrees Fahrenheit). Beat the egg yolks until thick and light colored, add the sugar and beat until well mixed. Beat the egg whites with the salt until foamy, add the cream of tartar and continue beating until stiff but not dry. Fold the beaten yolks into the whites then add the flour gradually, folding in carefully.

Stir the plum mixture in the casserole thoroughly and pour the batter over it. Return to the oven (reduced to 325 degrees

Fahrenheit) and bake until the cake is done (about twenty-five minutes). Cool and serve chilled with whipped cream, eight servings.

## Tunafish Soufflé

- 1 Cupful of celery cut in small pieces
- 1 Cupful of boiling water
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of milk
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- Pepper
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of quick tapioca
- 3 Egg yolks
- 1 Cupful of flaked tunafish
- 3 Egg whites

Put the celery, boiling water, milk, seasonings and the tapioca in the top part of a double boiler and cook until the mixture thickens (about fifteen minutes) stirring frequently. Cool and add the egg yolks which have been beaten until thick and light colored. Add the flaked fish and combine thoroughly. Lastly, fold in the egg whites which have been stiffly beaten and turn into a greased baking dish. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) for forty-five to fifty minutes. Serve at once. Six servings.

## Veal Birds

- $1\frac{1}{2}$  Pounds of veal steak, half-inch thick
- 1 Cupful of soft bread crumbs
- 1 Tablespoonful of grated onion
- Salt and pepper to taste
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Teaspoonful of celery salt
- 1 Egg
- Melted fat

Pound the veal until quite thin and cut in three- to four-inch squares. Combine the trimmings, cut in small pieces, with the crumbs, onion, seasonings and slightly beaten egg. Add melted fat to make the dressing of the desired consistency and spread each square of meat with the mixture. Roll and tie or secure with tooth-picks. Dredge with flour mixed with salt and pepper and brown in melted fat in a pan. Add about two cupfuls of boiling water. Cover the pan closely and simmer until the meat is tender (about forty-five to fifty minutes). Add more flour mixed to a paste with a little cold water, to thicken the liquid in the pan if necessary and serve. Six servings. If desired the dish may be cooked in the oven at 325 degrees Fahrenheit.

## Melon Balls in Ginger Ale Jelly

- 1 Package of lemon-flavored jelly powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Cupful of bruised mint leaves
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of boiling water
- $1\frac{1}{4}$  Cupfuls of dry ginger ale
- Green food coloring
- 1 to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Cupfuls of melon balls (cantaloupe, water-melon or both)

Pour the boiling water over the bruised mint leaves, simmer gently for five minutes and strain. Add more boiling water if necessary to make up three-quarter cupfuls of liquid and add to the jelly powder. Stir until dissolved and add the ginger ale and enough green food coloring to produce the desired shade. Allow to cool and when beginning to set add the melon balls and turn into a cold wet mold. Serve unmolded and garnished with melon balls and sprigs of fresh mint.



Seven women out of ten do not know about plain unflavored gelatine being the most economical and making the most delicious desserts and salads, simply because they have never tried it. And you really must try it before you know how very enthusiastic a family can be about gelatine dishes. Plain gelatine is quite different from the ready-flavored and sweetened kinds. Plain gelatine is a good basic food—foundation for a long list of delicious salads, main dishes, desserts, candies and appetizers. It allows about twenty times as many variations as any other food you can name—even including potatoes. And a package does make four different desserts or salads of six generous servings each.

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## JELLIED WALDORF SALAD

- (6 Servings—uses only  $\frac{1}{4}$  package)
- 1 level tablespoonful Knox Gelatine
  - $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water
  - $\frac{1}{3}$  cup sugar
  - $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped nuts
  - $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful salt
  - 1 cup apples, diced
  - 1 cup boiling water
  - $\frac{1}{2}$  cup celery, cut in small pieces
  - $\frac{1}{4}$  cup lemon juice

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Add boiling water, sugar and salt. Stir until dissolved. Add lemon juice. Cool, and when mixture begins to stiffen, stir in apples and celery. Turn into individual molds that have been rinsed in cold water. Chill, and when firm, unmold on lettuce, sprinkle with the chopped nuts. Serve with salad dressing.

## CHEESE CAKE

- (6 Servings—uses only  $\frac{1}{4}$  package)
- 1 level tablespoonful Knox Gelatine
  - $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water
  - $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar
  - 1 egg
  - $\frac{1}{4}$  cup milk
  - $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful salt
  - 1 cup cottage cheese (put through a sieve)
  - 1 tablespoonful lemon juice
  - $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful grated lemon rind
  - $\frac{1}{2}$  cup whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Beat yolk of egg slightly, add sugar, salt and milk, and cook over boiling water until of custard consistency. Add softened gelatine to hot custard and stir until dissolved. Add cottage cheese, lemon juice and rind. Cool, and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk and the stiffly beaten egg white. (If your cottage cheese should be too stiff, rub it smooth with a little cream or milk.)

Make crumbs for bottom and top of Cheese Cake as follows: Crush one cup corn flakes or nine slices of Zwieback. Mix thoroughly with one-fourth cup melted butter, two tablespoonfuls sugar and one-half tablespoonful ground cinnamon. Place part of crumbs in bottom of pan and add cheese mixture. Sprinkle top with remaining crumbs and chill thoroughly. When firm, unmold.

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# Beefex

## BEEF CUBES

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## Large Size Hospitality

(Continued from page 50)

or eight if an extra sized tin is used. A quart of ice cream in brick or bulk serves eight generously, although you can stretch it to do for ten if you use it with fruit.

A three-pound sandwich loaf of bread cuts into approximately sixty slices about one-quarter inch thick. Two slices are about right for each but it is well to allow a small extra supply. If you do not buy a standard-sized loaf, find out the number of slices when estimating the total required. Many prefer rolls, one for each person and at least half as many more for a second serving.

Chicken goes further creamed, in a pie or as a salad. A 4½-pound fowl will give you about four cupfuls of cooked meat, diced, and you can add other ingredients which makes the dish more economical.

Recipes worked out for a large amount are a convenience when one is accustomed to cooking for a family rather than catering to the many. Double the amounts of those given when you are serving 100 people.

The making out of the market order is an important preliminary. Calculate the amount required for each dish, then total them, adding in such things as sugar, salt, pepper, cream for tea or coffee, butter for the table, accompaniments—relishes, soda biscuits and so on—for the different courses. It is wise to check and double-check this. Keep a copy of your order and check the supplies as they are received, well in advance of the time required.

Each committee chairman must have a clear idea of her own duties and procedure and map out a definite plan of work for her assistants. It pays to write down all the details, for you will find that everything runs more smoothly and that everyone has greater peace of mind. Save your notes for your own or someone else's guidance the next time.

Begin work in plenty of time. Do as much as you can the day before, and be up and at it in the morning. Forethought and teamwork are the important things in entertaining successfully on a large scale.

### Fruit Cocktail

- 1½ Dozen oranges
- 1½ Dozen bananas
- 1 Quart of pineapple
- Juice of three lemons
- 2 Cupfuls of sugar
- 2 Cupfuls of water

Make a syrup of the sugar and water. Cool and add the lemon juice. Dice the fruit and combine lightly together. Pour the cold syrup over it. Serve well chilled.

### Tomato Cocktail

- 9 No. 2½ tins of tomatoes, or 7 quarts of tomato juice
- 3 Teaspoonfuls of celery salt
- 6 Bay leaves
- 1 Small onion, sliced
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of salt

Add bay leaves, onion, salt and celery salt to the tomato juice. Let stand for several hours. Strain, chill thoroughly and serve.

### Cole Slaw

- 4 Pounds of cabbage
- ½ Cupful of chopped pimiento
- ½ Cupful of chopped green pepper
- 1¾ Pints of salad dressing

Shred cabbage and let crisp in cold water one and a half hours. Drain thoroughly and mix with other ingredients.

### Perfection Salad

- ¾ Cupful of granulated gelatine
- 3 Cupfuls of cold water
- 3 Quarts of boiling water
- 3 Cupfuls of sugar
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of salt
- 1 Cupful of lemon juice
- 2 Cupfuls of vinegar
- 1½ Quarts of shredded cabbage
- 1½ Quarts of diced celery
- 2 Cupfuls of diced pimientos

Soak the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes. Add the boiling water and stir until the gelatine is dissolved. Add the sugar, salt, lemon juice and vinegar. Set the mixture in a cold place. When it begins to thicken, add the prepared vegetables and pour into shallow pans which have been rinsed in cold water. Chill, cut into squares and serve on lettuce leaves. This may be used as a garnish for a dinner plate or as a main salad topped with mayonnaise.

### Tomato Jelly Salad

- 8 No. 2½ cans of tomatoes
- 18 Cloves
- 12 Bay leaves
- 6 Medium onions (sliced)
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of salt
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- 18 Peppercorns
- ¾ Cupful of vinegar
- 13 Tablespoonfuls of gelatine
- 2 Cupfuls of cold water

Cook the tomatoes with the seasonings and vinegar for ten minutes. Strain, and while hot add to the gelatine which has soaked five minutes in the cold water. Stir until the gelatine is dissolved. Cool and pour into shallow pans. Cut in squares and serve.

### Potato Salad

- 1½ Gallons diced cooked potatoes
- ¾ Cupful of chopped onion
- 1 Quart of chopped celery
- 12 Hard-cooked eggs
- 2½ Quarts of salad dressing
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of salt
- ½ Cupful of chopped parsley
- 1 Cupful of chopped pimiento, if desired

Mix ingredients lightly together and serve.

### White Sauce

(Medium Thick)

- 1 Cupful of butter
- 1¼ Cupfuls of flour
- 1 Tablespoonful of salt
- ½ Teaspoonful of pepper
- 2½ Quarts of milk

Melt the butter and stir into this the flour, salt and pepper. Blend well. Scald the milk and add gradually to the flour mixture, stirring constantly. Cook until thick and smooth. This recipe makes approximately three quarts of sauce.

### Chicken Salad

- 4½ Quarts of cold cooked chicken
- 3 Quarts of celery
- 1 Quart of mayonnaise
- Salt and pepper

About twenty-five to thirty pounds of fowl, as purchased, will be necessary for this or ten one-pound cans of boneless chicken. Cut the cooked chicken into cubes. Cut the celery into small pieces and crisp in cold water. Just before serving, combine the two and add mayonnaise, mixing lightly with a fork. Use a little more or less mayonnaise as desired.

Continued on page 76

# Procrustes' Bed

(Continued from page 17)

cock-eyed in my life. Who is going to produce it?"

He leaned back, elbows on the bed. "I expect I am."

Coral sheaved the drawings slowly through. "I suppose you're frightfully rich?"

"Rich? I should say I'm not. Why?"

"I was just wondering what you're going to use for money. This will take a lot of it."

She laughed. "You ought to have a nice slightly crazy millionaire admirer. Or at least a fond financial aunt."

"No, as a matter of fact I think I can manage it myself," he said. "That's if I can make a success of the present season. It's a bit mad I suppose—the whole idea. However," he got up briskly, "that's enough about me. How about going down to the restaurant for a pot of tea? I want to hear about you."

She shook her head. "It's too late, I'm afraid. Anyway, I'm just what you see. Reasonably young, reasonably attractive—reasonably married."

"That describes about a million other women"

She picked up her gloves from the table, half smiling. "Well, then, I'm very short-sighted but I'm too vain to get glasses. People think I'm awfully sympathetic but I'm really just terribly curious. And I write poetry but I never let anyone see it."

"What sort of poetry?"

"Oh, just silly little scrappy things. I'll show it to you some time."

He came over close beside her, and for the first time her sense of ease and amusement was edged by a quick, exciting insecurity.

"Now why did you say that?"

"Because it's true, I suppose. I simply couldn't feel shy with you."

He put an elbow against the wall and leaned on it, intent eyes on her face. "I can understand that. You have a good deal that effect on me. You've got me," he laughed, "not exactly intoxicated but very pleasantly bunned."

She turned away from him to the dresser mirror, pulling forward the edge of her hat. Blue-grey eyes under a blue-grey hat brim, clear curve and quick color that were always faintly surprising even to herself. She scarcely ever encountered herself in a mirror without the thought, "Is this very attractive person really myself?" She pulled out her compact, dropping a trail of amber powder across the dresser top. "I hope you'll come and see me while you're in town," she said.

"I'd like to, but—" He stared at her thoughtfully in the mirror. "As a matter of fact I don't particularly—I should say, I particularly don't—want to fall in love with you. And it might very easily happen."

"I SEEM to have known you most of my life," said Nigel Bannister. He stood by the mantelpiece looking down at Coral who was sunk, teacup in hand, in an enormous chair. "I could have described this room before I even came into it," he said. "In detail. Right down to this." And he picked up a little ornament from the mantel, a tiny rearing alligator in milky green glass.

Coral put her teacup back on the table. "What does my alligator indicate?"

"Your susceptibility to toys," he told her. "Your taste for reality in miniature. Your love of the fantastic." He put the little alligator back on the mantel. "I can't decide even yet if I'm glad I met you."

"Well it's been amusing anyway," she said, "so far."

"Amusing," he said rather wryly.

"Yes, amusing," she insisted. "Is it wrong to love to be amused?"

"Not for you. You were born to be kept amused."

She shook her head. "Well, I certainly miss my destiny most of the time. When I think of the men I've sat next to—the bright lads who want to know where I've been all their lives; and the thinkers who are working on why women always like to worry—"

"And you sitting there looking absolutely fascinated—"

"Just as you would," she retorted, "if you happened to sit next to some League of Nations woman who wanted to tell you how terribly all the major Powers were picking on poor little Albania or some place . . . You'd look as if anything that happened to Albania happened to you—"

"I don't know why I like you when you expose me this way," he said, and pulled out his pipe. "No, as a matter of fact it's just a form of human decency to be interested in people about you," he went on, shaking out the match. "It's a sort of necessary chivalry, protecting people from the frightful knowledge of their own dullness."

She said thoughtfully, "You know, I think you're really a terribly sweet person."

He said suddenly, "You know I'm falling rather hopelessly in love with you, Coral."

Standing there in the twilight he looked a little insubstantial, curiously gentle and sincere.

"I'm afraid I'm a little in love with you myself," she said.

Afterward, when he had gone, she wondered a little why she had said that. Twilight perhaps. She was terribly susceptible to twilight. Ever so little of it and she dissolved in feeling and confession, she became helplessly, swimmingly sincere. She mustn't see him any more; it wasn't fair to Ben. She must tell him when she saw him tomorrow that she mustn't see him any more . . .

ACTUALLY SHE saw him almost every day for two weeks. Every day she resolved she mustn't see him again. And every day the thought of his odd sensitiveness and understanding drew her back. Up to the very last day.

He was waiting for her that last day in the dining room lobby at the Roylinke. "Mrs. Douglas enters from the left, wearing black and white and a fresh gardenia," he said gaily. "Three women guests fall from the staircase landing trying to get a look at her hat." With a hand at her elbow he guided her to the dining room. "Elderly gentleman fatally injured trying to go backward through the revolving door."

She laughed. "I'm always a little afraid of black and white. I'm not the *femme fatale* type really."

"I'm not so sure. The *femme fatale* isn't entirely a matter of tragedy and make-up, you know."

They mustn't, she had resolved, talk about themselves. They found a table and she said, slowly drawing off her white gloves. "Nige, I was thinking; wouldn't that last act be marvellous in tones of silver and sandalwood with black lacquer?"

He considered. "Silver and sandalwood and black lacquer. Jove, it does sound good. Tell you what I was thinking—"

"Nige!"

"No, don't," he said quickly. "Don't, my dear." His face had contracted oddly. "I suppose I'm a coward," he said, "but I've simply got to pretend, to myself at least, that this is just another of our times together."

She said nothing. Only she put aside the little vase between them—a slender calyx of silver that blossomed into a pale coral-colored rose. He said gently, "I understand you, Coral. Not altogether but a little. The way you're smiling at me now. It isn't to hide what you're feeling. It's to keep me from knowing that you don't know what you're feeling yourself. Do you want me to tell you?"

She nodded, with a sense of half-shamed relief at being back in their accustomed element. "You're a little in love with me, but not very much. You know me too well. You're too much at home in my mind. You turn it out half a dozen times in an hour, and for some reason I like it." He paused,

## MRS. JONES WOULDN'T BELIEVE THERE'S A STILL FASTER SOAP GLAD TO PAY THE BET THAT PROVED HER WRONG



## NOW! A MARVELOUS NEW SOAP INVENTION

A Still FASTER Soap That's Really Safe For Fabrics  
And CANNOT FADE Dainty Colors

Washes 25% to 40% FASTER—At Least 4 Shades WHITER—With Utter SAFETY

THANKS to the world's most famous soap makers, women everywhere are asking and exclaiming, "Will the wonders of science never cease?"

For women believed that everything science could do to make washdays easier and clothes whiter had been done for them. And then found they were wrong.

They believed they had the fastest way already. And then found their present favorite was slow, compared to this new invention.

They believed they already had the whitest washes they could get. And then were amazed by still whiter washes.

So—millions now are quitting old-time soaps, bars and flakes, old-type "granulated soaps" for an utterly new and different kind of soap.

### A Remarkable, NEW Invention

This new and improved soap invention is called OXYDOL. And it does these things. Things no other soap can do, or has ever done:

It cuts washing time 25% to 40%. And thus saves hours of labor.

It works without scrubbing, without rubbing. For it works by dissolving dirt.

It makes clothes 4 to 5 shades whiter than old ways. Yet it cannot fade or injure either color or fabric.

It is as kind to the hands as the finest toilet soap. For it is created by the makers of gentle "Ivory."

Do you wonder then that women by the thousands are daily turning to it?

This remarkable invention works an entirely different way.

### How It Works

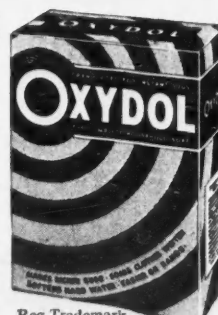
For one thing, it is especially fitted to the water in each district it is sold. Old-time soaps are not.

The water in this district, for instance, has been tested for hardness by famous chemists. And the new, improved OXYDOL you get here is made to fit it. This gives you suds like rich dairy cream that's whipped.

It contains special, mild elements that soak out dirt—dissolve it—take it out like magic. And these elements are blended with special ingredients to protect colors against fading.

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- Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

**FREE BOOKLET:** The Gillett's Lye Booklet tells how to use this powerful cleanser and disinfectant for cleaning toilet bowls and other heavy cleaning jobs. Write to Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Avenue & Liberty Street, Toronto, Ont.

# The Domestic Workshop

by

HELEN G. CAMPBELL

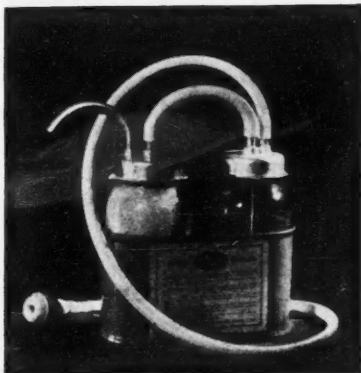
**T**HE CRUMBS that fall from the rich man's table are no more popular than those we find under our own. They are just as unsightly on costly Orientals as on plain homespun. Just the same, it is not much cause for worry, for a good carpet sweeper will pick up the crumbs in no time without much effort on our part. A few light strokes will do the trick. Nor is the dining room the only place where this piece of equipment comes in handy. Because it is inexpensive many housekeepers have one for each floor to save themselves the trouble of carrying it up and downstairs each day.

The sweeper made by Preston Noelt-

It is the simplest thing in the world to use: just connect the hose to the faucet, hang the container over the edge of the basin or the sink or the washtub, and delightfully soft water flows into the bowl. It sounds like a big claim, I know, but it works. The crystallite in the jar does the trick efficiently and instantly.



A new carpet sweeper of efficient construction.



A water softener which easily cuts soap bills.

ing Limited, is not a complicated affair, for a good deal of thought has gone into its design and good workmanship into its construction. It has rubber tires—which makes it easy on your carpet; and a solid rubber bumper to protect the furniture from scars and scratches. It adjusts itself to heavy and lightweight rugs and will do a good job on all of them. A feature of these models is the steel combs placed one on each side of the brush in such a way that it is kept clean and no lint sticks to the bristles. The combs do not become clogged or worn down. Then when you are finished with your floor, the dust pan is easily and quickly emptied—merely by pushing a button. The handle unscrews to save storage space and it can be adjusted in a few seconds with a twist or two.

The sweeper is finished in walnut, mahogany or bronze, and all exposed metal parts are nickel plated. It is a light, neat and compact device which gives good and lasting service.

**HERE'S NEWS**—and good news—for most housekeepers. Thor Canadian Company Limited, are making a small, surprisingly low-priced water softener which is just the thing many of us have been looking for. It is portable; we can pick it up and carry it around and have soft water where and when we want it.

An unusual gift idea, this attractive new percolator set.



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Comes complete with 2 jade green bowls, juice extractor and bowl, adjustable spout and strainer, salad oil dripper, double beaters, long cord.

**ATTACHMENTS** which can be bought later if desired are:—Food Chopper, Knife Sharpener, Can Opener, Coffee Grinder, Drink Mixer, Polisher, Buffer, Slicer Shredder, Potato Peeler.

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Mashes  
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## MIXMASTER

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A cleaner and cleanser for carefully appointed homes. A little dissolved in water cleans easily and quickly in a scientific manner.

Ask your grocer

Manufactured by Galt Chemical Products, Ltd., Galt, Ont.

## Chatelaine Patterns

Have you seen the new patterns on pages 72, 73, 74 and 75 of this issue?

## ATTENTION WELL DRESSED WOMEN!

MANY of the best-dressed women today make their own clothes. It's modern—it's economical! They have more clothes—smarter clothes—and save one-third to one-half on their cost.

In a short time, right at home, the Woman's Institute can teach you all the secrets of designing, cutting, fitting and finishing smart, becoming clothes.

So that you can prove to yourself how easily you can learn by this modern, easy method, we will gladly send you full information and a 48-page Trial Lesson Free. Mail the coupon or a postal TODAY.



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Send me—free—full information about course of instruction marked below:

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Name..... (Please specify whether Miss or Mrs.)

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silence. Then, "Honestly?" she said slowly. "Honestly," said Jo, and laughed. "I couldn't imagine what he was going to do without me. I was worried."

She turned up the flame under the coffee pot.

"Well, that's off my mind," she said sardonically.

They went back and sat down to more coffee in the living room. "Did he by any chance," Jo said after a little, "tell you that you were the composite type that roused all a man's polygamous instincts?"

"Oh, can't you leave me anything?" Coral wailed. She added mournfully, "I suppose he told you that you really weren't so much one woman as a symposium of all women. You old chiseller!" No, Jo had to admit, Coral was one up on her there. "And to think that I almost woke poor Ben up at three this morning to explain to him I wasn't so much a woman as a symposium!" Coral said. They began to laugh. Their perfect feminine understanding encompassed the situation, dissolving chagrin, making it after all perfectly undisconcerting because it was perfectly amusing.

"What would Ben have said?" Jo asked.

"Not a word," said Coral. "Just gone quietly downstairs and got an ice-pack for my head." And she added rather sentimentally, "Ben's really terribly sweet."

It was after six that evening when she heard Ben's car in the garage. She went out into the kitchen to meet him. "Hello, Ben!" she said.

He looked at her, a faint apprehension fading from his eyes. "Hello there!" he said, smiling.

How firm and loyal and lasting he felt under her locked arms. He was a pillar, he was a rock. "Oh Ben, I've been a devil to you," she said.

"Well," Ben said. He took off his glasses and kissed her lovingly. She took his overcoat and his coat and hung them in the closet for him. Then she came and sat on the arm of his chair. Tomorrow, she thought, they would probably begin again to baffle and question each other, to blunder and elude. But they would always come back to these moments of wordless understanding. He spread his paper and she sat with her chin resting on the top of his head. Their relief and contentment seemed to spread like slow increasing sunshine through the whole house.

## The Paris Letter

(Continued from page 30)

skirts where things happen above the knee-line.

Mainbocher's arrangements include series of round-edged pleats falling from a kind of shirred sporran behind. Also flat frills set on below the hips and drooping toward the back. Maggy Rouff, two or more *épaulettes* buttoned down on the hips and big squashy bows making one-sided panier effects. Others have two points gouged out a bit to one side of the centre-back near the hem, and the space filled in with pleated mouseline. Schiaparelli's sheathlike skirts are slit at the sides with pleating escaping therefrom. Patou slashes his at the back to show a *fond* contrasting in material but not in color.

Blouses were a persistent, bright note everywhere. There is no rule for them except that they must not be severe and that they must never, on any occasion match. Lightish but no white ones. It is superlatively chic to be dark in the blouse if you're bright in the skirt. Knitted blouses or those in weaves that imitate knitting are about the smartest of all corsages ramping about.

I HOPE you have quantities of fur bits put away carefully. Bring them out. Everything is fur trimmed. Molyneux has narrow belts of beaver, Lelong puts short fur cuffs on his wool frocks. If you have enough of any smooth, tidy fur you might line the hedge collar of your travelling coat the way Vionnet does. And as I said the *tailleur* will be fur-trimmed this winter.

Even yokes are made in fur. On Worth's *Sans Egal*, three-quarter-length coat and skirt in fancy striped navy wool, the yoke and the straight narrow collar are in a soft grey seal. The sleeves also, all but the wrist bands. Collars, by the way, when they are fur, are either hedges or mere clerical bands.

All the tidy furs were shown, quantities of black and grey Persian lamb, seal, otter, beaver, with here and there the dramatic note of leopard skin or the incomparable elegance of silver and blue fox wedded to velvet.

Short coats to go with velvet or heavy satin skirts and festive blouses were made in seal and in caracul—dogskin we used to call it.

Hats trimmed or made entirely in fur, squashy muffs or hour-glass affairs, ties or scarfs in silk, fur edged—let this season be

a lesson to you never again to throw even the tiniest scrap away.

The most striking characteristic of the new mode is its colorfulness—deep, rich velvety color, never garish and never weak. Purple, cardinal red, brick and peony red (Vionnet), hunter and reseda green, navy blue and soft Chinese blue (Schiaparelli) moor (nigger) brown, and Schiaparelli's new Tibetan brown which has plenty of red in it. The new grey is a taupe shade, lovely when combined with a strong bright color, and there's black naturally. Maggy Rouff, Schiaparelli, Mainbocher and the others trim their black with soft bright colors. Molyneux has one costume of black and reseda green, a long coat in the first, a frock in the other. Patou cuffed and yoked some of his blacks with shepherd's plaid in black and white. Maggy Rouff also.

All those cheery colors are for daytime. No fall or winter day could possibly be drab with all that gaiety cavorting about the landscape.

One particularly nice thing about the collections was that they were full of grand ideas for "making over." For instance, if you haven't got enough of this you can always add a bit of that and be "in step." Take the Mainbocher frocks and coats with vivid panels set in behind, as an example of what I mean—bright pink on a black coat, emerald green on a brown frock. You couldn't wear the first down Main Street without being talked about, but you could put black satin or black velvet in black wool or panel with imitation pony skin. Mainbocher isn't always startling in his panel effects. You need not be so conservative about dresses. Whatever color you use aft, repeat it in the cuffs and the neck scarf or bow. The panel can be V- or U-shaped, or it can form the entire back.

Tuck this away some place, too, that velvet is one of the smartest trimmings for wool, either in the same color as the latter or in vivid contrast or in plaid or stripe patterns. On many of the sport and gad-about *tailleurs* mat velvet and corduroy scarves take the place of fur. They must be frankly conspicuous to be in the right note. Lelong says bright red corduroy with brown wool and sky-blue with grey. All his scarfs are wide—comfortable as well as chic; remember that as well.

Pin these two items in your mind also—leather binding and leather buttons. If you want to get a Patou-ish effect, make them fairly pop out from the frock or suit. Green or cherry red on black or navy blue. Small leather bows run through the Schiaparelli collection like a theme. On a black dress with a high Chinese collar in China blue crêpe, the tiny bows are in the same blue, one at the base of the throat, one at the waistline in front, and one where ladies pinned their watches some long time ago.



## "Tom Gordon... I could spank you!"

*That won't help, Madam... but this modern method of cleaning up quickly will!*

ASHES on the rug, crumbs on the floor. Husbands are like that.

While nothing much can be done about husbands, something can be done about the mess they make... without troubling to take out the vacuum cleaner.

Quickly, easily — you whisk away the dirt — with this different kind of sweeper — the new Bissell.

The Bissell is the newest quick-cleaning aid. In big hotels, Domestic Science Institutes, in thousands of

modern homes... women use the new Bissell. Many use the vacuum cleaner, too. But only periodically. For the daily clean up of dust, lint, crumbs, they prefer the new Bissell. It's so much easier and quicker.

The new Bissell operates smoothly and noiselessly. No electricity is needed. Nearly as light as a broom and easily poked under furniture. A new device — Hi-Lo Brush Control — automatically adjusts itself to the nap of the rugs. Gets the dirt and saves wear.

See the new low-bodied Bissells, Canadian-made, at your dealers. Buy one and cut your cleaning time and work by 25%.



\$5.75  
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Other models for even less.



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Send 15c for this Bissell brush cleaner. This metal comb makes brush cleaning easy. Mailed with Bissell Booklet for 15c (stamps or coin). Booklet alone is free. Address Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co. of Canada Limited, 2351 Drummond Road, Niagara Falls, Ont.

The New **BISSELL SWEEPER** With "Hi-Lo" Brush Control



## A curve is the smartest distance between two points—



Current fashions are built around youthful curves. Figures must be graceful, slim and rounded in the right places.

To look well in the new gowns, many of us must reduce. We must exercise. We must watch our meals. The carefully planned diet contains adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination. Otherwise, skins may turn sallow. Eyes become dull.

Laboratory tests show that Kellogg's All-Bran supplies "bulk" as well as vitamin B and food-iron. This "bulk" is similar to that of leafy vegetables.

Enjoy All-Bran as a tasty cereal with milk—or use in cooking. Two tablespoonfuls daily are usually sufficient. How much better than taking patent medicines—so often habit forming.

Kellogg's All-Bran helps satisfy hunger without adding many calories to the diet. At all grocers in the red-and-green package.

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Kellogg in  
London, Ontario



then went on. "You'll always be in love with that man of mystery of yours."

She stared a little. "My man of mystery!"

He nodded, smiling faintly. "Your mysterious conjurer who shuts himself up every day in a ferro-concrete tower turning rows of figures into charming things like this for you," and he touched lightly the little emerald-set watch on her wrist.

"Ben!" But it was just true enough not to be entirely fantastic. She slipped with her perfect facility into her part. "It doesn't even keep time. Supposing my man of mystery ends by turning me into something just as charming and useless as this is?" And she looked at him a little sadly seeing herself suddenly, wasted and lost, a tragic vain trinket of a wife—

"He won't," Nigel said quickly. "There's something hard and inaccessible about you, Coral, in spite of your charm. Do you remember I said the first time I met you I didn't want to fall in love with you?"

She nodded. "Are you sorry?"

"No, not now. Only when I think of tomorrow."

"We won't talk about it," she said. "Let's talk about the last act of 'Procrustes' Bed'."

"Oh, what does that matter!" he said, suddenly so moody and forlorn that she stretched her hand out and put it in his across the table. And he held it gently a moment then gave it back to her. "It doesn't do any good," he said with his half-rueful smile. "It just means more vain regrets for me tomorrow. And you are getting your sleeve in the butter."

SHE DROVE him to the station. The rest of the company were there already, wandering about on the platform, looking, with their air of strict originality, like half-a-dozen characters in search of an author. So she parted from him at the platform entrance, with nothing more than a last clinging pressure of the hand.

Fortunately she and Ben had been invited out to dinner that night.

Coral was dressed first. She was down in the living room with a book in her lap, and when he appeared in the doorway she glanced up an instant and saw him standing there, studying his fingernails, a bright glaze of light on his glasses and shirt front; solid, mature, inflexibly himself. And suddenly she longed for Nigel and his gift of grace in entering a room and his power to banish dullness and fact.

"You're straining your eyes, Coral," Ben said. "You ought to go down to Shore and get them tested." She put her book down. "Oh, why do you have to say such terribly stupid things!" she wailed.

He stood looking at her, his expression completely masked by the light on his glasses. "How long do you intend to keep this up, anyway?"

"Keep what up?"

"This grievance of yours, whatever it is."

She stared without a word. His masculine incomprehension rose before her like a mountain, utterly unscalable. She could have sat down at the foot of it and wept out of sheer helplessness. But with the Dalton dinner less than half-an-hour away there wasn't even time for tears. "If you'll bring the car round," she said, "I'll get my things."

Long after Ben had gone to sleep that night, Coral lay awake thinking about the two of them, wondering how she could possibly make herself clear to him, explain to him that she wasn't a wailing neurotic but a queer complex of beings, some of them bewildering even to herself. Hopeless, she thought drearily. They would never be less inexplicable to each other and never less strangely essential. They would just go on, year after year, growing more and more closely thickened by their needs and incomprehensions; and it was two o'clock and it was three; and then suddenly it was the middle of the morning and rain was beating against the window and Ben had gone to the office without saying good-by.

She felt utterly desolate. At half-past eleven she telephoned Jo and begged her to come to lunch. "I've been fighting with Ben, and I simply have to have someone to break the grisly silence."

"You'd better come here," Jo said. "Do you good to get out."

So she went to Jo's and they lunched from canned shrimps on Spode plates and stewed apricots out of an old silver wine-cooler. "You know, I sometimes think Ben and I are just different breeds," Coral said, settling back with her coffee cup, and feeling for the first time in hours a little relaxed and consoled. "When we have a row it's a real family row. All the splendid simple ancestors on his side fighting all the mean backbiting ones on mine." She stared at her friend rather mournfully. "I used to think it was simply because he was a man. But there are men you can explain things to."

Jo got up and picked up the coffee pot. "You just have to adjust yourself," she said. "I imagine any marriage is a sort of Procrustes' Bed."

"A what?" Coral said sharply.

But Jo had gone into the kitchen. She came back in a moment and paused in front of a spotted Florentine mirror. "I certainly look like nothing on earth this morning," she said, and lingered, studying her long sallow face. "Good old Dobbin!" she remarked sardonically.

"Don't be ridiculous! You know you're the only woman either of us knows that a real artist would look at twice," Coral said impatiently. She didn't want to talk about Jo's face. And so in a moment she resumed casually but resolutely. "Do you remember my driving Nigel Bannister back from the Attic Club that day? It's a funny thing to say perhaps, but actually he understood me better in five minutes, a perfect stranger, than Ben could in five years."

"Nigel Bannister?" Jo said. She put her cup in its saucer, then picked it up again. "I thought you thought he was—sort of absurd and lah-de-dah."

"I did at first," Coral admitted, "but not after I got to know him. You see after that day I saw him almost every day he was here. Oh, I don't mean we had what used to be called 'an affair'. We really understood each other too well for that. We were too much at home in a sense in each other's minds. At least that was the way I felt." She added, with the air at once covert and casual with which one approaches a revelation that actually won't be held back another minute, "And I imagine Nigel will get over it."

Jo, sitting with her back to the window, her face in shadow, said suddenly, and remarkably; "He's an actor; and an actor does have to depend a good deal on women."

It gave Coral much the same sense of jar and incredulity that one experiences when trying to walk up a step that unexpectedly isn't there. She said, feeling at once indignant and absurd, "I don't think you'd say that if you knew him."

Jo went on staring at her oddly out of the shadows. And after a moment, "But as it happens I do know him," she said. "Very well. He used to come up here almost every night for coffee after the show."

"But what—" Coral's mind leaped straight at the nearest conjecture. She said with an artlessness that was to make her burn with shame a moment later, "Did he say anything about me?"

Jo shook her head. She said very, very gently, "No. As a matter of fact he spent most of the time talking about me." And with that she picked up the coffee pot and went out of the room, taking the whole of the argument with her, leaving nothing whatever behind.

Nothing whatever, thought Coral, sitting there with the rain whispering mournfully against the window. It needed just this; just this final perfect spitefulness of fate. Nigel a travesty, Ben a closed door, herself a piece of credulous absurdity. She got up in a moment and went to the kitchen door. Jo was standing by the stove making fresh coffee. "And you simply sat there," Coral said bitterly "and let me make a fool of myself."

Jo turned around. Her smile, rather wry and discomposed, still held its ungainly charm. "Oh well, I made a fool of myself, too," she said comfortingly.

Coral stared at her friend a moment in

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# The Civilized Woman

(Continued from page 19)

Lawrence. "You wouldn't like your husband to feel that way about you. I mean, you'd want him to be simply primitive, if he thought there was another man."

"I shouldn't," said Katherine, with more vigor than she meant. "I'd hate to think there was anything 'primitive' about either of us. When you think of the centuries and centuries it's taken for us to reach even the degree of civilization we have now, it's a sort of treachery to sink back. We've got to go forward. We've got to subdue the old, ugly instincts, and work for a better relationship between man and woman."

"My dear, you're marvellous," said the fair-haired girl with ardent respect. "I mean, don't you think we ought to have any marriage or anything?"

"I believe in marriage," Katherine began, when an unknown man came up and offered her a cocktail. She refused, and he vanished.

"Sometimes," said young Mrs. Lawrence, "I wonder if it isn't all a hideous mistake. I worship Owen, but I know that now we're married I'll never do anything. I'll never go on with my painting. I tried at first, but there was always something. How can there be marriage and freedom together?"

"Or even love and freedom?" asked the fair-haired girl.

Both she and Mrs. Lawrence were serious now, desperately serious, and Katherine was surprised and a little touched by this. They were, she thought, not so superficial as she had imagined.

"Have you read Doctor Haltenhausen's book 'Life Renascent'?" she asked them. "It's about that very thing—not 'free love,' but freedom in love and marriage and every human relation."

They wanted to hear more about that book. The fair-haired girl wrote down the title.

"Doctor Haltenhausen thinks," Katherine went on, "that the trouble is we're not civilized enough for marriage. A successful marriage requires a very high degree of civilization. There has to be a personal and a social adjustment—"

The butler approached Mrs. Lawrence and murmured something.

"Oh, my dear," said Mrs. Lawrence. "It seems that your husband's come for you, and he won't come in. You cannot leave now. I've many questions to ask you—"

"I'm sorry," said Katherine.

She hadn't expected Pat; it was sweet of him to come—

"I'll make him come in," said the fair-haired girl, and hastened away.

Young Mrs. Lawrence clasped her hands about one knee, and, her soft eyes fixed upon Katherine's face, asked,

"Do you think that men always get tired of my type of woman?"

The question startled and disconcerted Katherine. She looked back at Mrs. Lawrence, and for the first time realized all the charm of the pampered creature. She was not only lovely, but she was alive—not a doll.

"I don't see why they should," she answered.

"But you see," Mrs. Lawrence went on, "the first man I really loved—I mean, that never comes again, does it? I absolutely adore Owen, but it's not that pathetic blind worship you give to the first man you really love. I'm more cynical now. I'm so much harder. That first time, I simply let another girl walk off with the man I was engaged to. But now, when I see anyone making passes at Owen, I get to work."

The tray of cocktails was passed again, and both Mrs. Lawrence and Katherine refused.

"I think drinking is simply fatal," said Mrs. Lawrence. "It puts pounds on your weight and it utterly ruins your complexion. You have a simply exquisite skin, darling. And don't you think Chica has?"

"Chica?"

"The girl who was just talking to us. Mrs. Kendall, you know. She's frightfully clever. She wrote the most marvellous little one-act play for our pageant. Everyone said it was the most professional thing."

In spite of the indefinable good will she felt for her hostess, Katherine wanted to get away. She was tired, and she wanted to see Pat. She longed to be with Pat, for his arm about her, for his careless, good-humored talk. Some of her college friends had wondered at her marrying Pat, who

liked none of the things she liked, who never read serious books or discussed important affairs. They didn't know the cool, alert intelligence he had, and his debonair humor. If he knew nothing of economics, he knew a great deal about human nature. More than she did. She was so tired. She wanted to get away from this smoke-filled room; from the light, pretty feminine voices; wanted to get into the shabby little car and drive home, alone with Pat.

"I'm afraid my husband isn't coming in," she said, and she

thought she knew the reason. His dark-blue suit was a little shiny, his shoes had been resoled; he wouldn't want to come into this house.

"Oh, he must," protested young Mrs. Lawrence, but vaguely. She didn't really care. "I do want to see you again soon, my dear. Your ideas are terribly stimulating. Thanks so much for coming today."

THE BUTLER opened the door, and Katherine stepped out into the spring night. She saw a line of cars drawn up along the drive, roadsters, beautiful little sports models. Pat evidently had not seen her come out or perhaps he did not care to drive their shabby little coupé up to the door. She started down the drive, with a rough little wind blowing in her face, and she was thinking how good it would be to get home to their one-room apartment.

"We'd better eat out," she thought. "I'm so tired. But, after all, Pat does love eating at home. I can bring in something easy to cook."

At the very end of the line she saw their car, and for a moment she was a little sorry that Pat should have done this, should have waited here, as if he were ashamed of their poverty.

She opened the door of the car, and a startled voice cried "Oh!" A woman's voice—the voice of that fair-haired girl. The light went on inside the car, and Pat smiled at her.

"Mrs. Corwin's been telling me about a new way home—across the causeway," he said quickly.

She had never heard anything so infantile. Trying to tell her they had been sitting in the dark, discussing roads.

"I'll have to dash," said the fair-haired

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## That Music Exam!

(Continued from page 48)

other studies in its relation to life beyond the student age—that is to say, it is a matter of individual taste and circumstances. Movies and “best-sellers” frequently overshadow one’s earlier studies in literature, however it may have been taught.

From Mr. Hill’s remarks on the subject of violinists I gather that he wants a race of violinists who have not spent much time in learning the proper position or method of holding the instrument, nor in building up their technique to a point where they can play “abstruse scales which have no bearing on the music in hand,” but are yet able to play in an orchestra—amateur, presumably and, in playing the *obbligati* to their friends’ songs to “anticipate the phrasing or expression of the singer.” (He does not say all this in so many words but he does so by implication). He reminds us of the “old, self-taught country fiddler,” who “gets more genuine fun out of his old fiddle, though his position may be everything that is wrong.” So he may, and I have heard and enjoyed old-time fiddlers who were able to play country dances in fine style although apparently all four fingers of the left hand moved invariably together. But I have never known an old-time fiddler who could do without instruction in all the things enumerated above. Anyhow, the really good old-time fiddler is even rarer in his class than the good trained violinist is in his. No; here again, a sound fundamental technique, such as a systematic curriculum encourages, has a liberating and not a restrictive effect.

This brings me to my final point. Mr. Hill’s vision of free self-expression, good sight reading, ensemble playing, elementary composition and all the rest of it among our music students will not be realized by the

abolition of examinations, or by eliminating this or that feature in their requirements. Nor will it be brought about by an entirely different curriculum.

The emphasis may be changed, as he suggests in fact it is being changed to some extent but in the long run it is the quality of the individual teacher and the support accorded him by parents and pupils that will bring about the desired result. There is no royal road to “self-expression” any more than there is to virtuosity, and most of Mr. Hill’s criticism is justified only by the prevailing lack of thoroughness in the early stages—a lack not always attributable to the teacher. No wise teacher, no one engaged in musical education, imagines that any examination curriculum contains all things necessary to salvation, nor that any scheme will make it possible for all pupils alike to take a new examination each year. We want our boys and girls neither to have their enthusiasm killed by pedantry nor to regret in later life, as so many do, that they were not “kept at their music.”

When our hearts bleed for the pathetic youth pictured at the head of Mr. Hill’s article—so obviously waiting for the moment when he can forsake Bach and Mozart for baseball—we may reflect that perhaps in later years his sorrow will be turned into joy. It is difficult but not impossible to hold the balance between overstrictness and over laxity, and an examination system, rightly used, can be a help in this respect. The tragedy is that in these mechanized days so many are content to let others amuse them, musically or otherwise, and neglect to develop a capacity for entertaining themselves. The opportunity for developing a musical community was never so great in Canada as it is today, and too many are passing it by. Methods and details of curricula will change, but the fundamental principle remains: if you want fun, take your hobbies seriously. Let me end by re-echoing heartily—though with one small amendment—Mr. Hill’s last sentence: “May the time soon come when the younger generation will throw aside much of the bunk of the present and demand music for the fun of making music.”

## Is Your Daughter a Wallflower?

(Continued from page 4)

MY DAUGHTERS are young yet, and, I hope, have several dancing seasons still ahead of them. Are they to go on as wallflowers, or can I help them? Should I tell them to “loosen up a bit,” to satisfy their partners with the same sensual thrills as the girls who are so generous with their cheeks and heads and lithe young bodies? Must I tell them to model their behavior on the popular young freelancers who drift in from the street?

I wish I had sons. I wish I knew why young men today behave as they do.

I heard a young fellow remark, “I’ll not dance with so-and-so; she can’t dance for nuts.” And yet that very boy a year ago was tramping on everybody’s feet and asking every girl in sight to dance with him, so that he might learn. Is one poor dance in an evening too much to ask of his chivalry?

Our town girls are good pals. They make boxes of fudge for the boys, chocolate cakes and all kinds of “eats” when the boys go camping, and ask them to tea. Then, when the boys could return their courtesies, they let the girls sit out, dance after dance, while they chase frantically by, locked in fantastic embraces with girls whom I’d not like my daughters to know.

We hear so much these days of the Modern Young Woman. I wonder if something

couldn’t be said about the Modern Young Man. In educating our daughters, have we neglected our sons?

Have they been spoiled? Are they greedy and selfish? Are they perhaps less honorable, or poorer “sports” than their fathers? Are they just lazy, liking the prey that is most easily caught?

Or is it true that we have made a mistake in keeping our girls too puritanical?

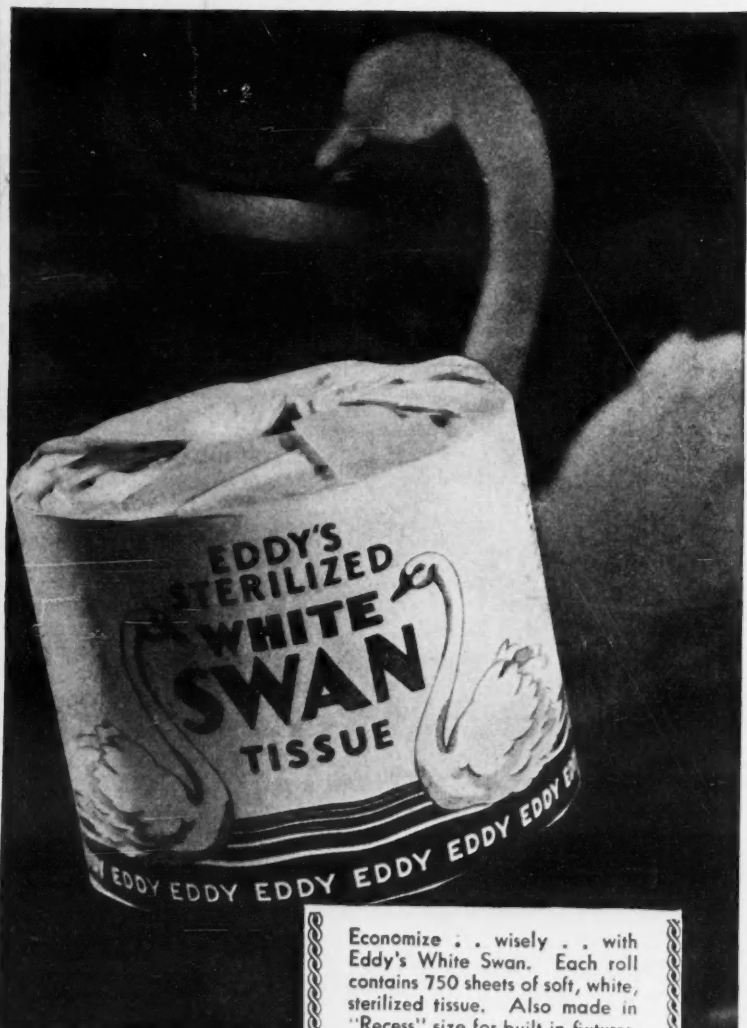
I am not a gold-digging mother. I don’t want my girls to be showered with gifts and attentions, but I do want them to grow into healthy, normal womanhood, and I know that to sit in the sidelines and feel themselves spuriously treated by the boys of their own age is bad for them.

One of these days they may fling off the teachings of their parents, and goodness knows where that may lead. It won’t be only the mistakes we have made that will be discarded, but many of the truths we have told them, too. For if one thing was wrong, why not another? And the only way to find out is to try. Though I know that my girls can hardly stay under my wings all their lives, I know, too, that I can and should save them from much of the unhappiness they might tumble into by “trying.”

Lorraine and Elizabeth say now that they don’t care much for dancing. Next year the chances are they will care too much—or else build up a carelessness and indifference to men that will rob them of the greatest happiness life holds for them—true love and marriage.

There may be mothers of daughters who are wiser than I. There may be mothers of sons who can tell me what is wrong with my girls.

They are not unintelligent; they are not bad looking; they are not dowdy. But all the same, they are wallflowers.



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"I have a bad tooth and—and sometimes it hurts—awfully," she explained lamely, while her cheeks grew pinker and pinker with mortification.

The director turned on her with a scowl. "A bad tooth! Then why in thunder don't you—" he checked himself. His eyes, which had travelled critically over Janet, rested on her feet. He glanced up—a queer expression on his face—then he arose abruptly.

Wide-eyed, Janet stood and watched the director's hasty movements as he rolled down his shirt sleeves, wrapped a tie around his collar, and got into his jacket. Holding his hat in his hand, he came back to the desk, scanned it hurriedly, then brushed past Janet, with a crisp: "Come along."

The director did not speak a word as they made their way out. He seemed intent on getting out of the building as quickly as possible, and it was all Janet could do to keep up with him; he took such long steps. When they finally reached the street, Janet was out of breath. The director didn't give her time to regain it. Quite unexpectedly, he took her by the arm, and pushed her, gently but firmly, into a long-nosed grey roadster drawn up at the curb.

Bewildered, Janet stared as he got in after her, and seated himself at the wheel. It was not until he had started the car on its way that she found her voice, and managed to enquire weakly: "Where—are we going?" "To a dentist," came the surprising reply, in a clipped manner.

It all happened so quickly that Janet was minus a molar before she actually had time to get nervous. The director had waited in the waiting room. As they left the dentist's office, Janet did her best to assume a cheerful countenance, while she gently caressed the raw throbbing gum with her tongue.

"What do you call yourself?" the director demanded suddenly.

Oddly, Janet resented the implication that she had assumed a "screen monicker." "My name is Janet Stevens," she answered stiffly.

The director eyed her, with amusement. He almost looked as if he might actually smile. Janet sensed a difference in his attitude. He seemed more friendly; that hard critical gleam had disappeared from his eyes; and for the first time, he regarded her with real interest as they halted on the sidewalk in front of the car.

"I'll have to leave you here," he said, glancing at his wrist-watch. "Sorry I can't drive you home—but I have an appointment for seven o'clock."

In Janet's eyes, the director had undergone a tremendous transformation. So enthralled was she by his charming manner—the kind tone in which he spoke to her—that she could do nothing but stare at him mutely as he got into his car. He paused on the verge of starting the machine, and gave her a broad delightful smile which brought to view a double row of white teeth.

Listening to the wild antics of her heart, a sickening suspicion suddenly came to Janet. She stepped up to the car impulsively, and regarded the director feverishly; her eyes blazed just a little.

"I've just realized why you brought me to the dentist. It wasn't because you meant to be kind. You didn't believe I had a bad tooth. You thought I lied, and you wanted to make a monkey out of me." Her voice quivered; she was on the verge of tears—"Oh, you're just as horrid as they say."

He didn't get angry. He didn't even frown. Instead, he leaned forward and thrust a bill into her hand: "O.K. Stevens. Get yourself a pair of shoes—you can pay it back when you get a job." And as he drove away, he smiled again, over his shoulder: "Come in before nine, tomorrow—and I'll give you another squint at the camera."

With parted lips, her eyes glowing, Janet stood and gazed after the vanishing car. And as she stood there, she was aware of a strange exquisite feeling which shot little darts of pain through her throat and brought a mist before her eyes. Was this the man they called "the meanest director in Hollywood?" He had even smiled—and Hollywood claimed that Leni Hartmann didn't smile!

Janet glanced down at the bill he had thrust into her hand. Ten dollars. She smiled wistfully. Did he think she wore ten dollar shoes? "You can pay it back when you get a job"—he seemed to know that she didn't have one. And he was going to give her another chance before the camera—this Hollywood tyrant.

SHE WAS UP at six o'clock the next morning, dressing and grooming herself painstakingly, anxious to appear at her very best before the director's observing eyes.

He had said "before nine o'clock." Wondering whether she had come too early, or not early enough, Janet reached the studio at half-past eight. The gateman, an old friend, smiled as she came up.

"Good morning, Larkins. Has Mr. Hartmann arrived yet?"

"Morning, Miss Janet. Yes, he came in at eight-fifteen—so you're the 'wide-eyed red-head' he's expecting!"

"Is that what he called me?" Janet laughed radiantly. "I'm taking a test for 'Red Fury.' Wish me luck, Larkins."

Larkins smiled: "The very best, Miss Janet. God knows you'll need it—with Hartmann."

The words filled Janet with an almost savage resentment. Had there been time, she would have stopped to defend the director. Curbing her wrath, she continued on her way, resolved to "enlighten" Larkins the first chance she got. It was hideous the way they picked on Leni Hartmann; she wondered that he stood for it.

With these indignant reflections, Janet made for the director's office. The studio stirred faintly with first signs of the day's activities. Passing by, here and there, Janet glimpsed through open doorways, some ambitious soul already at his work. Though, in the main, it was still too early and the offices stood silent and deserted.

Finally, she stood before the door marked "L. Hartmann." With a fervent hope that she would find him in good humor, Janet took hold of the knob, turned it and walked in boldly. A quick glance revealed that there was no one in the outer office. As she stepped farther into the room, the sound of voices drew her eyes to the door of the inner office. It was open, just a crack. The director wasn't in there alone. Janet heard a woman's voice. High-pitched and excited:

"'Red Fury' was meant for me. I can do great things with it. Leni, you must give me the part."

"No," came the curt response, "it has been decided to put an unknown in the rôle. I'll not change the plans."

"But I need it to regain my standing with the public. Leni, you must do this for me. I'm not ashamed coming here like this, and begging a favor of you—I still love you."

"Is that why you ran off and married the prince?" the metallic voice rang harshly.

Annette Andrea! Janet caught her breath as the identity of the French actress disclosed itself to her. Realizing well that the honorable thing for her to do was to leave the office quietly, or knock on the door and make her presence known, Janet could bring herself to do neither. As though fastened to the spot, she stood and listened to Andrea declare passionately:

"But that's all over now. I divorced him, didn't I? Oh, it was all a horrid mistake—leaving Hollywood—making pictures in London. There is nothing I want more than to work under your supervision again, Leni."

"No! You made a fool of me once—you'll do it again if I give you the chance. But I won't. Do you understand, I won't give you the chance? My interest in you is dead."

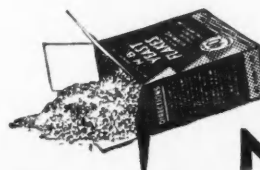
"So! Very well. But you will regret it, Lenard. You will learn that it is pleasanter to have my love than my hatred!"

She stormed out of the office so abruptly, Janet barely had time to step out of her way. Sweeping by in a cloud of perfume and fury, the French actress favored Janet with a contemptuous glance of her blazing dark eyes. She had slammed the door of the director's private office. And now she slammed the door of the outer office with such violence that a crack appeared, splitting the glass pane into two triangles.

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girl, perfectly nonchalant. "Good night, people."

Katherine stood in the driveway, watching that slight and graceful figure run back to the house, past the line of cars. Then she got in beside Pat.

"Pat," she said, in an amused, affectionate tone. "I'll bet she tried to date you."

"Kath, be reasonable. A fellow like me—without a bean."

But he was pleased and flattered. She could tell that by his tone; that Chica had tried to date him.

"Why not?" she went on, in the same

tone. "You're a good-looking lad. What was it? A tea, or what? Heavens, Pat, don't be coy. You know you can tell me things."

"You know," he said, "she's really very intelligent. Her husband's something in the telephone company out there. And when she found I was an electrical engineer, she told me—in confidence—about a new invention. She did suggest our meeting again, because she saw I was interested in the thing."

"You're not going to meet her," said Katherine.

"What, Kath?" he asked, rather startled. "You're not going to meet her—ever—anywhere. If you do, I'll find out. And I'll—"

"But, Kath," he cried. "I—"

"She's got nothing to do but keep herself beautiful. She can go to the best hair-dressers; she can buy her clothes at the best places. If it wasn't for that, she wouldn't be good-looking. She isn't really, anyhow."

"I know she isn't," he said, fervently.

"You think she is. Pat, did you kiss her?"

"Good Lord! I only saw her for about fifteen minutes—"

"Did you want to?" she demanded, with a sob. "Tell me the truth. We've always been perfectly . . . frank with each other. I just would like to know."

"I don't want to kiss anybody but you, Kath."

This time she let him put his arm about her. He kissed her, and she kissed him back; she drew his dark head down on her breast and cried, very quietly, in the dark.

"Kath, my own darling. There's nobody but you."

"And there isn't going to be, either," she said to herself, fiercely. "I'll see to that!"

## Starring "Red Fury"

(Continued from page 9)

irksome. To Janet, suffering silently with her toothache, it became more than irksome. They had been given a long bench to sit on, and she sat wedged between two girls, tired and cramped. Her make-up became sticky on her face. She wanted a drink of water in the worst way. Her tooth ached horribly. It was ridiculous for her to go up on that platform. But she could not quite convince herself that she ought to get up and leave.

Number 26, who sat next to her, was the vivacious girl with snapping eyes. She didn't seem a bit nervous. She walked up on the platform nonchalantly, almost flip-pantly. How Janet envied her! So absorbed did Janet become in watching both the girl and the director's critical countenance, that it drew her mind away from herself. It came as a rude surprise to hear "Twenty-seven!" hurled at her by the man who sat at the desk.

She arose from the bench abruptly. Her head swam crazily. It was ridiculous for her to go up there—absolutely ridiculous, she told herself. Making her way to the platform, she was sure she walked too slowly, and expected the director to yell out at her any moment. But he didn't, and she reached the platform safely.

Trembling but grimly determined, Janet faced the camera. Not daring to look at the director, she raised her face slowly toward the ceiling and wondered whether her vocal chords would respond when the moment to talk came.

"Cut!"

It startled Janet. She lowered her eyes to where she knew Hartmann was standing. He scowled, and with an impatient move of his hand motioned her off the platform. "Terrible"—he didn't say it out, but Janet saw the word form on his lips as he turned away in disgust.

The agony of that moment as she stood, with flaming cheeks, and stared at the director's broad back! It took all her will power to keep back the tears as she hurried off the platform. No. 28 had already been called. Janet was aware of the camera whirling as she pushed through a door.

She did not look where she was going. She just kept on walking, with her cheeks burning, her tooth aching, everything around her spinning, until she found herself suddenly confronted by a door again. The fear that she had walked in circles and returned to the scene of her humiliation, prompted her to halt and look around. She had walked into a private office.

In her consternation, Janet forgot everything but the thought of getting out of the office as fast as possible. Luckily, there was no one in at the moment. Carefully, she turned the knob of the door she had been on the verge of opening. Through a parting about an inch wide, she glimpsed an adjoining outer office. A girl with corn-colored hair sat at a desk, energetically working a typewriter.

Closing the door noiselessly, Janet hurried

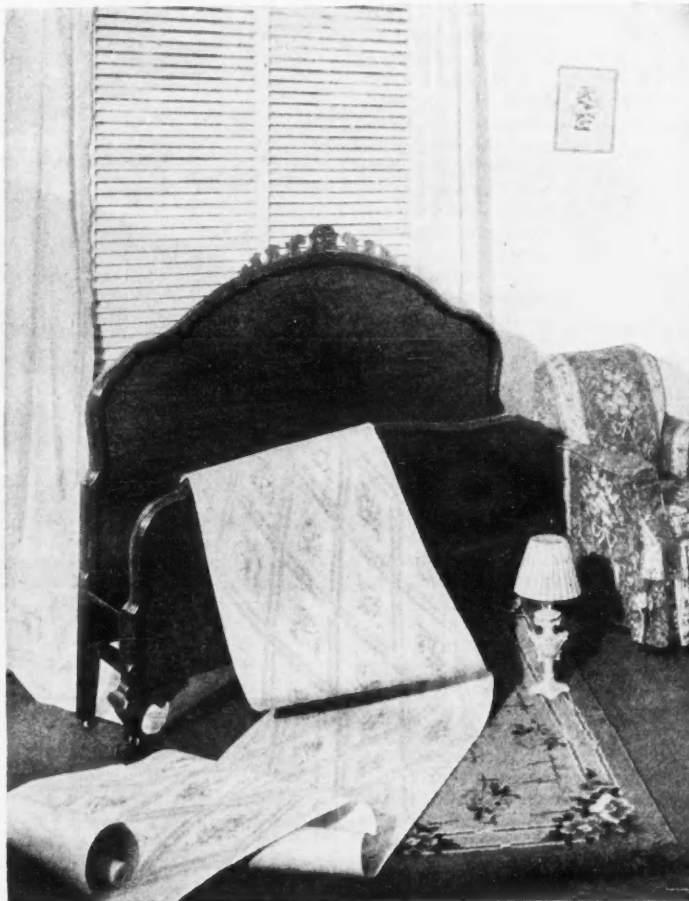
to a rear door—the one through which she had evidently entered. Her surmise was confirmed when she applied an eye to the opening she had made. The door led right into the room where the try-out was going on. Dismayed, Janet closed the door and glanced around the room helplessly. It was then that she discovered whose office it was she had blundered into.

On the front door, she read it backward quite easily through the glass: L. Hartmann. The immediate thought that he might come in any minute, threw Janet into a panic. She glanced irresolutely from door to door. If she went out by the front door, it would be very awkward to explain to the girl at the desk. If she took the rear door, it meant returning to the try-out room—equally as

embarrassing. Then it suddenly struck her—but why try to escape at all? Had not some kind Providence guided her to blunder blindly where she would never have come deliberately?

Carried away by the boldness of the idea, Janet sank into a comfortable leather chair near the desk. The window shades were drawn. It was cool and peaceful in the office. Janet dropped her purse and hat into her lap, and relaxed with a deep sigh.

She didn't know how long it was that she sat and stared down at the floor before it occurred to her that, perhaps, there was something about her person that Hartmann disliked. She flushed under the uncompensated thought. It did not take long for resentment to follow.



## The Bedroom

(Continued from page 51)

### Simplified Chippendale

Wall paper—Sunworthy colonial design with criss-cross bands of soft blue, quaint design in each block—houses, bridges, ships in full sail, and old-fashioned gardens.

White, brown, rust, pink and notes of blue are harmoniously combined.

Floors—plain grey broadloom by Toronto Carpet Co. Small rug with mauve border and small design in soft shades.

Draperies—plain glazed chintz or percale with tailored ruching, pale soft yellow.

Blind—Hees Venetian blind—white.

Chair—hand-blocked linen slip cover, deep mauve ground with floral pattern and light bands in design.

Lamp and lamp shade—white.

Bed and other pieces in suite—simple adaptation of Chippendale design by Knechtel. Walnut with burl walnut trim, or mahogany, claw foot.

"WELL DONE!" It came from behind, and startled Janet into the realization that she was not alone. She jumped to her feet and faced around quickly.

Hartmann was standing in the doorway, regarding her with his keen, critical eyes. Janet stared back at him, in confusion. It had been easy deciding to face him, but now that she stood before him—the idea seemed preposterous.

"Why didn't you act that way in front of the camera?" he demanded sharply.

"You didn't give me a chance," Janet retorted hotly. The next instant she was horrified at her audacity.

Frowning, the director pulled the door shut behind him, and came toward the desk. Janet wanted to grab her hat and run out, but she felt incapable of moving. Nervously, she watched the director as he seated himself at the desk.

Without looking at her, he said: "Sit down."

Scarcely breathing, Janet dropped into the chair opposite him. For several moments he remained silent, with his elbows propped on the desk, running his fingers restlessly through his thick black hair. Then he turned and looked at Janet. She was amazed at the tired look which had suddenly come into his face.

And still more to her amazement, Janet found herself feeling sorry for the director. Any bitterness that she felt against him, was submerged in the deep sympathy which surged through her so unaccountably. Perhaps he perceived something of it in her countenance, for when he spoke it was without that metallic harshness in his voice:

"You say I didn't give you a chance. Well, perhaps I didn't. But if you had seen yourself—" he heaved an impatient sigh, then added tersely—"you wouldn't blame me a bit."

It puzzled Janet. She regarded him timidly. "I—I don't understand."

"Your facial expressions. Good Lord, girl, you made the most atrocious faces," he exclaimed irritably, gesturing with his hands, "as if you were being tortured."

Then it dawned on Janet that the pain she had suffered from her tooth must have distorted her face, forced her to grimace unconsciously. No wonder—

"But I can explain that, Mr. Hartmann," she offered eagerly, moving to the edge of her seat in her happy excitement.

He gave her a long look. She flushed as she perceived the suspicion in his eyes—"alibis" it said. It wasn't easy to go on, but he seemed to be waiting. So:

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Pages 72, 73, 74 and 75

of this issue. There are patterns for your children and for yourself. Get the sewing machine into working order.

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## YOUR HOROSCOPE

Those who have received the "Key" to their planetary sections will find an installment of these sections below; further installments will appear in the next and following issues.

These readings are Miss Marguerite Carter's applications of the rules of Astrology as laid down in well known ancient and modern textbooks. Miss Carter claims no personal ability to forecast the future or solve your present problems and these readings are not intended for such purpose.

### Section 109—Moon

THE sign in influence here is one which has many strong characteristics and the vibrations are very positive. It is considered, astrologically, a double-bodied sign and in some of its phases is apt to cause you to have dual experiences. The planet which was passing through it when you were born has somewhat similar tendencies in itself and the combination probably gave you a dual nature to some degree. You probably are not always able thoroughly to understand your own emotions and reactions. Your judgment is quite acute and you have the faculty of attending to only one thing at a time. It is found that the clearest and coldest intelligences among outstanding people of history were bestowed by this particular planetary position. The probabilities are that you are much inclined to be prophetic.

### Section 147—Mars

THIS is an unusual planetary influence in several respects. It is a position which is considered very fortunate in its effect upon the mental powers, as it bestows considerable intellectual ability. People born under this influence are quick-witted and alert. It is considered a very fortunate planetary position for an honorable marriage. It is not, however, a very fortunate position for benefit through friendship, as it shows the possibility that you might suffer through the treachery of one friend at some time during your life and it also shows estrangements. Considering that testimony, it will be advisable for you to be careful about whom you take into your confidence.

### Section 157—Jupiter

THE planet and zodiacal sign in influence here are very much in sympathy and their vibrations are very harmonious. In fact the sign is ruled by the planet, and consequently the rays from the planet are very strong in that sign. Because of its position when you were born, you are very much more inclined to be prophetic than you would otherwise have been. You are sympathetic, philosophical and a peacemaker to a far greater extent than you would have been without this influence.

### Section 133—Venus

THIS planetary position is one that would have made you much more idealistic, mystical and inquisitive than you otherwise would have been. Also it would have made you fond of beauty and imaginative. Many people with this planetary position have several love affairs and are somewhat inclined to be fickle. It is a very fortunate position for success through personality and is a strong testimony pointing to that probability. Also it is a testimony which points to extensive travels and voyages at some time during your life due to characteristics. It cannot be taken as absolutely conclusive in itself but if other indications in the chart are reasonably harmonious, it is very powerful. You are apt to be revolted by vulgarity and to despise anything which is gross and unrefined. Any attempt to bind down your affections is greatly resented.

### Section 170—Saturn

THE effect of the sign through which the planet we consider here was passing when you were born, is not altogether favorable. The rays of the planet and sign are not considered entirely harmonious. It is likely that as a result of this influence you are more harsh and overbearing than would otherwise have been the case. It would require strong counteracting influences to soften this vibration. The tendency is toward independence, power and reserve. These qualities might readily make you so distant toward others that you would become isolated and lonely.

### Section 180—Uranus

THE effect of this planetary position would be to give you added independence and to strengthen your intellect. It also bestows a degree of originality, good memory and aptitude for acquiring knowledge. It points to the fact that, providing opportunities offer, you are apt to study along varied lines. It is likely that you are easy going, at least you are much more so than you would have been. Frequently people born under this planetary influence require

some great reverse or trial to bring out the best qualities. Providing there is sufficient inspiration, your greatest success is apt to come about through large undertakings. You have abilities which can make you outstandingly successful but they may not now be in use effectively.

### Section 122—Mercury

THIS is a fortunate planetary position for one to be born under, in most respects. It made you more diplomatic, profound, mystical and ambitious for advancement than you would have been without it. A great many people with this planetary position in force at the time they were born, providing they have proper educational advantages, achieve honors at school. You are very well fitted for a diplomatic post of some kind unless other testimony in your chart is entirely contrary. You are much inclined to pursue educational advantages and to become generally better educated than those by whom you were surrounded in youth. It is a testimony which points to many short journeys at various times during your life. Your reasoning powers are very good and you are inclined to examine closely, any facts presented to you. If you have any tendency toward depression you should carefully cultivate an optimistic cheerful attitude at all times.

### Section 158—Jupiter

THIS planetary position is not altogether fortunate although like most it has certain vibratory influences which are favorable. Its fault is that it adds to any melancholy tendencies. It does, however, increase the ambition and dignity. It is a testimony pointing toward a connection with ultra-orthodox religion and quite probably foreign affairs of some kind. Most people with this position are not very sympathetic toward occultism, in fact never so unless their charts show strong occult tendencies otherwise. It also points to the fact that you are apt to suffer sorrow through the misfortunes of friends. Much parental influence is usually found in marriages of people born under this influence.

### Section 134—Venus

THE planetary vibration points to the fact that you are fitted for positions of responsibility. You are just a little inclined to be suspicious and you demand that advances be made to you before you commit yourself to anything. Also you are likely to expect quite a lot from other people. You are apt to be constant and a lover of home, preferring your own fire-side to social functions of any kind. You desire open demonstration of affection from those you care for and you are easily hurt when this is not accorded.

### Section 110—Moon

PEOPLE who were born under the influence of this planetary vibration are prudent, economical and they usually are possessed of good mentalities. It is likely that you have a degree of longing for fame as a result of this influence. Both the sign and planet effective here are very coldly intellectual, however, and the combined vibratory influence has a tendency to make you more unsympathetic than you would have been. Your mental response to impression is apt to be quick and not infrequently you are antagonistic, for the reason that you are inclined to feel an immediate unsympathetic reaction.

### Section 171—Saturn

THE great majority of astrologers consider the particular sign in which this planet is found to be by far the best for it. Sometimes the planet is found in a position which gives harshness to the individual but that is not the case here. The scientific qualities of the mind and the ability for investigation along such lines were greatly strengthened. This vibration is very apt to bring you success and general good fortune, especially with associations or very probably with public affairs. You have a strong fondness for the mystic and occult although that is not frequently expressed outwardly. Later years of your life are apt to be far more successful than earlier ones and the thirty-third year should bring important changes. The result of this vibration is apt to give you unusually good health, considerable vitality and resistance to disease throughout your life.



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## Letter From a Man of 90

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Overhearing the conversation and witnessing Andrea's rage had made Janet feel quite superfluous. Now to break in on the director, who was probably purple with anger—the very thought softened Janet's spine. She did not breathe until she had crept out of the office and safely gained the corridor. And then she did not breathe normally for a long time afterward.

Her plan to remain on the studio grounds until noon and confront the director when he emerged for lunch came to a quick end. Some men were at work erecting a gibbet—evidently for a scene in "Louis the Fourteenth" which D. and H. were producing. Stopping to watch them, Janet was tapped on the shoulder and turned to find an important-looking man eyeing her with suspicion.

"What are you doing here, sister?" he asked in not too gentle a tone.

It didn't do anything to revive Janet's already shaken poise. "I've come to see Mr. Hartmann," she replied quickly.

"Oh, yeah—"

"He's expecting me."

"Then what are you doing out here?"

"Well, I—" Janet stopped despairingly; it was futile trying to explain it to the hard-looking individual. He jerked his thumb in the direction of the gate:

"Come on—get going. Hey, Sam—" he barked to a boy—"see this lady to the gate."

"Thank you, but I don't need an escort," Janet retorted indignantly. With her face flaming, she walked rapidly toward the gate. It would not have mortified her so, but some actors had been standing near by, and she had seen the quiet amusement on their faces.

At the gate the amiable Larkins asked: "Well, how was luck, young lady?"

Janet forced a smile: "Oh, just fine, Larkins—just fine."

Not until she had reached the privacy of her little one-room abode, did Janet feel suddenly ashamed of her conduct. Angrily, she stared at her tear-stained face in the mirror.

"How do you expect to get anywhere, you little dummy, when your spine is made of jelly. A dame like Andrea gives you a dirty look, and you wilt; you let a wise guy bully you out of the studio; you throw away a grand chance to get ahead, because you're afraid an angry director might let his anger out on you. [And suppose he did, what of it? A man who bothers to take you to a dentist, pays the bill, and gives you ten dollars for a pair of shoes can't be much of a monster.

"What's wrong with you? I'll tell you what's wrong, Janet Stevens. You feel sorry for yourself. You think the world owes you a living. You expect a movie contract to be served up to you on a platter. Perhaps you would like Dayton-Harris to coax you into accepting a job."

FOR HOURS Janet continued to flay herself in this merciless manner. It was late in the afternoon when she finally bullied herself into the resolve to confront Leni Hartmann.

Returning to the studio, she learned from Larkins, the gateman, that the director had not left the studio grounds. Sighing with relief, Janet turned away, resigned to a period of waiting. It was no use "crashing" the gate. For, though she could get past Larkins easily enough, they would never let her get to the director. Her only way was to meet him outside, as he left the studio to go home.

She whiled away the time wandering about in the vicinity of the studio, careful to remain within sight of the gate lest she miss the director's exit. The ten dollars he had given her was in her purse. She had no intention of parting with the money. It was something more than just a ten-dollar bill to her. It was something, Janet reflected blushing, which had—belonged to him. Thank heaven, he couldn't know what she was thinking.

At five o'clock she was back at the gate, straining her eyes eagerly for the earliest possible glimpse of Director Leni Hartmann.

But though celebrities and extras, office workers and laborers, streamed steadily

through the gate for two hours, there was no sign of the dynamic Hartmann person. When it seemed as though the last individual in the studio had gone home, Janet anxiously approached Larkins, again.

"Are you positive Mr. Hartmann didn't leave earlier in the afternoon?"

The gateman emerged from his booth, also ready to go home. "Positive—unless the son-of-a-battle-axe flew off in one of those studio planes," chuckled Larkins. Then, noticing Janet's distress, he added more kindly: "He often keeps late hours when he's busy on a picture, Miss Janet. It's not unusual for him to remain at the studio until midnight, and longer."

Janet heard this with dismay. Was she still to doubt that the world was against her?

"Why don't you go in," Larkins suggested. "It won't be hard to find him, with the place almost empty."

"No," Janet shook her head slowly. "I wouldn't want to disturb him if he's busy."

Shrugging, the gateman bid her good night, as a night watchman came to relieve him at his post. Janet turned away dejectedly. It seemed, now that she had worked up a determination and courage, one obstacle after another came to deter her from her purpose.

Depressed, tired, hungry, it suddenly occurred to Janet that she would be hungrier still, if she failed to land a job pretty soon. The alarming thought revived her drooping spirit like a tonic. She retraced her steps to the studio gate, resolutely. Dash it all! He was in there; he had to come out sooner or later; she intended to be there—whether it was "sooner" or "later."

And as the hours went by, and it grew dark, Janet did not allow her determination to weaken. Fearing that she might doze off during her weary watch, she did not lean her tired body against the gate for more than a few moments at a time. To relieve the tedium of standing, she walked up and down the sidewalk, always keeping within a few feet of the gateway; hoping, each time she looked back over her shoulder, to see Leni Hartmann coming through the gate. And it happened just that way—

Glancing over her shoulder, Janet's tired eyes finally saw the director stepping through the gate.

A violent reaction of over-wrought emotions left Janet speechless and rooted to the spot, when she wanted to cry out and rush up to the director. Her heart pounded so furiously she wondered that he didn't hear it as he stopped to light a cigarette. Though she was but a few steps away, it was dark, and he didn't see her.

Janet never knew what prompted her to turn her head just then, and glance at the speeding automobile which was passing. But when she glimpsed Annette Andrea's face at the wheel, and saw Leni Hartmann crossing the street—only one thought leaped before her—and it shook her out of her emotional paralysis in time to reach the unsuspecting director and fling herself bodily against him, so that it threw him out of the way of the car. While she—

At last Janet felt that her streak of hard luck was broken. She was lying on the sidewalk, and Leni Hartmann was holding her in his arms. She didn't know how badly she was hurt. She didn't feel anything—except the director's arms around her. And then she heard him murmur: "I've got to hand it to you, it will get you some grand publicity."

How cruel he was to think that. Yet Janet did not blame him. She blamed Hollywood. In a half whisper, she appealed to him: "You mustn't tell on Andrea. It would be bad—for you." A dizziness enveloped Janet, and Hartmann's face became a blur before her. "Let's say it was an accident—please—"

Regaining consciousness at the hospital, Janet learned that she had a dislocated hip, a sprained ankle and several body bruises. But she was amazingly disinterested in her injuries. Instead, she closed her eyes and lived, over and over, that interval when she had lain on the sidewalk, with the director's arms around her.

In the morning, a box of roses arrived

with his card. Toward evening, he came himself.

Janet greeted him shyly, uncertainly. Did he still think what he had thought last night? As he seated himself in a chair at her bedside, she noticed for the first time, the cut across his left cheek. She forgot her shyness as her eyes scrutinized his face concernedly.

"Oh—you've been hurt!"

He gave her an odd quick glance, then he looked away: "It's just a scratch." He kept his face averted—"How are you feeling?"

"Pretty good," Janet answered cheerfully, wondering why he had turned away from her.

"Perhaps there are some friends you would like to notify," he suggested briefly.

Janet wished he would turn around so she could look at his handsome face. She answered simply: "I haven't any friends."

"We seem to have something in common there," the director rejoined, finally turning around.

Janet quivered inwardly as she gazed at him—the wonderful softness that gleamed in his usually cold inscrutable countenance—his charming embarrassment as he looked at her. Janet wanted to cry; instead she smiled and said:

"I haven't thanked you for the roses—they're lovely."

Quite unexpectedly, he said: "You didn't come yesterday. Why?"

"I did come," Janet replied eagerly seizing the opportunity to explain. "I was there when Andrea tried persuading you to let her have 'Red Fury'—I hope you'll forgive me for listening."

The director seemed to ignore the naive remark. He laid his hand thoughtfully over hers, on the covers. Janet hoped he would leave it there for a long time. Perhaps he saw it in her eyes, perhaps he didn't, but he did not take his hand away. He looked at her musingly.

"Why didn't you come in after she had gone?"

"I thought that her visit had left you in a bad humor. I—I was afraid to intrude," Janet confessed, shyness coming over her again.

The director smiled faintly. "But not afraid to throw yourself in front of a speeding car." He stared meditatively across the room: "I've got a part for you, Stevens."

Janet held her breath in joyous anticipation. "You mean"—she was afraid to say it—"Red Fury?"

The director shook his head slowly. "No; something much more difficult," he took both her hands in his, and regarded her steadily: "How would you like the part of a bride—the bride of the meanest director in town?"

It came as a severe shock to Janet. She heard herself wildly declaring: "My heaven! don't you know that you are the sweetest—the grandest—most wonderful thing on two feet in Hollywood! I'd jump in front of a car any time for you. I adore you—I'm nuts about you—" she sank exhaustedly into the director's arms, and listened to his kind soothing voice.

"I'm going to take you away from Hollywood, little red-head. I won't let them spoil you. I want to keep you sweet and sincere. I want you to keep on being 'nuts' about me. I want the joy of knowing that you kiss me because you want to—not for furthering a screen career."

Janet raised her face to his, and though her heart about skipped out of her mouth, boldly kissed the director on the lips: "Do you mean like this—?"

He laughed delightfully and drew her closer: "More like this—" And he demonstrated, as he had demonstrated it many times in the studio, to the glamorous stars—only this time, he enjoyed doing it.

AMONG THE many interesting items in the Hollywood News was: Annette Andrea's departure for Paris, and Dayton-Harris cancelling their plans to produce "Red Fury." But undoubtedly, the most interesting item of all was the one which told about the marriage of Leni Hartmann, the meanest director in Hollywood.

## It's Chicken!

(Continued from page 55)

and sprinkle with salt, pepper, two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped green pepper and one tablespoonful of minced onion or chives. Cover with strips of bacon and bake in a hot oven until the chicken is tender. Remove to a hot platter and pour around it a sauce made by blending three tablespoonfuls of fat from the pan with four tablespoonfuls of flour and adding to this one and one half cupfuls of thin cream. Stir constantly until thickened and season to taste with salt and pepper. If desired, use half cream and half chicken stock.

### Chicken: Country Style

Cut up a fowl and roll each piece in flour, then brown in hot fat, to which a little sliced onion has been added. After browning each piece of chicken, place in a casserole and pour over it a medium-sized (No. 2) tin of tomatoes. Season with salt and pepper. Place a few slices of bacon over the top, cover closely and bake in a slow oven for at least three hours or until the chicken is tender.

### Chicken Loaf

- 2 Cupfuls of diced cooked chicken
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Cupful of chopped cooked ham
- 1 Cupful of fine bread crumbs
- 2 Cupfuls of hot milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Teaspoonful of pepper
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  Cupfuls of cooked rice or macaroni
- 2 Cupfuls of tomato pulp

Mix the chicken and ham, bread crumbs, seasonings and milk. Pack into a well-greased baking dish and spread a layer of cooked rice over the top. Add the tomato pulp and bake in a moderately hot oven for thirty to forty minutes. Serve in the baking dish.

### Chicken Croquettes

- 3 Teaspoonfuls of butter
- 5 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1 Cupful of milk
- 2 Cupfuls of diced cooked chicken
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of salt
- Pepper
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of finely minced onion
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley or pimiento

Melt the butter, add the flour and blend well. Stir the milk gradually into this and cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Add the seasonings, onion and parsley, and prepared chicken. When cool, mold into desired shapes, roll in fine bread crumbs and dip in slightly beaten eggs to which one tablespoonful of water is added for each egg. Roll again in crumbs and fry in deep fat at a temperature of 360 degrees Fahrenheit for three minutes.

### Jellied Chicken

Cut up a fairly large fowl, cover with water and add one teaspoonful of salt. Cut a medium-sized onion, two carrots and two or three stalks of celery into small pieces

and add them with a few sprigs of parsley to the pot. Simmer until the meat is tender. Remove the meat from the bones, being careful not to break it up but leave it in fairly large pieces. Strain the liquid and boil down until it is reduced to two cupfuls. Decorate the bottom of a mold with slices of hard-cooked eggs, then arrange the chicken free from skin and bone. Pour over this the liquid and chill thoroughly.

In warm weather, it is advisable to add one teaspoonful of gelatine softened in one tablespoonful of cold water to each cupful of liquid before pouring it over the meat.

### Baked Virginia Chicken

Cut a young chicken into portions for serving. Wrap each piece in a thin slice of uncooked ham and tie securely with string. Place three or four cloves in each piece, place in a well-greased baking pan and dust with flour. Place in a hot oven—925 degrees Fahrenheit—and bake until slightly brown. Reduce the heat of the oven to 375 degrees Fahrenheit, add one-half cupful of water and a little butter and bake until the chicken is tender.

### Mock Terrapin

- 2 Cupfuls of diced chicken
- 1 Cupful of chopped hard-cooked egg
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Green pepper diced
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Pimiento

Mix together slightly, then make a cream sauce with:

- 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 2 Cupfuls of milk
- 1 Cupful of chicken broth
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Teaspoonful of celery salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of paprika

When thickened, add the chicken mixture and heat thoroughly. Serve on toast points.

### Chicken à la Maryland

Cut a young chicken into pieces as for frying. Wash well and dry. Season with salt and pepper and dip into beaten egg and well-dried sifted bread crumbs; lay in a well-buttered baking pan, pour over a little melted butter. Pour in two cupfuls of seasoned chicken stock. Bake in a hot oven—450 degrees Fahrenheit—for twenty-five to thirty minutes. Serve with cream gravy made of the drippings. Garnish with bacon slices and parsley.

### Chicken Salad

- 1 Cupful of diced cooked chicken
- 3 Hard-cooked egg whites diced

Mix lightly with:

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of salad oil.
- 1 Tablespoonful of vinegar
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{8}$  Teaspoonful of pepper
- 1 Cupful celery cut lengthwise, then crosswise in small pieces
- 1 Cupful shelled Brazil nuts cut in small pieces
- 1 Tablespoonful of gelatine

Soak the gelatine in one-quarter cupful of cold water, then dissolve over hot water. Add slowly to one cupful of mayonnaise dressing. Mix with the other ingredients and pack into molds. Chill and serve unmolded on a bed of lettuce.

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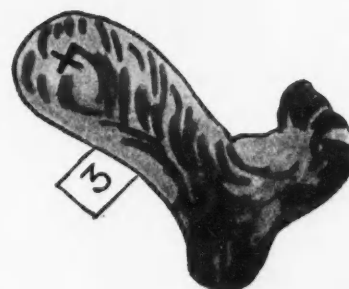
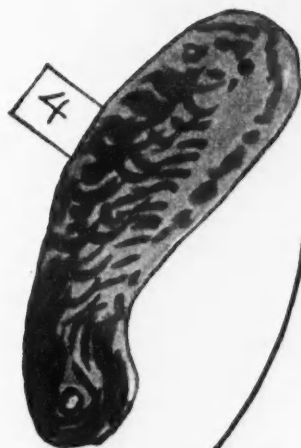
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# TUMBLING TEDDY

YOU CAN  
MAKE HIM!



## — How to make him —

IF TUMBLING TEDDY is made properly, he will do all sorts of tricks, so be very careful how you put him together.

Paste on fairly stiff cardboard all the parts except that marked 1+. When they are quite dry cut out carefully, leaving them on the table with their numbers still attached. Now paste 1+ on the plain side of 1.

Next, thread a strong needle with very coarse thread, and tie a large knot in the end. Take the two parts marked 2. These are the upper and lower parts of one leg. Put your needle through both at X. Draw the thread up to knot and tie a knot on the other side. This makes a knee joint that will move easily. Make the other leg of the two parts marked 3. After the legs are made, the numbers must be cut off.

Next, fasten the legs to the body. To do this, put your needle, with a big knot in the thread, through

at the dot on the upper part of one leg; then through the dot on the lower part of the body; then through the other leg at dot. Pull thread through to the knot and tie a large knot on the other side. Be sure that Teddy's toes point in the same direction as his nose.

Now fasten the arms, numbered 4 and 5, on at the shoulder in the same manner. The tabs with numbers go toward the back and must be cut off after the arms are in place.

All Teddy's joints will now move, but he must have a stick. A small wooden knitting needle will do nicely. Carefully shove the stick through his paws, first punching a small hole at the circle marked. His paws should be about one inch apart and very tight on the stick. When you hold the long end of the stick and twirl it in your fingers, Teddy will perform his tricks for you. It is a good idea to color the plain side of the arms and legs a nice brown, to match the rest of him.

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No. 13. Lemons.

CHEERINGLY SIMPLE to appliqué and yet very lovely when done is this next fruit block, the lemon. Even on a fruit so uniformly one color as this we use two values, the clearest lemon yellow available for the two top fruits, with a bit deeper pure yellow, not an orange tint, for the lower lemon. One leaf traces on to a dark citrus-like green while the other two indicate that the lower or lighter side is exposed.

You are doubtless planning your quilt in all cotton materials, which launder and wear so well. However a few pillows for the breakfast room built-in seats, tied-on chair seat covers or gay little silk and velvet pillows for the living room might be suggested by these same patterns. A yellow, a

red and an orange fruit pillow, on black taffeta with light green and black baskets would make an unusual group for some seat.

A special assortment of good quality broadcloth is available to readers who are making the Fruit Basket Quilt. It contains all the colors required for the appliqué parts, including the baskets. The price is \$1.50.

Readers who wish to obtain any of the blocks previously published, will be interested in learning that the first eleven blocks in the Fruit Basket Quilt, together with the cutting units and quilting design, can be obtained for ten cents complete. Send to: Editorial Department, *Chatelaine*, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, for both the block reprints and the appliqué materials.



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**No. 1183** — The quaint, high-closing vestee inserted in the yoke of this frock is one of the "high-spots" of the current vogue. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 35 inch material

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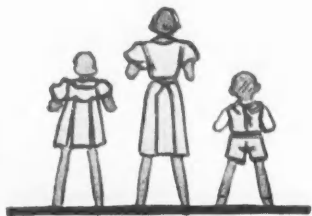


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Chatelaine, November, 1933

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Woodstock—Canadian Dept. Stores  
Walker Stores  
Wyoming—H. J. Parnall

## SASKATCHEWAN

Aneroid—A. T. Forrester  
Arcola—Francis & Co.  
Asquith—H. J. Baldwin

Balcarres—A. Moffett  
Bathurst—Early's, Limited  
Bigger—Hock & Packer, P. O. Box  
115  
Birch Hills—H. A. Wilson  
Blaine Lake—J. J. Coffin  
Broadview—Mr. C. H. Clerkson  
Bruno—A. Battel  
Canora—W. E. Hancheroff  
Carleton Place—F. Barley  
Carleton Place—J. F. MacRae  
Carleton Place—J. H. Elliott & Co.  
Ceylon—G. T. Kines  
Climax—Climax Trading Co.  
Cudworth—Stockhamer & Wine  
Denzil—J. H. Klotz  
Doddsland—Mr. B. H. Corrigan  
Domremy—J. E. Ouellet & Co.  
Dundurn—E. Haggis  
Elbow—F. T. Marks  
Western Supply Store  
Esterhazy—F. A. Clements  
Estevan—J. E. Loughlin Co.  
Fram Lake—E. B. Smith  
Fort Qu'Appelle—W. F. Brownlee  
Frederick—Riddell & Co.  
Glen Ewen—J. H. Good  
Gowen—D. Fraser  
Gull Lake—J. O. Hamby Co.  
Hanley—J. A. Nystrum Co.  
Hepburn—Hepburn Trading Co.  
Herbert—A. H. Loopy  
Imperial—The Louis General Store  
Indian Head—The Western Fair  
Kelvington—E. S. Brancome &  
Son  
Kamsack—H. Harvey & Co.  
Kenaston—P. J. Cooper  
Kensington—G. Dods  
Langenburg—Patrick McAfee  
Leader—Eskin & Naimark  
Leask—R. S. Conterly, Leask Drug  
Lemberg—Lemberg Co-operative  
Assoc. Ltd.  
Lindsay—Frank Robinson  
The Red and White Store  
Lloydminster—H. C. Measum  
Lipton—H. Jamnolsky  
Machlin—Machlin Trading Co.  
Major—J. J. Doyle  
Macle Creek—Henderson's, Ltd.  
Marilyn—G. W. Stockton, Ltd.  
Meymont—N. Friedman  
Mervin—W. J. Wright  
Montmartre—A. C. Berton  
Moose Jaw—T. Eaton Co.  
Ladies Shops, Ltd.  
Moosemin—R. D. McNaughton Co.  
Neville—L. W. Towler, Box 7  
Nokema—Mrs. J. E. Nichol  
North Battleford—Craig Bros.  
North Portal—R. H. Douglas  
Ogema—E. L. Sier  
Oxbow—W. N. Alcorn  
Preeceville—St. Carlson  
Prince Albert—R. W. Mutchmor  
Punnichy—W. O. Heubach, Ltd.  
Radisson—V. W. Eddy  
Radville—E. J. Theohaid  
Redvers—R. C. Currie & Son  
McDonald & Rutherford  
Regina—T. Eaton Co.  
West of England Dress Goods  
Nippon Silk & Products Co.  
Rose Valley—Albert Olson  
Rosthern—Friesen & Co.  
Rosedown—Smith & Smith  
Saltcoats—E. R. Smith's Store  
Saskatoon—T. Eaton Co.  
Mrs. J. A. Paine, 815 Broadway  
Shanahan—McMahon & Co., Ltd.  
Sutherland—Miss M. G. Longbottom,  
Box 15  
St. Brieux—Roy's Cash Store  
Stoughton—J. H. Thurlby  
Swift Current—Wignmore's, Ltd.  
Tugaskie—P. A. Wiggins  
Unity—J. M. McLean & Co.  
Verdon—St. Mary's General Store  
Viscount—J. W. Hill  
Wadena—A. Fawcett  
Wapella—J. N. Rowell  
Watrous—Marcoe & Lerner  
Watson—Welch's Store  
Wawota—Woods & Peddle  
Weyburn—McKinnons, Ltd.  
Whitewood—Whitewood Trading Co.  
Wiseley—S. I. Cole  
Yellow Grass—E. Harvey  
Yorkton—Hudson's Bay Co.

## MANITOBA

Belmont—Cattell & Phillips  
Brandon—Dolgs, Ltd.  
Cardale—S. W. Smith  
Carman—H. S. Shilston Co.  
Cartwright—Moore & Co.  
Crystal City—John H. Treble  
Cypress River—Mr. Jones Anderson  
Dauphin—V. G. White  
Deloraine—Henry Bros.  
Elgin—Anderson Mercantile Co.

Flin Flon—The Novelty Store  
Fox Warren—W. J. Morris  
Gladstone—Collins & Co.  
Hamiata—Dick's Shop  
Kilmarney—Anderson Mercantile Co.  
La Riviere—J. H. Farley & Sons  
Manitow—J. G. McGowan  
D. Balfour  
Medora—Henry Bros.  
Melita—H. Simpson  
Minota—W. L. Hodnett  
Minnedosa—P. J. McDermott  
Morris—Jewel Stores Limited  
Neudale—Mrs. D. J. Wilson  
Neepawa—Jewel Stores Limited  
Ninette—Coad & Wright  
Notre Dame De Lourdes—Union  
Commercia  
Newell—W. A. Reid  
Oak River—E. H. Gilin & Sons  
Perth—La Prairie—Ralph's Dept.  
Store  
Rapid City—Beattie's Store  
Ratons—P. S. Munro Co., Ltd.  
Rivers—Jas. A. McKennie  
Rebun—W. Nowosad  
Russell—Smellie Bros.  
Shoal Lake—A. R. Thornbeck  
Souris—G. E. Simble  
St. Claude—Artes, Ltd.  
Swan River—P. McKay & Sons  
Transcona—Transcona Merchants  
Treherne—Mrs. E. C. Daly  
Virden—7th Avenue Stores  
Waskada—A. Dalrymple  
Wawanesa—Geo. H. Harrison  
Winnipeg—T. Eaton Co.  
Forsythe & Co., 559 Osborne St.  
Mary Meyer, 59 Portage Ave. W.  
James Dry Goods, 224 Kelvin St.

## ALBERTA

Bassano—The McKee Store  
Blackie—J. A. Macdonald  
Calgary—T. Eaton Co.  
Hudson's Bay Co.  
Webb's  
Nippon Silk Co., 119-8th Ave. W.  
Camrose—J. Lawrence & Co.  
Brody's, Ltd.  
Carleton Place—Miss Daphne Nash  
Cardston—Laidlaw's, Ltd.  
Clareholm—Clark Bros.  
Delburne—The Morris Store  
Edmonton—T. Eaton Co.  
Edmonton—T. Eaton Co.  
Hudson's Bay Co.  
Falcon—Falcon Trading Co.  
Fort Saskatchewan—J. T. Lalonde  
Grande Prairie—P. V. Croken  
Hanna—Stewart & Co.  
Hardisty—R. S. Ross Co., Ltd.  
Hythe—Salmer's Supply Co.  
Innisfail—The Globe Store  
Lacombe—F. E. McLeod  
Leduc—Sheldons, Ltd.  
Legal—Legal Mercantile Co., Ltd.  
Lethbridge—T. Eaton Co.  
Clarke & Co.  
Medford—Reach & Co.  
Medicine Hat—The Teo Store  
Olds—H. S. McIntyre  
Pincher Creek—William's Ladies'  
Wear  
Ponoka—F. E. Algar  
Peace River—Mrs. L. R. McLure  
F. E. Algar, Northern Ltd.  
Red Deer—The T. Eaton Co., Ltd.  
Sedgewick—Mills & Bealston  
Edmonton—Gow & Hall  
South Edmonton—Murray & Farrah  
Strathmore—Strathmore Trading Co.  
Taber—R. H. Anderson  
Vermilion—Craig Bros.  
Viking—Hillier Bros.  
Wainwright—A. C. Armstrong  
Wemby—R. Kranz  
Westlock—Geo. McTavish  
Westaskin—Brody's, Ltd.

## BRITISH COLUMBIA

Courtenay—Larver's  
Cumberland—Mrs. B. Davies,  
Dunlavin Ave.  
Duncan—Cowichan Merchants, Ltd.  
Dawson Creek—W. O. Harper  
Hollyburn—Brook's Dry Goods  
Kamloops—Hudson's Bay Co.  
Kelowna—Fumerton's, Ltd.  
Nanaimo—Malpas & Wilson  
Nelson—Hudson's Bay Co.  
New Westminster—W. S. Collister,  
Ltd.  
North Vancouver—The Stork Shoppe,  
125 Lansdale Ave.  
Port Alberni—Waterhouse & Greene  
Prince Rupert—H. S. Wallace & Co.  
Princeton—Princeton Dept. Store  
Rossland—Weir's Dry Goods  
Salmon Arm—The S. A. F. E., Ltd.  
Squamish—Macdonald's, Ltd.  
Trail—The Consolidated Mining &  
Smelting Co. of Canada, Ltd.

Vancouver—Mrs. Martha Allard,  
3006 W. Broadway  
The Baby's Own Shoppe,  
6063 Fraser Ave.  
Every Woman's Shoppe,  
716 W. Broadway  
D. Sutherland's Dry Goods,  
3916 Hastings St. E.  
David Spencer, Ltd.  
M. A. Rutherford, 4177 Main St.  
Osborne's Kerrisdale Dry Goods,  
2106-41st Avenue West  
Reid's Dry Goods,  
1309 S. W. Marine Dr.  
Verona—Hudson's Bay Co.  
Williams Lake—Mackenzie's, Ltd.  
P. E. I.  
O'Leary—McWilliams & Turner  
Summerside—R. T. Holman  
Canadian Stores, Ltd.  
NEW BRUNSWICK  
Blacks Harbor—Connors Bros.  
Campbellton—Canadian Dept. Stores  
Chapman—King Lumber Co.  
Cross Creek—Huxley Bros.  
Dorchester—M. H. Attridge  
East Farnborough—The Davis Co.  
Fredericton—R. L. Black  
John J. Weddall & Son  
Grand Falls—Isaac Dalfen  
Hartland—Keith & Plummer  
Harvey Station—G. W. Coburn &  
Sons  
J. E. H. Swift & Sons  
Moncton—T. Eaton Co.  
Newcastle—J. D. Creighton Co., Ltd.  
Saint John—F. A. Dykeman Dept.  
Store  
Zeller's, Ltd.  
St. Quentin—Jos. Savoy  
Sussex—Sussex Mercantile Co.  
Woodstock—Miss Laura Balmain  
NOVA SCOTIA  
Antigonish—Wilkie & Cunningham  
Aylesford—L. L. Davidson  
Dorchester—Mrs. B. J. Ross  
Glace Bay—Canadian Dept. Stores  
Guysboro—B. & G. Jost, Ltd.  
Halifax—T. Eaton Co.  
Middleton—Fred E. Bentley & Co.  
New Glasgow—George White Book  
Store  
Canadian Stores, Ltd.  
North Sydney—Ingraham's Bargain  
Store  
Oxford—Davis & Swan  
Parrsboro—Watson Weaver  
Pictou—Margolin, Kitzoff & Co.  
Port Hawkesbury—J. J. Bourinot  
Stewiack—P. P. Crowe, Ltd.  
Sydney—Canadian Dept. Stores  
Sydney Mines—Canadian Dept.  
Store  
Truro—C. E. Bentley & Co.  
Westville—C. Harris  
Yarmouth—Everybody's Store  
QUEBEC  
Asbestos—J. H. Boudreau  
Bellevue—Berger & Frece, Engr.  
Beauveville—Est. Mr. Catus Roy  
Beauharnois—J. N. Marchand  
Berthierville—D. Tessier  
Brownsville—H. Pariseau  
Buckingham—McCallum & Lahele  
C. de la Madeleine—Mad. Joseph  
Lapine  
Charry—J. G. Brochu  
Caticook—Miss C. E. O'Neill  
Compton—Melle, E. Coultre  
Coutrecoeur—Mr. A. Laplanie  
Cowansville—E. A. Bonnette  
Deschambault—Normandeau & Carotte  
Drummondville—N. H. Brodeur  
Mad. Hervie Houle  
Farnham—Bonn's 5c. to \$1.00 Store  
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Granby—Granby 5c. to \$1.00 Store  
Hemmingford—O. Lavigne  
Iberville—Mad. Omer Mathieu  
Joliette—G. C. M. Coutu  
Mad. Camille Coutu  
L'Angele—Mme. G. Marois  
Lachute—Brody's Dry Goods  
Lachute—Leona 5c. to \$1.00 Store  
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Desjardins  
Loulerville—J. H. Langevin  
Mile—Melle Juliette Gaudreau  
Makamik—P. E. Tremblay  
Montreal—T. Eaton Co.  
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Jean Leroux, 2012 Blvd. Rosemont  
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St.  
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East  
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St. Alaire 8765 Tellier St.  
Maurice Evans

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544 Jean-Talon St. W.  
Imperial Silks & Woollens,  
1272 Mt. Royal Ave.  
E. B. Harrison's Silks & Wool-  
lens, 1407 St. Lawrence Blvd.  
C. Legault, 357 De Caestelein,  
St. Denis  
Marshall's Silks, 1195 St.  
Catherine St.  
Mad. Alfred Dube, 5954 St.  
Hubert St.  
Mad. A. Lamarche, 1879 Gauthier  
St. G.  
G. A. Langlois, 7768 St. Hubert  
Heron's Bargain Store, 5820  
St. Hubert  
L. Rivet, 3917 St. Catherine E.  
Oscar Benoit, 3930 Ontario  
Rosa Bouchard, 5747 Jeanne  
D'Arc  
P. Bancel & Fils  
D. Serres, 4273 St. Antoine W.  
L. Trempe, 6307 Monk, Ville  
Enard  
Mde. A. Urban, 4724 Papineau  
Ave.  
Mrs. S. Fry, 4824 Sherbrooke  
Ave. West  
Jack Evans, 5768 Sherbrooke  
Ave. West  
Federal 5c. to \$1.00 Store, St.  
Hubert St.  
J. C. Lemieux, 3734 Notre Dame  
W.  
People's 5c. to \$1.00 Store, 1807  
Mt. Royal  
Rene Lacroix, 5050 Blvd. St.  
Laurent  
Raoul Gellinas, Ltd., 8111 St.  
Denis St.  
Mme. I. A. Laberge, 9671 Notre  
Dame E.  
Ideal 5c. to \$1.00 Store,  
Maison St.  
R. Valontine, 6399 St. Hubert St.  
Variety 5c. to \$1.00 Store, 1607  
Mount Royal Ave. E.  
Variety 5c. to \$1.00 Store, 6619  
St. Hubert St.  
Montebello—R. O. Quesnel  
Mont-Joli—Melle E. Dunere  
Mont-Laurier—C. Labelle—Elle  
Basinet  
Montmagny—J. A. Papillon  
Piorville—Sehoner & Cie.  
Pontiac—David Gourd, Amos Co.  
Plessisville—J. A. Savole, Fils.  
Enr.  
Quebec—T. D. Dubuc, 214-16 St.  
John  
Melle C. Picard, 1239 St.  
Vallier St.  
Telephore Simard, 710 St.  
Vallier St.  
J. W. Malouin, 36 Victoria St.  
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Riviere du Loup—J. E. Pineau  
Scottstown—J. A. Labonne  
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Maireau  
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Sherbrooke—N. Zaltab, 24 King  
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Mad. George Croteau  
Sherrington—J. R. Sclotte  
St. Anne de Bellevue—G. Daoust  
& Co.  
St. Christy—Mad. C. Machabee  
St. Felix de Valois—J. Geo.  
Dufresne  
St. Gabriel de Brandon Co.  
Perthier—J. M. Comeau  
St. Germe de Beauce—Mad. O.  
Papillon  
5c. to \$1.00 Store  
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Mde. Camille Caté  
St. Jean—Madame C. Leroy  
St. Lin—Antonio Morel  
St. Martin—Arthur Valliant  
St. Pamel—Mad. Jean J. Levesque  
St. Remi, Co. Naperville—  
Lacelle & Provencal  
St. Sophie de Leoard—  
Mad. M. L. Palardy  
St. Therese de Blainville—  
Mad. A. Lafrances  
Sorel—Emilien Lachambre  
Three Rivers—Lambert & Cloutier  
Therford Mines—Eugenie Lemieux  
239 Notre Dame  
Valleyfield—La Compagnie Dion  
Verdon—Dominion Remnant Stores,  
3932 Wellington Street  
Verdon Remnant Stores, Ltd.  
5001 Wellington Street  
Victoriaville—J. Henri Auger  
Windsor Mills—Mde. Joseph Coté  
Yamachiche—J. E. Bellemare

Every Chatelaine Pattern is guaranteed perfect cut and perfect fit





## Large Size Hospitality

(Continued from page 56)

### Chicken à la King

3 to 4 Quarts of cooked cubed chicken

1 Can of pimiento, cut in strips

1 Cupful of chicken fat or butter

2 Cupfuls of flour

1 Gallon of liquid (chicken stock and milk)

Salt and pepper

Melt the fat, add the flour and seasonings and blend well. Heat the liquid and add gradually to the flour mixture, stirring constantly. Cook until thick and creamy. Add the prepared chicken and pimientos. If desired one cupful of chopped green pepper or one pound of mushrooms may be added. Cook first in butter for ten minutes.

### Baked Ham Loaf

5 Pounds of ground cured ham

4½ Pounds of ground beef

1 Quart of cracker crumbs

5 Eggs, well beaten

1½ Tablespoonfuls of salt

1 Teaspoonful of mustard

2 Tablespoonfuls of minced onion

1 Quart of liquid (milk, stock or water in which bouillon cubes have been dissolved)

Combine all the ingredients and mix well. Shape into loaves and place in a greased shallow pan. Bake in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahrenheit—for one hour, basting frequently with the fat and a little boiling water.

This may be sliced and served either hot or cold.

### Scalloped Oysters

6 Quarts of oysters with their liquor

2 Quarts of cracker crumbs

2 Quarts of bread crumbs  
About two tablespoonfuls of salt  
Pepper

2 Quarts of milk (or more)

1 Cupful of melted butter

Arrange alternate layers of oysters and crumbs in greased shallow baking pans. Add the butter and scalded milk, bake in a moderate oven until well browned. This may be "stretched" by adding two cans of corn.

### Baked Cheese and Tomato Macaroni

4 Quarts of cooked macaroni

2 Quarts of soft bread crumbs

2 Quarts of canned tomatoes

1 Quart of cheese, chopped fine

¾ Cupful of green pepper, diced

7 Well-beaten eggs

2½ Teaspoonfuls of salt      Pepper

1½ Cupfuls melted butter

Combine the ingredients and turn into greased baking pans. Bake in a moderate oven—325 degrees Fahrenheit—for forty-five minutes. Serve hot.

### Apple Crisp

6 Quarts of pared, cored and sliced apples

1 to 1½ Quarts of water

4 Teaspoonfuls of cinnamon

4 Cupfuls of white sugar

4 Cupfuls of brown sugar

4 Cupfuls of butter

8 Cupfuls of flour

1 Teaspoonful of salt

Put the apples into greased shallow baking pans; add water and sprinkle with cinnamon. Sift together the flour, sugar and salt, and work in the butter with the fingers when the mixture resembles a coarse meal. Spread evenly over the apples. Bake in a moderately hot oven—400 degrees Fahrenheit—thirty to forty-five minutes or until the apples are tender. Serve warm with cream, plain or whipped.

### AMOUNTS OF FOOD NECESSARY FOR

	25	50	100
Soup	11½ gals.	2½ gals.	5 gals.
Tomato cocktail	3½ qts.	1½ gals.	3½ gals.
Fruit cocktail	3½ qts.	1½ gals.	3½ gals.
Beef rib—roast	10 lbs.	20 lbs.	40 lbs.
Chicken (3½-4 pounds of fowl gives 1 pound of meat)	13 lbs.	25 lbs.	50 lbs.
Ham—baked	10 lbs.	18 lbs.	30 lbs.
Lamb—roast	13 lbs.	25 lbs.	50 lbs.
Meat loaf	5 lbs.	9 lbs.	18 lbs.
Turkey—roast	13 lbs.	25 lbs.	50 lbs.
String beans	1 No. 10 can	2 No. 10 cans	4 No. 10 cans
Beets	5 lbs.	10 lbs.	20 lbs.
Cabbage	5 lbs.	10 lbs.	20 lbs.
Carrots	5 lbs.	10 lbs.	20 lbs.
Lettuce (9 oz.)	3 heads	6 heads	12 heads
Peas	5 No. 2 cans	9 No. 2 cans	18 No. 2 cans
Potatoes (for mashed potatoes)	9 lbs.	1 peck	¼ bushel
Potatoes (for scalloped potatoes)	10 lbs.	20 lbs.	40 lbs.
Potatoes, sweet	12 lbs.	25 lbs.	50 lbs.
Tomatoes	1 No. 10 can, or 4 No. 2½ cans	2 No. 10 cans, or 8 No. 2½ cans	4 No. 10 cans, or 17 No. 2½ cans
Oysters—stew (1 cup to a serving)	1 gal. milk 3 qts. oysters	2 gals. milk 1½ gals. oysters	4 gals. milk 3 gals. oysters
Salad dressing	1 pint	1 qt.	2 qts.
Celery	12 hearts	20 hearts	40 hearts
Olives	1 pint	1 qt.	2 qts.
Pickles	1 qt.	2 qts.	4 qts.
Chicken salad (4½-lb. fowl gives 4 cupfuls of diced chicken)	3½ qts.	7 qts.	14 qts.
Chicken à la king	4 qts.	8 qts.	16 qts.
Potato salad	4 qts.	8 qts.	16 qts.
Cole slaw	3 to 4 qts.	6 to 8 qts.	12 to 16 qts.
Coffee	¼ to ½ lb.	1-1½ lbs.	2½-3 lbs.
Coffee cream	1½ pints	3 pints	6 pints
Loaf sugar	¾ lb.	1½ lbs.	3 lbs.
Rolls	3½ dozen	7 dozen	14 dozen
Butter (for rolls)	½-¾ lb.	1½ lbs.	2½-3 lbs.
Whipping cream (1 tablespoonful per serving)	¼-1 pint	1 qt.	2 qts.
Cheese	1 pound	2 lbs.	4 lbs.
Ice cream	3-3½ qts.	6 to 7 qts.	12 to 14 qts.
Pie—9-inch	5	9	18
Lemon juice (for lemonade)	2 cupfuls	4 cupfuls	8 cupfuls

Chatelaine's

November, 1933

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Blue and White  
Tab above.

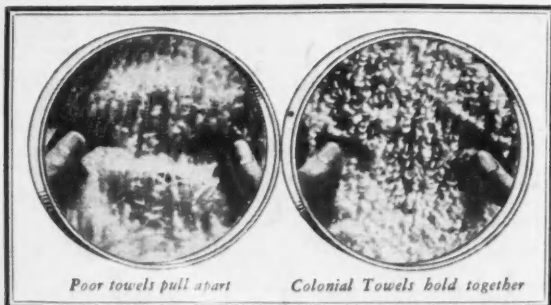
## *They caress while they dry* ... and How they wear!

**COLONIAL TOWELS** ...so big and rugged; yet soft and caressing to the tenderest skin: these are the towels you will love to use. Your pioneer Great-Grandmother, who made and bought things to last, would delight in Colonial Towels, because they wear so remarkably well.

See them in all their gay colorings or in plain white at your favorite

dry goods or departmental store. Examine the thickly piled nap; note the body, weight and feel of honest quality and you will say, "These ARE bath towels!"

And they ARE! — the smartest, thirstiest, most comforting, most durable bath towels you have ever used; identified by the **COLONIAL** blue and white Made-in-Canada tab.



Poor towels pull apart

Colonial Towels hold together

### Try this Test when You Buy Towels

The weave of a Colonial Towel does not pull apart. That is one reason they wear so well. The weave of a poorly made towel pulls apart very easily. For long wear and satisfaction insist on towels with the Colonial tab.

### COLONIAL SHEETS and PILLOW CASES

Colonial Sheets and Pillow Cases contain no filling. They are carefully made of the finest cotton and will give long wear under the most severe laundering. They are cosy too. Complete range of sizes.

Made in Canada by  
**DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY**  
LIMITED

Montreal Toronto Hamilton Winnipeg Vancouver

